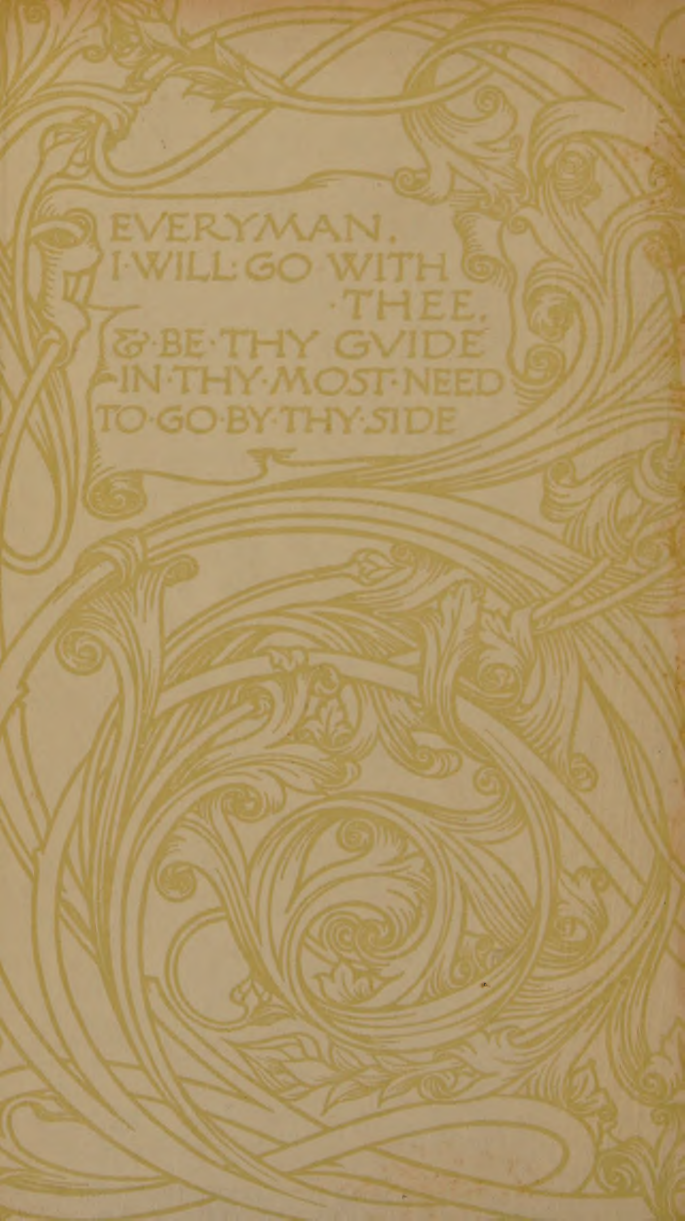
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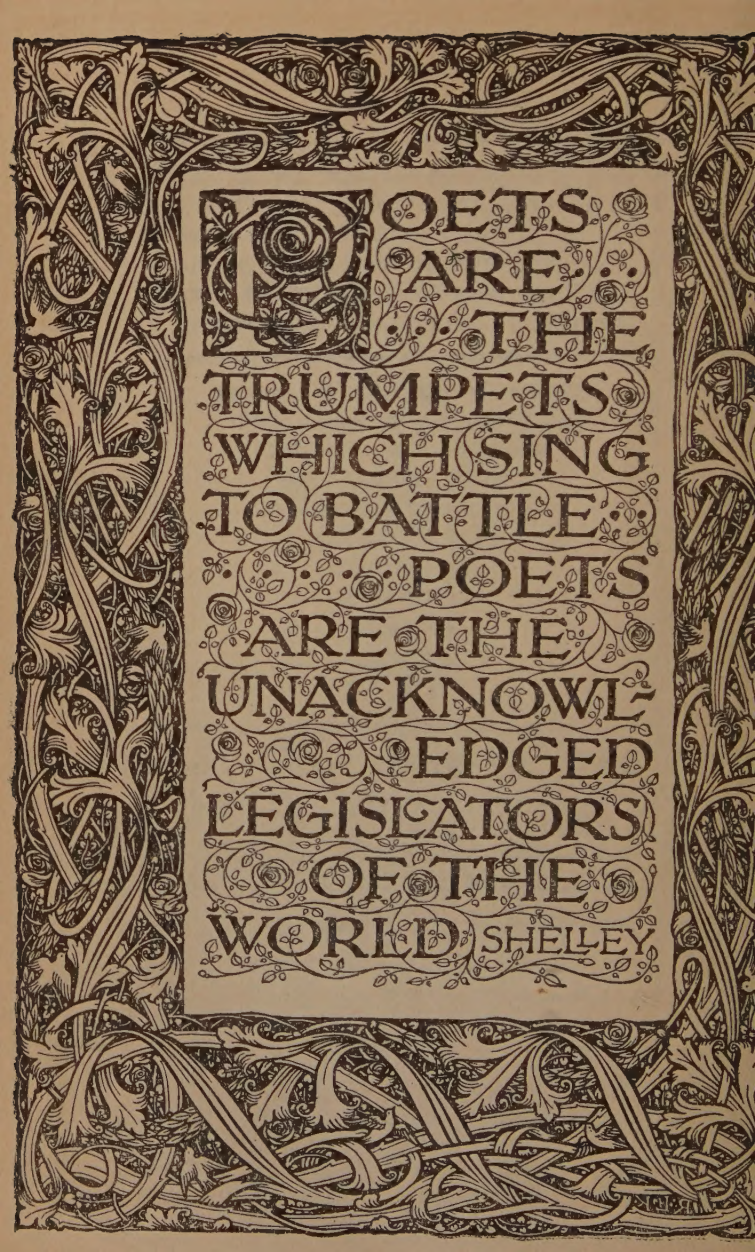
POETS ARE THE TRUMPETS WHICH SING TO BATTLE POETS ARE THE UNACKNOWLEDGED LEGISLATORS OF THE WORLD SHELLEY

THE POEMS & PLAYS OF *Lord* BYRON

VOLUME ONE

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INTRODUCTION

For more than two generations the standing of Byron among British ets has been a vexed question—not for the world at large, but for any of his own countrymen and for numbers of their kinsmen America. Much the same thing is true of the standing of Edgar llan Poe. In both cases foreigners simply gasp at the opinions eir respective countrymen permit themselves to express with gard to two of the greatest of cosmopolitan writers. For example, ey fail to comprehend how one of the most distinguished of living ritish critics could have recorded with disapproval the bizarre dgment of another critic to the effect that there is more "pure etry" in a single stanza of a charming lyric by a certain little-ad minor poet than is to be found in the entire works of Lord yron, the most widely known of modern British poets. When one counters such a judgment, one rubs one's eyes and asks one's self ho has ever received a divine commission to furnish an infallible finition of "pure poetry."

This is but to say that at the end of the first decade of the entieth century Matthew Arnold's prophecy that, when the year 00 was turned and England came to recount her poetic glories in e century just ended, "the two first names with her" would be ordsworth and Byron, has signally failed of accomplishment. n the other hand, it is plain, that within the space of about a neration Byron's stock—to employ the language of finance—has en to a point not foreseen by such a critic as the late Mr. inburne when, in reply to Arnold, he wrote the characteristic ay entitled *Wordsworth and Byron*. The labours of Mr. Coleridge d Mr. Prothero upon their standard edition of Byron's works, e appearance of several biographical and reminiscential volumes importance, and above all the tone of increased respect shown ward the poet in numerous recent essays, prove that Byron t only continues to hold a secure position among modern poets,

but is actually as strong a candidate for the highest honours as any that can be named. This result has been due to the facts that romantic criticism has come perilously near to bankruptcy, that the partisans of other poets have overshot the mark in their excessive zeal for their own favourites and their consequent depreciation of Byron, that the lapse of time has enabled us to see the man and his works in better perspective. That we see them in at least a changed perspective is clear when we find a well-known critic asserting that we ought to view, not as a British, but as a European poet the author of the following impressively patriotic and magnanimous verses—

> "I twine
> My hopes of being remembered in my line
> With my land's language: if too fond and far
> These aspirations in their scope incline,—
> If my Fame should be, as my fortunes are,
> Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar
>
> My name from out the temple where the dead
> Are honoured by the Nations—let it be—
> And light the Laurels on a loftier head!
> And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
> 'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'
> Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
> The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
> I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
> I should have known what fruit would spring from
> such a seed."

Byron ought, indeed, to have foreseen some of the vicissitudes of his fame, but he is surely to be pardoned for not foreseeing into what a chaos of inept criticism generations subjected to so-called democratic and utilitarian as opposed to aristocratic and classical culture would be doomed to plunge. It is obvious, however, that while every writer upon Byron must concern himself with the fact that his standing both as a man and as a poet is a vexed question, the writer of a short introduction to a new edition of his poems must subdue all inclination to enter fully into the interesting controversy. He must even put aside the temptation to tell over again the romantic story of the spoiled son of fame who dazzled the world more than any contemporary save only Napoleon. Of the wayward yet heroic soul whose death for the cause of liberty in the marshes of Missolonghi is the most inspiring event in the annals of English literature since Milton sacrificed his sight in his country's behalf. The main point with regard to any

riter admitted to EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY is what he has to offer to ery fairly qualified reader that takes up his works.

It seems to me that Byron in his works gives his readers what is obably the most sincere, strong, direct, and varied manifestation personal power to be found in modern literature. It is idle to eny that his self-revelations are often those of a selfish and sensual an spoiled by bad training, by worldly position, and, at the end, v unfair treatment. It is equally idle to deny that, on the whole, e was a careless artist, that he rarely rose to great heights of aginative and harmonious utterance, that he was supreme only as fervid poet of revolutionary thought and passion, and as a satirist fted with extraordinary wit and humour, with a keen insight into aracter, with broad knowledge of the world, and with exceptional ill for narration and description. These two admissions cover the ain charges made against Byron and his works by hostile critics. e is not a poet of high moral excellence, nor is he a poet of very igh æsthetic excellence. When he is judged by the critical canons nd formulas that have been dominant for about a century, he is ertain to fail to answer them in this and that particular where ets like Wordsworth and Keats and Tennyson answer them admirbly. But critical canons and formulas are devoid of finality, and re endowed with a marvellous faculty for misleading those who mploy them. Have not those of the nineteenth century that oncern poetry misled many critics of Byron?

This seems to have been the case in so far as those critics have ailed to recognize and to account for the only kind of literary fact ndowed with comparative finality and ultimate importance—the act of the permanence and extent of interest taken in a writer and is works. To prove to one's own satisfaction that a given author s inferior to another given author, when most of the world reads and dmires the first, and is blissfully ignorant of the existence of the econd, may be an agreeable intellectual pastime, but it scarcely eserves to be called criticism. It is a fact of literary history that Byron obtained an extraordinary hold upon the readers of his own eneration, and that, while there has been some weakening of his old upon posterity, he still maintains a firm grasp upon the minds nd imaginations of hosts of men, whether through his appeals to he romantic fervour of youth, or through the stimulus he furnishes o liberal and restless spirits, or through the satisfaction he affords nature men of the world by means of his satiric presentation of ife. This fact is the main thing to be explained, and it is the

function of criticism to explain it. But the critic abdicates his function when he proceeds to dilate upon his own dislike of Byron's moral and intellectual character, and when he either fails to admit the fact of the poet's hold upon the public or calmly disdains to explain it, except in a fashion derogatory both to public and to poet.

This brings us back to the statement—with which many otherwise hostile critics will be found to agree—that Byron gives us in his works a very sincere, strong, direct, and varied manifestation of personal power. We may add that he displays this power at its best in some passionate and sentimental lyrics, in a few narrative and descriptive poems like "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Parisina" and "Mazeppa," in the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," in dramas of revolt like "Manfred" and "Cain," and in such satires—if the term be not too narrow—as "Beppo," "The Vision of Judgment," and "Don Juan." Despite his limitations, the power so displayed is effective in arousing interest and delight in men of all conditions and stages of life throughout Europe and America. It is one of the most impressive phenomena in modern literary history, and it admits of an explanation which does not involve disparagement of the popular mind and heart.

Since the dawn of time men have taken delight in the objective presentation of life through narrative and drama, and in the subjective outpourings of spirit made by strong, particularly by passionate personalities. Idyllic, reflective, idealistic literature has often made a deep appeal to specially endowed natures, but it has rarely possessed a carrying power equal to that of objective narrative and drama, and of subjective lyric utterance. Now Byron's poetry is not, on the one hand, at all destitute of idyllic, reflective, and idealistic elements, and, on the other, it is exceptionally strong in certain types of narrative and dramatic work, and it is almost uniquely powerful in its expression of passionate thought and feeling. No wonder, then, that it has appealed to a larger number of men in a larger number of countries than the work of any other modern British poet. This poet may surpass him in one respect and that in another, but there is no one that surpasses him in the totality of his powers. This is but to say that he comes nearer than any other latter-day British poet to possessing the broad carrying power, the quasi-universal appeal, possessed by the small group of the world poets. His moral and æsthetic limitations place him below these supreme masters, but in his range, at least, he is almost of them, and the public, recognizing vaguely

his important fact, is nearer right in its estimate of his genius than many professional critics have been. These volumes belong, then, to EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY, because they contain the works of the strongest and well-nigh the most many-sided personality, save Scott, that has in modern times made itself felt through literature written in English.

It seems idle to argue that Byron was not specifically a poet, that, had circumstances permitted, his genius might have made him even greater as a general or a statesman. The fact remains that he lavished his spirit in verse, and that he surpassed in the effectiveness and in the range of his achievements the more specifically poetic, that is, the more narrowly endowed and less powerful spirits that were in competition with him. He was less wonderfully gifted than Coleridge, but think how he surpassed that "rapt one of the godlike forehead" in sustained creative energy. Scott recognized this broad and powerful endowment, and Scott's critical acumen was seldom at fault in large matters. He was so full of creative genius himself that he could not but acknowledge a spirit akin to his own, that he could not but perceive that not since Dryden's day had so strong and varied a genius devoted itself to poetry—Defoe, Swift, and Fielding had written prose, and Burns had been hampered by his habits and his environment—as the genius that was pouring itself out in the successive cantos of "Don Juan," the single long English poem of modern times, which, according to the testimony of not a few readers, retains its freshness and strengthens its hold at every re-reading. It is true that "Don Juan" is a satiric narrative, or, better still, a comic epic, and that it is generally admitted that there are higher categories of poetry.

But men have argued and they will continue to argue, that in those higher forms of poetry, let us say in the poetic tragedy, no other modern poet of English birth has displayed a genius superior, or indeed equal, to that displayed by Byron in the lower form assumed by his masterpiece. It is entirely permissible not to like Byron and his writings, but to assert that he is not a great poet is quite as absurd as to assert that Pope is not one. It is equivalent to asserting that we are keepers of some sort of official standard of poetic weight or measurement of which the great Augustan and the great Georgian poet fall short. Their greatness as tested by his effectiveness is an objective fact of literary history. That each is a poet is an objective fact to which the verse form given to a large portion of the writings of each bears sufficient testimony.

It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that the day will soon come when the canons of romantic criticism will not seem to be the only ones an Englishman or an American knows how to employ. It is probably too much to hope that the time will ever come when a majority of critics and readers will recognize that their failure to appreciate a writer or a book is at least as likely to be due to their own limitations as to their superior endowment of acute perception.

It will be apparent from the foregoing sentences that, as a lifelong admirer of Byron's poetry, I should be quite willing to carry the war into the territories of his enemies, did space permit. Space does not permit, however, and, as I have already said, the reader of EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY is entitled to exemption from an excess of polemical criticism. He is entitled to know what good and what pleasure he ought to expect to get from the reading of Byron. The pleasure I am inclined to let him find for himself, merely pointing on my part to that purely beautiful lyric, "She walks in beauty," to the tender elegy, "And thou art dead, as young and fair," to the exquisite stanzas "There be none of Beauty's daughters," to the nobly pathetic poems to Augusta, to the Haidée episode in "Don Juan," to the "Isles of Greece," and to the lines entitled "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year." There is enough charm and power here to give pleasure to any mortal "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food," enough also to make one suspect that the capable mind and heart can derive pleasure from most of Byron's poetry, even from the ultra-romantic and somewhat facile Oriental tales like the "Bride of Abydos" and from the less mature cantos of "Childe Harold," that is, from the prentice work his countrymen so rapturously applauded before they drove their pampered poet into the exile that proved so great a stimulus to his splendid powers.

But that utilitarian question, "What good can the reading of Byron do one?" remains to be answered. It might, perhaps, be a sufficient reply to say that contact with a strong, sincere, versatile, and highly endowed spirit ought to do good to any one capable of profiting from anything; but it is safer to indulge in calm specifications than in sarcastic generalizations. Byron, it seems to me, can do us all good, and does do many of us good, by teaching us to despise cant. His was not by any means the noblest and purest of souls, but he had a soul too strong and manly to tolerate cant. Perhaps if he had not been rudely thrust out by society—and *proh pudor*, by the

society of the Regency—he might never have acquired his keen insight into the inconsistencies of human nature or his sympathy with all liberal aspirations; but the fact remains that despite the prejudices fostered by his rank and despite his wretched training as a boy and a youth, he became the most incisive prober of cant and the most effective inspirer of liberal thought and sentiment produced by the most energetic and aspiring generation of modern times. Fortunately we do not need him greatly to-day as an opponent of religious cant, but we do need him, and need him badly, as a foe of social and political cant. No better exposure of the nonsense of modern militarism can be found than is contained in "Don Juan." No more scathing criticism of modern literary ineptitudes can be desired than is implicit in Byron's banter and scorn of some of his own literary rivals. More important still is his insight into the characters of great men—witness his tributes to Washington—and it would be difficult to find a poet better able to clear our minds of cant with regard to contemporary national heroes. It is impossible to imagine his keen eye not detecting the clay feet of this or that modern democratic idol; and how wittily and accurately he would have described those uncouth extremities. Were he but living to-day, to whom could we better apply the Horatian wish, "Serus in coetum redeas"? But he is living in his works for all who have the wit to read them.

W. P. Trent.

Columbia University,
June 1, 1910.

The following is a list of the works of Byron:—

Fugitive Pieces, privately printed, 1806; Poems on various occasions (the above with omissions and additions), 1807; Hours of Idleness, a series of Poems, original and translated, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor, 1807, 1808; English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 1809; Imitations and Translations, together with original poems never before published, collected by J. C. Hobhouse, etc. (nine poems by Byron), 1809; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, a Romaunt, 1812; The Curse of Minerva, 1812; The Waltz, 1813; The Giaour, a fragment of a Turkish Tale, 1813; The Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale, 1813; The Corsair, a Tale, 1814; Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, 1814; Lara, a Tale, 1814; Hebrew Melodies, 1815; Siege of Corinth, 1816; Parisina, 1816; Poems, 1816; Poems on his Domestic Circumstances, 1816; Prisoner of Chillon and other Poems, 1816; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Cant. iii., 1816; Monody on the Death of Sheridan, 1816; Manfred, a Dramatic Poem, 1817; The Lament of Tasso, 1817; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Cant. iv., 1818; Beppo, a Venetian Story, 1818; Suppressed Poems, 1818; Three Poems

not included in the works of Lord Byron, 1818; Mazeppa, 1819; Don Juan, Cantos i., ii., 1819; Marino Faliero, 1821; The Prophecy of Dante, 1821; Sardanapalus, The Two Foscari, Cain, a Mystery, 1821; Letter on Bowles's Strictures on Pope, 1821; Don Juan, Cantos iii., iv., v., 1821; Werner, a Tragedy, 1823; The Vision of Judgment, Letter to "Grandmother's Review," Epigrams on Castlereagh, Heaven and Earth, The Blues, Morgante Maggiore, Nos. 1–4 of "The Liberal," 1823; The Age of Bronze, 1823; The Island, 1823; Don Juan, Cantos vi., vii., viii., 1823; ix., x., xi., 1823; xii., xiii., xiv., 1823; The Deformed Transformed, 1824; Don Juan, Cantos xv. and xvi., 1824. Works: Collected Editions began to be published by Murray in 1815; An edition in 17 vols., 1832–5, includes all the recognized Poems and some previously unpublished. The works were also published early in Paris by Baudry and Amyot, and by Galignani, the latter with a Life by Lake (6 vols.), 1819, (16 vols.), 1822–4, and later editions.

Latest complete edition of works, edited by E. H. Coleridge and R. E. Prothero, Poems and Dramas (7 vols.), Letters and Journals (6 vols.), 13 vols., 1898–1904. Poetical Works: With Memoir by E. H. Coleridge, 1905.

Life: J. Watkins, Memoirs of the Life and Writings, etc., 1822; R. C. Dallas: Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron from the year 1808 to the end of 1814, 1824; Cosmo Gordon, Life and Genius of Lord Byron, 1824; S. E. Brydges, Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, 1824; Walter Scott, Character of Lord Byron (Pamphleteer xxiv.), 1824; L. S. Belloc, 1824; G. Clinton, Memoirs of the Life and Writings, etc., 1825; S. E. Brydges, An Impartial Portrait of Lord Byron as a poet and a man, etc., 1825; G. Blaguière, Narrative of a second Visit to Greece, including facts connected with the last days of Lord Byron, etc., 1825; W. Parry, the Last Days of Lord Byron, etc., 1825; P. Gamba, A Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece, etc., 1825; The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of . . . Lord Byron, by an English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service, etc. (3 vols.), 1825; Correspondence of Lord Byron with a friend . . . also Recollections of the Poet, etc., by R. C. Dallas, ed. A. R. C. Dallas, 1825; J. W. Lake, The Life of Lord Byron, 1826, 1827; J. H. L. Hunt, Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, 1828; Thomas Moore, Life and Letters (2 vols.), 1830; J. Galt, 1830, 1908 (Sisley Books); Lady Blessington's Journals of the Conversations of Lord Byron with Lady Blessington, 1834, 1850; T. B. Macaulay (essays), 1853; E. J. Trelawny, Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron, 1858; A. Austen, A Vindication of Lord Byron, 1869; My Recollections of Lord Byron (Countess Guiccioli), trans. H. E. H. Jerningham, 1869; E. J. Trelawny, Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author, 1878, 1887, 1905 (New Universal Library), 1906; J. Nichol (English Men of Letters), 1880; J. C. Jeaffreson, The Real Lord Byron, etc., 1883; C. Cantú, Lord Byron and his Works, 1883; H. Jowett, Byron (a defence of his character and writings), 1884; W. Gerard, Byron Restudied in his Dramas, etc., 1886; R. B. W. Noel, 1890; A. Hamann, A Short Sketch of the Life and Works of Lord Byron, etc., 1895; R. Edgcumbe, Byron, the Last Phase, 1909; P. H. Churchman, Lord Byron's Experiences in the Spanish Peninsula in 1809, etc., 1909.

See also above under Collected Editions of Works.

The present text is based on that of 1832-5, with some later notes and additions. (An asterisk marks the notes that are not Byron's.)

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HOURS OF IDLENESS

A

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORACE, lib. 3, Ode 1.

Μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἶνει μήτε τι νείκει.

HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC., ETC.,

THE

SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD

AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

In submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits; under the former influence, "Childish Recollections," in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," we must "dare greatly"; and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for, though, not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please every body; because they who have no connection, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe: on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task,

as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin": little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from grooves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former, I leave to others "virûm volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write";—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine,[1] "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

[1] The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

HOURS OF IDLENESS

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM [1]

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.[2]

[1] The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

[2] "My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eye-lashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful,) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, through-

TO E——

Let Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth!
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

TO D——

In thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forc'd thee from my breast,
Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
Without thee, where would be my heaven?

February, 1803.

out the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness—being at Harrow and in the country—till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace."—*Byron's Diary*, 1821.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος.—Laertius.

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,

Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep ;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here :
But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
Ah, none !—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT

When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice ;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns !
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone ;
My epitaph shall be my name alone,
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay !
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot ;
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day : yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."—Ossian.

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath ;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan slumbers,
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in
the valley of Cressy ;
For the safety of Edward and
England they fell :
My fathers ! the tears of your
country redress ye ;
How you fought, how you died,
still her annals can tell.

On Marston,[1] with Rupert,[2]
'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with
their blood the bleak field ;
For the rights of a monarch
their country defending,
Till death their attachment to
royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell ! your
descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors,
bids you adieu !
Abroad, or at home, your re-
membrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon
glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at
this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites
his regret ;
Far distant he goes, with the
same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er
can forget.

That fame, and that memory,
still will he cherish ;
He vows that he ne'er will dis-
grace your renown :
Like you will he live, or like
you will he perish,
When decay'd may he mingle
his dust with your own !

1803.

[1] The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

[2] Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

LINES WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS"

"Away, away, your flattering
arts
May now betray some simpler
hearts ;
And you will smile at their be-
lieving,
And they shall weep at your
deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ——

Dear, simple girl, those flatter-
ing arts,
From which thou'dst guard frail
female hearts,
Exist but in imagination,—
Mere phantoms of thine own
creation ;
For he who views that witching
grace,
That perfect form, that lovely
face,
With eyes admiring, oh ! believe
me,
He never wishes to deceive
thee :
Once in thy polish'd mirror
glance,
Thou'lt there descry that ele-
gance
Which from our sex demands
such praises,
But envy in the other raises :
Then he who tells thee of thy
beauty,
Believe me, only does his duty :
Ah ! fly not from the candid
youth ;
It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING

[Animula! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

AD LESBIAM

Equal to Jove that youth must be—
Greater than Jove he seems to me—
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS

He who sublime in epic numbers roll'd
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's[1] unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib.* 4.

Cruel Cerinthus does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again:

[1] The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

But now I scarcely shall bewail
my fate :
By death alone I can avoid your
hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &c.]

Ye Cupids, droop each little
head
Nor let your wings with joy be
spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is
dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she
lov'd :
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom
mov'd :

And softly fluttering here and
there,
He never sought to cleave the
air,
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from
care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful
strain.
Now having passed the gloomy
bourne
From whence he never can re-
turn,
His death and Lesbia's grief I
mourn,
Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in
vain.

Oh ! curst be thou, devouring
grave !
Whose jaws eternal victims
crave,
From whom no earthly power
can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird
away :
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'er-
flow,
Her swollen cheeks with weep-
ing glow ;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS

TO ELLEN

Oh ! might I kiss those eyes of
fire,
A million scarce would quench
desire :
Still would I steep my lips in
bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss :
Nor then my soul should sated be;
Still would I kiss and cling to
thee :
Nought should my kiss from
thine dissever ;
Still would we kiss, and kiss for
ever ;
E'en though the numbers did
exceed
The yellow harvest's countless
seed.
To part would be a vain en-
deavour :
Could I desist ?—ah ! never—
never.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE

[Justum et tenacem propositi
virum, &c.]

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamours can control;
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling
brow
Can swerve him from his just
intent :
Gales the warring waves which
plough,
By Auster on the billows spent,

To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd, determin'd mind in vain.
Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurtling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
He would, unmov'd, unaw'd behold.
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
A vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Light light his glorious funeral pile :
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON

[Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire ;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nation's fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar ;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone :
Fir'd with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name ;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due :
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again ;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !
Adieu the clang of war's alarms !
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel ;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON

[Μεσονυκτιαις περ' ὡραις, κ. τ. λ.]

'TWAS now the hour when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole ;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force.
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
"What stranger breaks my blest repose ?"
"Alas !" replies the wily child
In faltering accents sweetly mild,

"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home.
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
The nightly storm is pouring fast.
No prowling robber lingers here.
A wandering baby who can fear?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale:
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe.
I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart).
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring;
His shivering limbs the embers warm;
And now reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow:—
"I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, "if this its strength has lost;
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse."
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—
"My bow can still impel the shaft:
'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it;
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF AESCHYLUS

[Μηδαμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT JOVE, to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

TO EMMA

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;

nce now our dream of bliss is
past,
ne pang, my girl, and all is
over.

as! that pang will be severe,
hich bids us part to meet no
more;
hich tears me far from one so
dear,
eparting for a distant shore.

ell! we have pass'd some
happy hours,
id joy will mingle with our
tears;
hen thinking on these ancient
towers,
ne shelter of our infant years;

here from this Gothic case-
ment's height,
e view'd the lake, the park,
the dell,
id still, though tears obstruct
our sight,
e lingering look a last fare-
well,

er fields through which we
used to run,
nd spend the hours in childish
play;
er shades where, when our
race was done,
eposing on my breast you lay;

hilst I, admiring, too remiss,
orgot to scare the hovering
flies,
et envied every fly the kiss
dared to give your slumbering
eyes:

e still the little painted bark,
which I row'd you o'er the
lake;
e there, high waving o'er the
park,
ne elm I clamber'd for your
sake.

These times are past—our joys
are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy
vale;
These scenes I must retrace
alone:
Without thee what will they
avail?

Who can conceive, who has not
proved,
The anguish of a last embrace?
When, torn from all you fondly
loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks
bedew;
This is of love the final close,
Oh, God! the fondest, last
adieu!

TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of
thine,
Their hue invites my fervent
kiss;
Yet, I forego that bliss divine,
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure
breast,
How could I dwell upon its
snows!
Yet is the daring wish represt,
For that,—would banish its
repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching
eye
Can raise with hope, depress
with fear;
Yet I conceal my love,—and
why?
I would not force a painful tear

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
And shall I plead my passion now,
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
United by the priest's decree:
By any ties but those divine,
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
With joy I court a certain doom,
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
Rather than such a sting impart,
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
More than I here shall dare to tell;
Thy innocence and mine to save,—
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
And hope no more thy soft embrace;
Which to obtain my soul would dare,
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame.
And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
In signs alone it breath'd my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain,—
But that will make us weep the more.

ain, thou best beloved, adieu!
! if thou canst o'ercome
egret,
r let thy mind past joys
eview,—
r only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE

IEN I hear you express an
ffection so warm,
'er think, my beloved, that I
lo not believe;
r your lip would the soul of
uspicion disarm,
d your eye beams a ray which
an never deceive.

t, still, this fond bosom
regrets, while adoring,
at love, like the leaf, must
fall into the sere;
at age will come on, when
remembrance, deploring,
ntemplates the scenes of her
youth with a tear;

at the time must arrive, when,
no longer retaining
eir auburn, those locks must
wave thin to the breeze,
hen a few silver hairs of those
tresses remaining,
ove nature a prey to decay
and disease.

s this, my beloved, which
spreads gloom o'er my features,
ough I ne'er shall presume to
arraign the decree
hich God has proclaim'd as
the fate of His creatures,
the death which one day
will deprive you of me.

stake not, sweet sceptic, the
cause of emotion,
o doubt can the mind of your
lover invade;
He worships each look with such
faithful devotion,
A smile can enchant, or a tear
can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon
or late shall o'ertake us,
And our breasts, which alive
with such sympathy glow,
Will sleep in the grave till the
blast shall awake us,
When calling the dead, in earth's
bosom laid low,—

Oh! then let us drain, while we
may, draughts of pleasure,
Which from passion like ours
may unceasingly flow;
Let us pass round the cup of
love's bliss in full measure,
And quaff the contents as our
nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE

Oh! when shall the grave hide
for ever my sorrow?
Oh! when shall my soul wing
her flight from this clay?
The present is hell, and the
coming to-morrow
But brings, with new torture,
the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from
my lips flow no curses,
I blast not the fiends who have
hurled me from bliss;
For poor is the soul which be-
wailing rehearses
Its querulous grief, when in
anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with
red fury flakes bright'ning,
Would my lips breathe a flame
which no stream could assuage,

On our foes should my glance
launch in vengeance its light-
ning,
With transport my tongue give
a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike
unavailing,
Would add to the souls of our
tyrants delight;
Could they view us our sad
separation bewailing,
Their merciless hearts would
rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with
a feign'd resignation,
Life beams not for us with one
ray that can cheer;
Love and hope upon earth bring
no more consolation,
In the grave is our hope, for in
life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the
tomb will they place me,
Since, in life, love and friendship
for ever are fled?
If again in the mansion of death
I embrace thee,
Perhaps they will leave unmo-
lested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS

THIS votive pledge of fond es-
teem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt
prize;
It sings of Love's enchanting
dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious
fool,
The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling
read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of
those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the
same.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE

Ἁ βαρβιτος δε χορδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἠχεῖ.—ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy
romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which
folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the
soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on
the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with
phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are
made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration
your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the
first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assis-
tance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from
your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu
to the muse,
And try the effect of the first
kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold composition
of art:
Though prudes may condemn
me, and bigots reprove,

court the effusions that spring
from the heart,
hich throbs with delight to
the first kiss of love.

our shepherds, your flocks,
those fantastical themes,
rhaps may amuse, yet they
never can move :
cadia displays but a region of
dreams ;
hat are visions like these to
the first kiss of love ?

h ! cease to affirm that man,
since his birth,
om Adam till now, has with
wretchedness strove ;
me portion of paradise still is
on earth,
nd Eden revives in the first
kiss of love.

hen age chills the blood, when
our pleasures are past—
or years fleet away the wings
of the dove—
he dearest remembrance will
still be the last,
ur sweetest memorial the first
kiss of love.

N A CHANGE OF MASTERS T A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL

HERE are those honours, Ida !
once your own,
hen Probus fill'd your magis-
terial throne ?
s ancient Rome, fast falling to
disgrace,
lail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's
place,
o you, degenerate, share as hard
a fate,
nd seat Pomposus where your
Probus sate.

Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
Pomposus[1] holds you in his harsh control ;
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade ;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated Ida ! soon must stamp your doom :
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET[2]

DORSET ! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade ;

[1] At Harrow I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since.—*Diary.*

[2] In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-

Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful ban
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command ;[1]
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches and the pride of power ;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors,[2] fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,

perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

[George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born November 15, 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, February 22, 1815, being on a visit at the time to his mother, the duchess-dowager, and her second husband, Charles Earl of Whitworth, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*]

[1] At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

[2] Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

And wink at faults they trembl
to chastise.
When youthful parasites, wh
bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, no
to thee,—
And even in simple boyhood'
opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatte
and to fawn,—
When these declare, "that pom
alone should wait
On one by birth predestined t
be great ;
That books were only meant fo
drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn th
common rules ;"
Believe them not ;—they poin
the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honour
of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's earl
throng,
Whose souls disdain not to con
demn the wrong ;
Or if, amidst the comrades o
thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterne
voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart ; 'twill bi
thee, boy, forbear ;
For *well* I know that virtu
lingers there.
Yes ! I have mark'd thee man
a passing day,
But now new scenes invite m
far away ;
Yes ! I have mark'd within tha
generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bles
mankind.
Ah ! though myself, by natur
haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd he
favourite child ;
Though every error stamps m
for her own,

id dooms my fall, I fain would
fall alone;
ough my proud heart no pre-
cept now can tame,
ove the virtues which I cannot
claim.
is not enough, with other sons
of power,
gleam the lambent meteor of
an hour;
swell some peerage page in
feeble pride,
ith long-drawn names that
grace no page beside;
en share with titled crowds
the common lot—
life just gazed at, in the
grave forgot;
hile nought divides thee from
the vulgar dead,
xcept the dull cold stone that
hides thy head,
he mouldering 'scutcheon, or
the herald's roll,
hat well-emblazon'd but neg-
lected scroll,
here lords, unhonour'd, in the
tomb may find
ne spot, to leave a worthless
name behind.
here sleep, unnoticed as the
gloomy vaults
hat veil their dust, their follies,
and their faults,
race, with old armorial lists
o'erspread,
records destined never to be
read.
ain would I view thee, with
prophetic eyes,
xalted more among the good
and wise,
glorious and a long career
pursue,
s first in rank, the first in
talent too:
urn every vice, each little
meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her
noblest son.
Turn to the annals of a former
day;
Bright are the deeds thine
earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a
man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the
British drama forth.[1]
Another view, not less renown'd
for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or
senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd
by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordain'd
to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the
glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the
boast of song.[2]
Such were thy fathers; thus
preserve their name;
Not heir to titles only, but to
fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief
days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys
and woes;
Each knell of time now warns
me to resign

[1] "Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created Earl of Dorset by James I., was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama."—*Anderson's Poets.*

[2] "Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665; on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song, 'To all you Ladies now on Land.' His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve."—*Anderson's Poets.*

Shades where Hope, Peace, and
Friendship all were mine:
Hope, that could vary like the
rainbow's hue
And gild their pinions as the
moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never
frown'd away,
By dreams of ill to cloud some
future day;
Friendship, whose truth let
childhood only tell;
Alas! they love not long, who
love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger
o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their
native shore,
Receding slowly through the
dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet
cannot weep.
Dorset, farewell! I will not ask
one part
Of sad remembrance in so young
a heart;
The coming morrow from thy
youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave
a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some
maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in
the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the
same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage
for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass
each other by
With faint regard, or cold and
distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend
nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal
or woe,
With thee no more again I hope
to trace
The recollection of our early
race;
No more, as once, in social hours
rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy
well-known voice:
Still, if the wishes of a heart
untaught
To veil those feelings which
perchance it ought,
If these,—but let me cease the
lengthen'd strain,—
Oh! if these wishes are not
breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs
thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he
found thee great.

1805.

FRAGMENT

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH

Hills of Annesley, bleak and
barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood
stray'd,
How the northern tempests,
warring,
Howl about thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours be-
guiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1805.

GRANTA. A Medley

Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα κρατήσεις.

Oh! could Le Sage's[1] demon's
gift
Be realized at my desire,

[1] The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number:
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H——,[1] indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men:
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest
To scan precisely metres attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic:

Who reads false quantities in Seale,[2]
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
In barbarous Latin[3] doom'd to wrangle:

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.[4]

Still, harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine,
When drunkenness and dice invite,
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

[1] Edward-Harvey Hawke, third Lord Hawke.

[2] Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

[3] The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

[4] The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triang'e.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay:
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray:

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight.
What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,[1]
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

[1] On a saint's day the students wore surplices in chapel.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read:
My pen is blunt, my ink is low;
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!
No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
No more thy theme my muse inspires:
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—VIRGIL.

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed, too romantic to last;

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop[1] himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!

Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew."

1806.

TO M——

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

[1] Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.[1]

1806.

TO WOMAN

WOMAN! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee;
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are nought;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
But how much cursed by every lover
When hope is fled and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."[2]

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me,
you'll surely forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live,—
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

[1] "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return."—SHAKESPEARE.

[2] The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE

This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;
But where's the beam so sweetly straying
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill cheer;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.[1]

These locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,
Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?

[1] This 'Lady' was the Mary of the preceding lines.*

Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion
To form the place of assignation.
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid:
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you:
There we can love for hours together,
Much better, in such snowy weather,
Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
That ever witness'd rural loves;
Then, if my passion fail to please,
Next night I'll be content to freeze;
No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after.

TO LESBIA

Lesbia! since far from you I've ranged,
Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;
And, Lesbia! we are not much older
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingeringly pass'd away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason;
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;

Warm was the passion of my youth,
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And—though our dream at last is ended—
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;
Absence has made me prone to roving;
But older, firmer hearts than ours
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed;
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.]

Doubtless, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone
For such an outrage done to thee?
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,
The sentence I should scarce deplore;
It only would restore a heart
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
Is to become no longer free;
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
Such expiation of my guilt:
Come, then, some other mode elect;
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;
Yet hold—one little word forbear!
Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU

Αεί, δ' ἀεί με φεύγει.—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen breast,
Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew:"
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's represt,
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of youth
Love twined round their childhood his flow'rs as they grew;
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?
Yet why do I ask?—to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?
From cities to caves of the forest he flew
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind;
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel!
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast:
No more with love's former devotion we sue:
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
Astrea declares that some penance is due ;
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu !

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew :
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight ;
His cypress the garland of love's last adieu !

DAMÆTAS

In law an infant, and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy ;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd ;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child ;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool ;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school ;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin ;
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl ;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.[1]

TO MARION

Marion ! why that pensive brow ?
What disgust to life hast thou ?
Change that discontented air ;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast ;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire ;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint ;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse :
She blushes, curt'sies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me ;
And flying off in search of reason,

[1] "When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow—wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford—wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds ; and, consequently, about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop."—*Diary.*

Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there)
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering:
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion, adieu! oh, pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still, fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love:
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

OSCAR OF ALVA[1]

A TALE

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd:

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low;

While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;

[1] The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronyme and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's *Armenian; or, the Ghost-Seer*. It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of *Macbeth*.

But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But, who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note;
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the warnotes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;

And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell:
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled:
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride;
"Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said:
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
"With me he roved not o'er the glade:

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would aught to her impede his way?

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around!
Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain;

It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,
His locks in gray torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my son!—thou God of Heav'n
Restore the prop of sinking age!
Or if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live,—away, despair!
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;
T'arraign my fate, my voice forbear!
O God! my impious prayer forgive.

"What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er:
Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair:
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me;
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son;
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'Tis well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye;
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance the chief has only roved;
For him thy Beltane[1] yet may burn.[2]

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;

[1] Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

[2] *Beal-tain* means the fire of Baal, and the name still preserves the primeval origin of this Celtic superstition.*

With wine let every cup be crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury placed.

"And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
"Would Oscar now could share our mirth!"
Internal fear appall'd his soul;
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

"'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form;
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away, away! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
His sand is done,—his race is run;
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eyes could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel;
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field:

From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy,
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.
"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief.
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found;
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy:—
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath:
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus, — "Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall,—and he who dares advance
Through hostile legions must abide by chance,—
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."
"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
Replied Euryalus; "it scorns control!
Hence, let us haste!"—their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear:
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.
"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)
"Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,

Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed.
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak!
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd,
"Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
Our deities the first best boon have given—
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Iulus then:—"By all the powers above!
By those Penates who my country love!
By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown!
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey:
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;

Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave:
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past:
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus:—"No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine.
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;

Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied;
"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's [1] style but wanting to the dame.
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred oath—
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
His prayer he sends; but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between:
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
"Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labour share:
Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast:
Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed:
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince;
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.

[1] The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead:
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour;
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd;
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:
Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls:
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fadus scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd;
Full foes enough to-night have breath'd their last:
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."
What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd.
They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt:
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftians worn.

Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears ;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course :
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way :
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped :
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls ;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens with question loud the pair alarms :—
"Stand, stragglers ! stand ! why early thus in arms ?
From whence, to whom ?"—He meets with no reply :
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly :
The thicket's depth with hurried peace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.
With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene :
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead ;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
"O God ! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impeding perils art thou left !"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of a trembling ground.
Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise ;
The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys :
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound ;
Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare ?
Ah ! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share ?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wished to live ?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye :—

"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes;
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall.
"Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all!"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
"Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone;
Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven! attest!
He could not—durst not—lo the guile confest!
All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend;
He only loved too well his hapless friend:
Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove,
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;

Steel, flashing, pours on steel,
foe crowds on foe;
Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams
in every blow;
In vain beneath unnumber'd
wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, dis-
tracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd, his
falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp till
Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the
weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning
through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection
proved—
Dying, revenged the fate of him
he loved;
Then on his bosom sought his
wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his
friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my
verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion,
yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate
admire,
No future day shall see your
names expire,
While stands the Capitol, im-
mortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail
their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES

[Ἐρωτες ὑπερ μεν ἀγαν, κ. τ. λ.]

When fierce conflicting passions
urge
The breast where love is wont
to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy
surge
Which rolls the tide of human
woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of
shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast
no more;
The wild desire, the guilty
flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams pos-
sest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching
breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native
heaven,
What heart unfeeling would
despise
The sweetest boon the gods have
given?

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and
slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous
fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future
tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts
destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with
joy,
Which hover faithful hearts
above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle
shrine
May I with some fond lover
sigh,

Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—
With me to live, with me to die!
My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame![1] no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key
The milder treasures of his soul,—

[1] Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus[2] his ample front sublime uprears:
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,

[2] No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality

When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France,
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S [1] glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud:
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen;
The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's [2] note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote:

[1] Demosthenes.

[2] The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose power of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

[Lord Byron, in a letter written in 1818, says:—"I remember to have seen

Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour ;
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
Such is their practice, such is their reward !
This much, at least, we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay. 1806.

Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties ; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both : I mean in an evening ; for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's ;—and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour ; but I have seen him, in a private party of undergraduates, take up a poker to them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times I saw him went. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents ; as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot : and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.—1818.*]

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER

Sweet girl ! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget ;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more represt ;
In vain I check the rising sigh
Another to the last replies :
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke ;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels :
Deceit the guilty lips impart ;
And hush the mandates of the heart ;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, "'twas the spirit moved us."
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess ;
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.

This for myself, at least, I'll say,
My form appears through night, through day :
Awake, with it my fancy teems ;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams ;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray
For breaking slumbers of delight
Which make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh ! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas ! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care :
May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her ;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker !
Oh ! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover !
May that fair bosom never know
What 'tis to feel the restless woe
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him who never can forget ! "

THE CORNELIAN

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever ;
With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me ;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it ;
I told him when the gift I took,
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield ;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume ;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fix'd her fickle breast ;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find no fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *debut*
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly:
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward.
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER

"OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when Pitt resign'd his breath:
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY

O FACTIOUS viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead perverting truth;

What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When Pitt expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points its due;"
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep;
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own;
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to Pitt the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For Pitt, and Pitt alone, has dared to ask.

THE TEAR

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
Gray.

When Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a
fanciful wreath
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in
battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a
Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he
return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd
spear,
All his toils are repaid when,
embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the
Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth![1] seat
of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast-
fleeting year,
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,
for a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen
through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to
my Mary no more,
My Mary to Love once so dear,
In the shade of her bower I
remember the hour
She rewarded those vows with a
Tear.

By another possest, may she live
ever blest!
Her name still my heart must
revere:
With a sigh I resign what I once
thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a
Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from
you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most
near:
If again we shall meet in this
rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with
a Tear.

[1] Harrow.

When my soul wings her flight
to the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on
its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where
my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a
Tear.

May no marble bestow the splen-
dour of woe
Which the children of vanity
rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon
my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear

October 26th, 1806.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, Esq., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS

Why, Pigot, complain of this
damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet,
believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love?
for a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet,
But leave her awhile, she shortly
will smile,
And then you may kiss your
coquette.

For such are the airs of these
fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a
debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes
an effect,
And humbles the proudest
coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and
lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret,

If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthral, I'd abandon them all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON

Your pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er;
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
As your fair was so devilish reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips once have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of love;"
'Tis true, I am given to range:
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonists' school,
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good-bye; I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA[1]

Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven;
Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;
On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil;
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
"Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil."

[1] Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, to whom several of Lord Byron's earliest letters were addressed.

LACHIN Y GAIR[2]

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

[2] *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car:
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd,[1] though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,[2]
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar:
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

[1] I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the *Gordons*," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

[2] Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

TO ROMANCE

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue;
When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a sylph in every dame,
A Pylades in every friend?
But leave at once thy realms of air
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for—themselves!

With shame I own I've felt thy sway
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar.
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female choir,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrensy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulf appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN

"But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition;

If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?"
New Bath Guide.

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER![1] to commend
The verse which blends the censor with the friend.
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
For this wild error which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart:
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love:
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove:
Let those whose souls contemn the pleasing power
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth;—
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be't from me the "virgin's mind" to "taint":
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
The light effusions of a heedless boy.
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

November 26, 1806.

[1] The Rev. John Becher, prebendary of Southwell, the well-known author of several philanthropic plans for the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."—*Ossian.*

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S[1] pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs,[2] obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross[3] demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
His feudal realm in other regions lay:

In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend
Soon as the gloaming spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary[4] paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

[1] Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

[2] This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman;" syonymous with vassal.

[3] The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

[4] The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY[1] the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress[2] now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatched him[3] from th' unequal strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND[4] fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,

[1] At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

[2] Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

[3] Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the royal army. The former was general in chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

[4] Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould:
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omened birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new moon's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing[1] the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler[2] now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;

[1] This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

[2] Charles II.

'ulture again adorns the gladdening vale,
nd matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake;
Exulting shouts announce the finished race.

Ah, happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love, forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS[1]

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;

[1] These verses were composed while Lord Byron was suffering under severe illness and depression of spirits. "I was laid," he says, "on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written, or

When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring;

rather dictated—expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee." In the private volume the poem opened with the following lines:—

"Hence! thou unvarying song of varied loves,
Which youth commends, maturer age reproves;
Which every rhyming bard repeats by rote,
By thousands echo'd to the self-same note!
Tired of the dull, unceasing, copious strain,
My soul is panting to be free again.
Farewell! ye nymphs propitious to my verse,
Some other Damon will your charms rehearse;
Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
Or dwell in rapture on your nectar'd kiss.
Those beauties, grateful to my ardent sight,
No more entrance my senses in delight;
Those bosoms, form'd of animated snow,
Alike are tasteless, and unfeeling now.
These to some happier lover I resign—
The memory of those joys alone is mine.
Censure no more shall brand my humble name,
The child of passion and the fool of fame.
Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.
World! I renounce thee! all my hope's o'ercast:
One sigh I give thee, but that sigh's the last.
Friends, foes, and females, now alike adieu!
Would I could add, remembrance of you too!
Yet though the future dark and cheerless gleams,
Not to the aching frame alone confined,
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
With Resignation wage relentless strife,
While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven;
Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
As when through clouds that pour the summer storm
The orb of day unveils his distant form,
Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,

The curse of memory, hovering in my dreams,
Depicts with glowing pencil all those years,
Ere yet my cup, empoison'd, flow'd with tears;
Still rules my senses with tyrannic sway,
The past confounding with the present day.
Alas! in vain I check the maddening thought;
It still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought:
My soul to Fancy's," &c.

Ed.

The sun of memory, glowing
through my dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his
former blaze,
To scenes far distant points his
paler rays;
Still rules my senses with un-
bounded sway,
The past confounding with the
present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the
rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for
and unsought;
My soul to Fancy's fond sug-
gestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her
airy fields.
Scenes of my youth, developed,
crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last
adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youth-
ful themes;
Friends lost to me for aye, except
in dreams;
Some who in marble prematurely
sleep,
Whose forms I now remember
but to weep;
Some who yet urge the same
scholastic course
Of early science, future fame
the source;
Who, still contending in the
studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior
place.
These with a thousand visions
now unite,
To dazzle, though they please,
my aching sight.
Ida! blest spot, where Science
holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy
youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty
spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful
quire;
Our tricks of mischief, every
childish game,
Unchanged by time or distance,
seem the same;
Through winding paths along
the glade, I trace
The social smile of every
welcome face;
My wonted haunts, my scenes
of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or
youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolved, but not my
friendship past:—
I bless the former, and forgive
the last.
Hours of my youth! when,
nurtured in my breast,
To love a stranger, friendship
made me blest;—
Friendship, the dear peculiar
bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs
with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom
how to feign,
And check each impulse with
prudential rein;
When all we feel, our honest
souls disclose—
In love to friends, in open hate
to foes;
No varnish'd tales the lips of
youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge pur-
chased by deceit.
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd
years,
Matured by age, the garb of
prudence wears.
When now the boy is ripen'd
into man,
His careful sire chalks forth
some wary plan;
Instructs his son from candour's
path to shrink,

Smoothly to speak and cautiously to think ;
Still to assent, and never to deny—
A patron's praise can well reward the lie :
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospects for a word ?
Although against that word his heart rebel,
And truth indignant all his bosom swell.
Away with themes like this ! not mine the task
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask ;
Let keener bards delight in satire's sting ;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing :
Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe ;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
With this submission all her rage expired.
From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment and forgave ;
Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
Pomposus'[1] virtues are but known to few :
I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
If since on Granta's failings, known to all

[1] Dr. Butler, head-master of Harrow school.*

Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again,
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command ;
Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
Their first adviser, and their last resort ;
Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown ;
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—
Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days ;
Probus,[2] the pride of science, and the boast,
To Ida now, alas ! for ever lost.
With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
And fear'd the master, though we loved the sage :
Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.

[2] Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided.*

Pomposus fills his magisterial chair;
Pomposus governs,—but, my muse, forbear:
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
His name and precepts be alike forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair Ida's bower adorns the landscape round;
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer heat:
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day:
"'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son—
The one long graved, the other just begun:
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire:[1]
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,

[1] During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the school-room from being burnt down by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.*

Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour;—
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
"And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd;
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely staid at home;"—
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive:
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before—
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found;
The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wand'rers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee—
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care.
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest:
I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;
I hear again,—but, ah! no brother's voice.
A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than IDA's social band.
Alonzo![1] best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:
From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise;
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I live supremely blest,
Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,

[1] The Hon. John Wingfield, brother to Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt. He died of a fever, in his 20th year, at Coimbra, May 14, 1811.

Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one :
Together we impell'd the flying ball ;
Together waited in our tutor's hall ;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore ;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.
Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy !
Davus, the harbinger of childish joy ;
For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun ;
Yet with a breast of such materials made—
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid ;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life :
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue ;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow ;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear ;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand :
An act like this, can simple thanks repay ?
Or all the labours of a grateful lay ?
Oh no ! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, Davus, it deserves to bleed.
Lycus ![1] on me thy claims are justly great :
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit :
Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
Lycus ! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope from genius thus refined !
When time at length matures thy growing years,
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers !
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.
Shall fair Eurylus[2] pass by unsung ?

[1] John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born 1792.*
[2] George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr, born Oct. 26, 1791.*

From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung :
What though one sad dissension bade us part,
That name is yet embalm'd within my heart ;
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will :
We once were friends,—I'll think we are so still.
A form unmatch'd in nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we in thee behold :
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory in the tented field ;
To minds of ruder texture these be given—
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit :
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate ;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate ;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore ;—
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON [1] stand ;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run ;
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year ;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife :
As speakers each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame :
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear !
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return ;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell !
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined.

[1] Edward Noel Long, Esq., to whom a subsequent poem is addressed.

When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,
Or placed me higher in the studious throng;
Or when my first harangue received applause,
His sage instruction the primeval cause,
What gratitude to him my soul possest,
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!
For all my humble fame, to him alone
The praise is due, who made that fame my own.
Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give:
The song might perish, but the theme might live.
Yet why for him the needless verse essay?
His honour'd name requires no vain display:
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
To me a silent and a sweet employ,
While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;—
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth;
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,

Can stars or ermine, man's
maturer toys,
(For glittering baubles are not
left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved
to view,
As those where Youth her gar-
land twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm
of age
You turn with faltering hand
life's varied page;
Peruse the record of your days
on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks
your birth;
Still lingering pause above each
chequer'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable
lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme
her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint
adieu;
But bless the scroll which fairer
words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the
morn;
When Friendship bow'd before
the shrine of truth,
And Love, without his pinion,
smiled on youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT"[1]

MONTGOMERY! true, the common
lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot—
Some shall exist beyond the
grave.

"Unknown the region of his
birth,"
The hero rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial
worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page
of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will
know
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's
frame
Must share the common tomb
of all;
Their glory will not sleep the
same;
That will arise, though empires
fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
Assumes the ghastly stare of
death;
The fair, the brave, the good
must die,
And sink the yawning grave
beneath.

Once more the speaking eye
revives,
Still beaming through the lover's
strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still sur-
vives;
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his
wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er
decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading
spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;

[1] Written by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c.*

The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length a useless fane;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES

This Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee:
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.
The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:
This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green
When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for a world.
Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806.

REMEMBRANCE

'Tis done!—I saw it in my dreams:
No more with hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast,
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!—
Would I could add Remembrance too!

1806.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY

Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind;—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;

But retirement accords with the tone of my mind :
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth ;
When infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess ;—
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

Oh ! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.
Could I soar with the phœnix on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave !
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath ;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd ?
Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules ?
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd ?
Why search for delight in the friendship of fools ?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love ;
In friendship I early was taught to believe ;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove ;
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth ? it may pass in an hour,
If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown :
To me what is title ?—the phantom of power ;
To me what is fashion ?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul ;
I still am unpractised to varnish the truth :
Then why should I live in a hateful control ?
Why waste upon folly the days of my youth ?

1806.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN [1]

DEAR are the days of youth ! Aged wells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers !" Past is the race of heroes ! But their fame rises on the harp ; their souls ride on the wings of the

[1] It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let her not say, 'Calmar has fallen

y the steel of Lochlin : he died ith gloomy Orla, the chief of he dark brow.' Why should ears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice urse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to aise my stone of moss; live to evenge me in the blood of ochlin. Join the song of ards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said he son of Mora, "could I raise he song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes

the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm."

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES

[WRITTEN DECEMBER, 1806]

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious school-boys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh, Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth![1] thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still,
Each flower a double fragrance flings;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus![2] wherefore dost thou weep?
Thy falling tears restrain;
Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 'twill wake again.
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
From this my hope of rapture springs;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone deceived,
Did I my error mourn?
No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
I left the wretch to scorn.
I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
Twined with my heart's according strings;
And till those vital chords shall break,

[1] Harrow. [2] The Earl of Clare.*

For none but these my breast shall wake
Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfetter'd in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
Let Adulation wait on kings;
With joy elate, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward—
To me no bays belong;
If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

THE PRAYER OF NATURE

[WRITTEN DECEMBER 29, 1806.]

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on Thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh, point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form?
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?

all reptiles, grovelling on the
ground,
eir great Creator's purpose
know?

all those, who live for self
alone,
hose years float on in daily
crime—
all they by Faith for guilt
atone,
nd live beyond the bounds of
Time?

ther! no prophet's laws I
seek,—
y laws in Nature's works
appear;—
own myself corrupt and weak,
et will I pray, for thou wilt
hear!

ou, who canst guide the wan-
dering star
hrough trackless realms of
æther's space;
ho calm'st the elemental war,
hose hand from pole to pole I
trace:—

hou, who in wisdom placed me
here,
ho, when thou wilt, can take
me hence,
h! whilst I tread this earthly
sphere,
xtend to me thy wide defence.

o Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
hatever weal or woe betide,
y thy command I rise or fall,
Thy protection I confide.

, when this dust to dust's re-
stored,
y soul shall float on airy wing,
ow shall thy glorious name
adored
spire her feeble voice to sing!

t, if this fleeting spirit share
ith clay the grave's eternal
bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my
prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit
the dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble
strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to Thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.[1]

"Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."—Hor.

Dear Long, in this sequester'd
scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours
have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's
eye;
Thus if amidst the gathering
storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon
deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied
glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future
peace,
And bids the war of tempests
cease.

[1] This young gentleman, who was with Lord Byron both at Harrow and Cambridge, afterwards entered the Guards, and served with distinction in the expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned early in 1809, when on his way to join the army in the Peninsula; the transport in which he sailed being run foul of in the night by another of the convoy. "Long's father," says Lord Byron, "wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised—but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted."—*Diary*, 1821.*

Ah! though the present brings
but pain,
I think those days may come
again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear in-
trude,
To check my bosom's fondest
thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice
fraught,
And still indulge my wonted
theme.
Although we ne'er again can
trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's
lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida
chase
Our raptured visions as before,
Though Youth has flown on rosy
pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern
dominion—
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober
joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's
broad wing
Will shed around some dews of
spring:
But if his scythe must sweep
the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy
bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights
to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture
swell;
If frowning Age, with cold con-
trol,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's
groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn
To soothe its wonted heedless
flow;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet
delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions
borne,
To you my soul is still the same;
Oft has it been my fate to mourn
And all my former joys are tame:
But, hence! ye hours of sable
hue!
Your frowns are gone, my sor-
rows o'er:
By every bliss my childhood
knew,
I'll think upon your shade no
more.
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage
is past,
And caves their sullen roar en-
close,
We heed no more the wintry
blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
Attuned to love her languid
lyre;
But now, without a theme to
choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire.
My youthful nymphs, alas! are
flown;
E—— is a wife, and C——
mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on
me,
Can now no more my love recall.
In truth, dear Long, 'twas time
to flee;

For Cora's eye will shine on all,
And though the sun, with genial rays,
Its beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer!*
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle in the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of souls shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY [1]

OH! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving:
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

[1] Mrs. Musters, Miss Chaworth.*

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;[1]

And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal
In spite of every vain endeavour,—
And fiends might pity what I feel,—
To know that thou art lost forever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

[1] "Our meetings," says Lord Byron in 1822, "were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenour of my life would have been different." *

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me:
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
My hope, my comforter, my all?
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.[1]

[1] "And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow![1]
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,[2]
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's[3] rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before:
Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;[4]
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;

[1] Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

[2] This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

[3] The Dee is a beautiful river which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

[4] Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

When, haply, some light-waving
locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's
in hue,
I think on the long flowing
ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to
beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when
the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their
mantles of snow :
But while these soar above me,
unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive
me?—ah, no !
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my
childhood was bred !
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy
waters adieu !
No home in the forest shall
shelter my head,—
Ah ! Mary, what home could be
mine but with you?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR

Oh ! yes, I will own we were dear
to each other ;
The friendships of childhood,
though fleeting, are true ;
The love which you felt was the
love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd
for you.

But Friendship can vary her
gentle dominion ;
The attachment of years in a
moment expires :
Like Love, too, she moves on a
swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with
unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd
through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our
youth, I allow :
In the spring of our life, how
serene is the weather !
But winter's rude tempests are
gathering now.

No more with affection shall
memory blending,
The wonted delights of our child-
hood retrace :
When pride steels the bosom, the
heart is unbending,
And what would be justice
appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I
still must esteem you—
The few whom I love I can never
upbraid—
The chance which is lost may
in future redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow
you have made.

I will not complain, and though
chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resent-
ment shall live :
My bosom is calm'd by the simple
reflection,
That both may be wrong, and
that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my
heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly
your own ;
You knew me unalter'd by years
or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friend-
ship alone.

You knew,—but away with the
vain retrospection !
The bond of affection no longer
endures ;

Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever;
For time and regret will restore you at last:
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE

"Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago."
VAL. FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
Like striplings, mutually beloved,
With friendship's purest glow,
To bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you:
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main!

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before:
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels:
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in fashion's annals;

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of reason;
For sense and reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
That he, who sang before all,—
He who the lore of love expanded,—
By dire reviewers should be branded
As void of wit and moral.

And yet while Beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favourite of the Nine!
Repine not at thy lot.
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When Persecution's arm is dead,
And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next
By critic sarcasm to be vext,
I really will not fight them.[1]

Perhaps they would do quite as well
To break the rudely sounding shell
Of such a young beginner.
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty may become, I ween,
A very harden'd sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you;
And, sure, apologies are due:
Accept, then, my concession.
In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
I soar along from left to right;
My muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state;—
May regal smiles attend you!

And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you;
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure, unerring way!
May no delights decoy!
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
And virtues crown your brow;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,—
Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
To me were doubly dear;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd wave at once a *poet's* fame,
To prove a *prophet* here.

[1] A bard (horresco referens) defied his reviewer to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx: for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF HARROW

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine:
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!"
When fate shall chill, at length this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying hour,—
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet to die—
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

WRITTEN IN 1807–8.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

THE ADIEU

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE

Adieu, thou Hill![1] where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
Nor more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view:
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy Hall
Forgets its wonted simple note—
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet![2] along whose rippling surge,
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

[1] Harrow.

[2] The river Grete, at Southwell.*

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary,[1] all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend![2] whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

Oh, Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in Glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

[1] Mary Duff.
[2] Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807.

TO A VAIN LADY

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears?
Why thus destroy thine own repose
And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
If thou believ'st what striplings say:
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
The words man utters to deceive?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou can'st venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
Can'st thou not mark the rising sneers
Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
Nor make thyself the public gaze:
What modest maid without a blush
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
Her who relates each fond conceit—
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes
Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
These amorous nothings in revealing,
Must credit all we say or write,
While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
No jealousy bids me reprove:
One, who is thus from nature vain,
I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15, 1807.

TO ANNE

Oh, Anne! your offences to me have been grievous;
I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you;

But woman is made to command and deceive us—
I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
Yet thought that a day's separation was long:
When we met, I determin'd again to suspect you—
Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:
I saw you—my anger became admiration;
And now, all my wish, all my hope, 's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention!
Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you;—
At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you!

January 16, 1807.

TO THE SAME

Oh, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
The heart which adores you should wish to dissever;
Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed,—
To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone
Could bid me from fond admiration refrain:
By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,
Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,
The rage of the tempest united must weather,
My love and my life were by nature design'd
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu;
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,
His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

1807.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGINNING

"'SAD IS MY VERSE,' YOU SAY, 'AND YET NO TEAR.'"

Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;
And much, alas! I think he needs it:
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May *once* be read—but never after:
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain—
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807.

ON FINDING A FAN

In one who felt as once he felt,
This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame
But now his heart no more will melt,
Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their blaze in night,

Thus has it been with passion's fires—
As many a boy and girl remembers—
While every hope of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
Some careful hand may teach to burn;
The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;
No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
Its former warmth around another.

1807.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part;
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
My visions are flown, to return, —alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What Magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?

Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast—
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its mourners shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—
The present—which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807.

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,

For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807.

ON REVISITING HARROW [1]

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced;

Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever!

September, 1807.

[1] Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;

For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

TO MY SON [1]

Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

And thou canst lisp a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,—
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

[1] Neither the recorded conversations of Lord Byron, nor his letters or diaries, furnish any trace of evidence that such a son ever existed.*

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no—though moralist reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,

When wrung from guilt's expiring eye.
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb;
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we morn for the blest?

1808.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee.
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,

And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they love at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend;
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet),

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen
to add
One insect to the fluttering
crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is
glad
To join the vain, and court the
proud.

There dost thou glide from fair
to fair,
Still simpering on with eager
haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they
scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize
the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours
move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love!

What friend for thee, howe'er
inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred
care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may
share!

In time forbear; amidst the
throng
No more so base a thing be
seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but—
mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL

START not—nor deem my spirit
fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living
head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like
thee;
I died: let earth my bones
resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure
me;
The worm hath fouler lips than
thine.

Better to hold the sparkling
grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's
slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's
food.

Where once my wit, perchance,
hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are
gone,
What nobler substitute than
wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another
race,
When thou and thine like me
are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's
embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the
dead.

Why not? since through life's
little day
Our heads such sad effects
produce;
Redeem'd from worms and
wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY

WELL! thou art happy, and I
feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy
weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace:
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG [1]

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,

[1] The monument was placed in the garden of Newstead. The following is the inscription by which the verses are preceded:—

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

Lord Byron thus announced the death of his favourite to Mr. Hodgson:—"Boatswain is dead!—he expired in a state of madness, on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last; never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray." By the will which he executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden near his faithful dog.*

The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808.

TO A LADY, ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING

When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, Mary![1] will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there.

December 3, 1808.

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

[1] Mary Chaworth (Mrs. Musters).

Can I forget—canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME

There was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN

A SONG

Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst change:
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY[1] ON LEAVING ENGLAND

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest—
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me;

[1] Mary Chaworth.

There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

1809.

LINES TO MR. HODGSON

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
"Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!"
"Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board."
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;

Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
"Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?"
"Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill."—
"Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher! Murray! Bob![1]
where are you?
Stretch'd along the decks like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
"Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup
Of warm water—"
"What's the matter?"
"Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?—
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.

[1] Lord Byron's three servants *

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1809.

TO FLORENCE [1]

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:
Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word—to love
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

[1] These lines were written at Malta. The lady to whom they were addressed, and whom he afterwards apostrophises in the stanzas on the thunderstorm of Chiavari and in Childe Harold, is thus mentioned in a letter to his mother:—"This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five and twenty. She is here on her way to England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time." *

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM[1]

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

[1] This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October, 1809, when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania.*

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14, 1809.

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS[1]

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

May 9, 1810.

[1] On the 3rd of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but, having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.[1]

[1] Romaic expression of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.
By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers [1] that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,[2]
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE

Dear object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.
'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.

supposed they could not; and if I do not I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

[1] In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c., convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

[2] Constantinople.

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH

Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here Harold lies—but where's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG

"Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων" [3]

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.

[3] The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, &c., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original.*

Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd[1] city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG

"Μπενω μες 'το' πέριβόλι
'Ωραιότατη Χάηδή," &c.[2]

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.

Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandon'd the bowers;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison when pour'd from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?

[1] Constantinople. "'Επτάλοφος."

[2] The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "χόροι," in the winter of 1810–11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
How sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidée!
Where Flora all wither'd reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

"Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING:—

The modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

ON PARTING

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show
And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER

Stranger! behold, interr'd together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*.
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella"?
For character—he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

Malta, May 16, 1811.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA,

"M.P., OR THE BLUE STOCKING"

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce:
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little*'s Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*.

September 14, 1811.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE"

"Oh! banish care"—such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou would'st hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of any thing but love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'T would suit philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child;—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.
But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,

Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.

TO THYRZA

Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?

Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11, 1811.

STANZAS

["AWAY, AWAY," &c.]

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!

Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
The well remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turned from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6, 1811.

STANZAS

["ONE STRUGGLE MORE," &c.]

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou 'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou 'rt press'd!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead.
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

STANZAS

["AND THOU ART DEAD," &c.]

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:

It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

"IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN"

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,

The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy Memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind.
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven.
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812.

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING[1]

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

[1] Princess Charlotte.

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by the people's smiles!

March, 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE

(From the Turkish)

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offer'd both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,—
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
The chain is broke, the music mute.
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY"[1]

Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812

In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

[1] By Samuel Rogers.*

Ye who beheld, (oh ! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd !)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven ;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall ;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you ?*

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame ;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been :*
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well !*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh ! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew ;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu :
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims —nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse ;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head !
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead !

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs ;*
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Received *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside!

TO TIME

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain:
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed;

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown.
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

STANZAS

["THOU ART NOT FALSE"]

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doom'd to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
As if a dream alone had charm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE"

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

STANZAS

["REMEMBER HIM," &c.]

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be bless'd:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS

When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent
(I hope I am not violent),
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise—
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

* * * * *
* * * * *

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining—
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW

"I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own."
Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

"*I lay my branch of laurel down.*"
Thou "lay thy branch of *laurel* down!"
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have but little, and thou—none.

"*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*"
A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

"*Let every other bring his own.*"
When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN COLD BATH FIELDS PRISON, MAY 19, 1813

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—

For hang me if I know of which
you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or
your Two-penny Post Bag;
* * * * *
But now to my letter—to *yours*
'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon
as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for pro-
ceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit
in the dungeon—
Pray Phœbus at length our
political malice
May not get us lodgings within
the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're
engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have
deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have
nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and
wait on the Heathcote,
But to-morrow, at four, we will
both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the
Regent Mamurra.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND

When, from the heart where
Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too
high,
And o'er the changing aspect
flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the
eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon
shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon
know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers
shrink,
And droop within their silent
cell.

September, 1813.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy
long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy
features—caught
From contemplation—where
serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd
from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sad-
ness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessed
bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and
stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee
doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his
colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing
pencil born
(Except that *thou* hast nothing
to repent),
The Magdalen of Guido saw the
morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how
much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim
—nor Virtue scorn.

December 17, 1813.

SONNET, TO THE SAME

Thy cheek is pale with thought,
but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth
could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the
brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that
ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue
eyes—but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner
eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's
weakness rush,

Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

"TU MI CHAMAS"

In moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

"Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?" JUVENAL, *Sat.* X.

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till———"

GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220.

I

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—

All quell'd!—Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed has done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII

The Roman,[1] when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home.—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

[1] Sylla.*

VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:[2]
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X

And Earth has spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.

[2] Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, resigned, in 1555, his imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand, and the kingdom of Spain to his son Philip, and retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he conformed to all the rigour of monastic austerity.*

Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue[1] hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

XV

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage[2]
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,[3]
Wilt thou withstand the shock?

[1] Dionysius the Younger, esteemed a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn schoolmaster for a subsistence.*

[2] The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

[3] Prometheus.

And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;[1]
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII

There was a day—there was an hour,[2]
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign,
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
And don the purple vest,—
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star—the string—the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

[1] ——"The very fiend's arch mock—
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste." SHAKSPEARE.

[2] The three last stanzas, which Lord Byron had been solicited by Mr. Murray to write, to avoid the stamp duty then imposed upon publications not exceeding a sheet, were not published with the rest of the poem. "I don't like them at all," says Lord Byron, "and they had better be left out. The fact is, I can't do any thing I am asked to do, however gladly I would; and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off." *

HEBREW MELODIES

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.
January, 1815.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY [1]

I

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

[1] Written by Lord Byron, on returning from a ballroom, where he had seen Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Wilmot Horton, who appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT

I

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

II

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;

Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode !
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daugher Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD

I

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears ;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres !
How sweet this very hour to die !
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity !

II

It must be so : 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink ;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh ! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

THE WILD GAZELLE

I

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground ;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by :—

II

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there ;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

III

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace :
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

IV

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die ;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie :
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE

I

Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ·

Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the Godless dwell!

II

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

III

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS

I

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

II

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

III

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, O God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER

I

Since our Country, our God—Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

II

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

III

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

IV

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

V

When this blood of thy giving
hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest
is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy
pride,
And forget not I smiled as I
died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

I

Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's
bloom,
On thee shall press no ponder-
ous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the
year;
And the wild cypress wave in
tender gloom:

II

And oft by yon blue gushing
stream
Shall Sorrow lean her droop-
ing head,
And feed deep thought with
many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly
tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step
disturb'd the dead!

III

Away! we know that tears are
vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears
distress:
Will this unteach us to com-
plain?
Or make one mourner weep the
less?
And thou—who tell'st me to
forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes
are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK

I

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly
string
The harp I yet can brook to
hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine
ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth
again:
If in these eyes there lurk a
tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn
my brain.

II

But bid the strain be wild and
deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will
burst;
For it hath been by sorrow
nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence
long;
And now 'tis doom'd to know
the worst,
And break at once—or yield to
song.

I SAW THEE WEEP

I

I saw thee weep—the big bright
tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did ap-
pear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's
blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living
rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

II

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart ;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE

I

Thy days are done, thy fame begun ;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword !
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored !

II

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death !
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath :
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath !

III

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word !
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd !
To weep would do thy glory wrong ;
Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

I

Warriors and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

II

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

III

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

SAUL

I

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head !
King, behold the phantom seer !"
Earth yawn'd ; he stood the centre of a cloud :
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry ;

His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

II

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER"

I

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

II

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

III

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore.
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY

I

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.

Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

II

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

III

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

IV

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

I

The King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

II

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

III

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

IV

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

V

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.

The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

VI

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE

I

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

II

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

III

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In His hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for Him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE

I

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

II

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—

But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

III

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS

I

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, oh, Sion! when render'd to Rome:
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

II

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

III

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

IV

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

V

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT

I

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

II

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

III

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME

FROM JOB

I

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless —but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

II

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"

DOMESTIC PIECES

FARE THEE WELL

Alas! they had been friends in
Youth;
But whispering tongues can poison
truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And Life is thorny, and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;
* * * * *
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pain-
ing—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asun-
der;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thun-
der
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath
been."

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel.*

FARE thee well! and if for
ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well:*
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart
rebel.

Would that breast were bared
before thee
Where thy head so oft hath
lain
While that placid sleep came
o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know
again:

Would that breast, by thee
glanced over,
Every inmost thought could
show!
Then thou would'st at last dis-
cover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this com-
mend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend
thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults de-
faced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once em-
braced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe
not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retain-
eth—
Still must mine, though bleed-
ing, beat;
And the undying thought which
paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sor-
row
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every mor-
row
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would solace
gather,
When our child's first accents
flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say
"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall
press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,

Think of him whose prayer
shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had
bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st
see,
Then thy heart will softly
tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou
knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou
goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could
bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are
idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot
bridle
Force their way without the
will.—

Fare thee well!—thus dis-
united,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and
blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816.

A SKETCH[1]

"Honest—honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot
kill thee." SHAKSPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kit-
chen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her
mistress' head;

Next—for some gracious service
unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be
guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the
table,—where
Her wondering betters wait be-
hind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead
unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she
lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready
with the lie—
The genial confidante, and
general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next
employment guess—
An only infant's earliest gover-
ness!
She taught the child to read, and
taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching,
learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship
she grows,
As many a nameless slander
deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of
her art,
None know—but that high Soul
secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it
could not hear,
With longing breast and unde-
luded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that
youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—
Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—near Contа-
gion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Exam-
ple spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her
to look down
On humbler talents with a pity-
ing frown—

[1] "These lines are from life."—*Lord B. to Mr. M.*, March 30, 1816.

nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
or Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
or Virtue teach austerity—till now.
erenely purest of her sex that live,
ut wanting one sweet weakness —to forgive,
oo shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
he deems that all could be like her below:
oe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
or Virtue pardons those she would amend.

ut to the theme:—now laid aside too long
he baleful burthen of this honest song—
hough all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
f mothers—none know why—before her quake;
f daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
f early habits—those false links which bind
t times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
f like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
f like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;

What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints
While mingling truth with falsehood — sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made

This monster when their mistress left off trade—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create:
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA[1]

["WHEN ALL AROUND."]

I

When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

II

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;

III

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

IV

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,

[1] His sister, the Honourable Mrs Leigh.*

nd stood between me and the night,
or ever shining sweetly nigh.

V

nd when the cloud upon us came,
hich strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
ien purer spread its gentle flame,
nd dash'd the darkness all away.

VI

ill may thy spirit dwell on mine,
nd teach it what to brave or brook—
here's more in one soft word of thine
han in the world's defied rebuke.

VII

hou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
hat still unbroke, though gently bent,
till waves with fond fidelity
ts bough above a monument.

VIII

he winds might rend—the skies might pour,
ut there thou wert—and still would'st be
evoted in the stormiest hour
o shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

IX

ut thou and thine shall know no blight,
hatever fate on me may fall;
or heaven in sunshine will requite
he kind—and thee the most of all.

X

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

XI

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fix'd in thee;—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA[1]

["THOUGH THE DAY OF MY DESTINY'S OVER."]

I

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
Is shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

II

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;

[1] Written in July, at the Campagne Diodati, near Geneva.*

And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

III

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

IV

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

V

Yet I blame not the world or despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

VI

From the wreck of the past, which have perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24, 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA [1]

I

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.

[1] Written at Diodati; and sent home at the time for publication, but owing to his sister's wish, not then printed. They were eventually given to the world in 1830.*

There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's [1] fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea nor I on shore.

III

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

V

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,

[1] Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foulweather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-toss'd,
Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager (in Anson's voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.*

(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

VII

I feel almost at times as I have felt,
In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks ;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

VIII

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation ;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

IX

Oh that thou wert but with me !—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret ;
There may be others which I less may show ;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

X

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

XI

The world is all before me ; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

XII

an reduce all feelings but this
one ;
nd that I would not ;—for at
length I see
ich scenes as those wherein my
life begun.
ie earliest — even the only
paths for me—
id I but sooner learnt the
crowd to shun,
had been better that I now
can be ;
ie passions which have torn
me would have slept ;
had not suffer'd, and *thou*
hadst not wept.

XIII

ith false Ambition what had
I to do ?
ittle with Love, and least of
all with Fame ;
nd yet they came unsought,
and with me grew,
nd made me all which they
can make—a name.
et this was not the end I did
pursue ;
rely I once beheld a nobler
aim.
ut all is over—I am one the
more
baffled millions which have
gone before.

XIV

nd for the future, this world's
future may
om me demand but little of
my care ;
ave outlived myself by many
a day ;
aving survived so many things
that were ;
y years have been no slumber,
but the prey
ceaseless vigils ; for I had
the share
Of life which might have fill'd a
century,
Before its fourth in time had
pass'd me by.

XV

And for the remnant which may
be to come
I am content ; and for the past
I feel
Not thankless,—for within the
crowded sun
Of struggles, happiness at times
would steal,
And for the present, I would
not benumb
My feelings further.—Nor shall
I conceal
That with all this I still can
look around
And worship Nature with a
thought profound.

XVI

For thee, my own sweet sister,
in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou
in mine ;
We were and are—I am, even
as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can
resign ;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its
slow decline
We are entwined—let death
come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first
endures the last !

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL

And thou wert sad—yet I was
not with thee :
And thou wert sick, and yet I
was not near ;

Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here!
And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;
Where'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.
Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep!—
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
But thou in safe implacability
Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare—
And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
On things that were not, and on things that are—
Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold—
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,

Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits—the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext
Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—
The acquiescence in all things which tend,
No matter how, to the desired end—
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end is won—
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN

SPOKEN AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes.
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,

Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan [1]
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.[2]

And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;

These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.
But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel — accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,

[1] See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings in the House of Commons. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration.*

[2] "I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly; but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit. He is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length."—*B. Diary*, 1821.

And pile the Pyramid of Calumny!
These are his portion—but if joined to these
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,[1]
To soothe Indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,
To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—
If such may be the Ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and burst.

[1] This was not fiction. Only a few days before his death, Sheridan wrote thus to Mr. Rogers:—"I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted. They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. S.'s room and *take me*: 150*l.* will remove all difficulty. For God's sake let me see you!" Mr. Moore was the immediate bearer of the required sum. This was written on the 15th of May. On the 14th of July, Sheridan's remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey,—his pall-bearers being the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer.*

But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be—if such have ever been;
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!*[2]
Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
He was your Master—emulate him *here!*
Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—as various in their change,
While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

[2] Fox—Pitt—Burke.

THE DREAM.[1]

I

Our life is twofold : Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence : Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they will.
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows —Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
Creations of the mind ?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ; —the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,

[1] First entitled "*The Destiny*," and composed at Diodati, in July 1816.*

Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects : —he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all : upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him ;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why ?
Time taught him a deep answer —when she loved
Another ; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III

A change come o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake ;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of ; then he lean'd
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet : as he paused,

The Lady of his love re-enter'd there ;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his Soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better :—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold !
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be ?—she had all she loved,

nd he who had so loved her
was not there
o trouble with bad hopes, or
evil wish,
r ill-repress'd affliction, her
pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she
had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem
himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that
which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of
the past.

VI

A change came o'er the spirit of
my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd.—I
saw him stand
Before an Altar—with a gentle
bride;
Her face was fair, but was not
that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—
as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow
there came
The selfsame aspect, and the
quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory
shook
His bosom in its solitude; and
then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er
his face
The tablet of unutterable
thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded
as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet,
and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not
his own words,
And all things reel'd around
him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that
which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the
accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers,
and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine,
and the shade,
All things pertaining to that
place and hour,
And her who was his destiny,
came back
And thrust themselves between
him and the light:
What business had they there
at such a time?

VII

A change came o'er the spirit of
my dream.
The Lady of his love;—Oh! she
was changed
As by the sickness of the soul;
her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling,
and her eyes
They had not their own lustre,
but the look
Which is not of the earth; she
was become
The queen of a fantastic realm;
her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed
things;
And forms impalpable and un-
perceived
Of others' sight familiar were
to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy;
but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and
the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of
truth?
Which strips the distance of its
fantasies,
And brings life near in utter
nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,[1]
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

[1] Mithridates of Pontus.

IX

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

July, 1816.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

1814–1823

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY[1]

HE Devil return'd to hell by two,
nd he stay'd at home till five;
hen he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,
nd a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
nd sausages made of a self-slain Jew—
nd bethought himself what next to do,
And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
n darkness my children take most delight,
nd I'll see how my favourites thrive.

And what shall I ride in?"
quoth Lucifer then—
If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
nd smile to see them bleed.
ut these will be furnish'd again and again,
nd at present my purpose is speed;
o see my manor as much as I may,
nd watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
By driving my favourite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of their race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance."
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepp'd across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perch'd on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blush'd like the waves of hell!

[1] "I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive,' the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'"—*B. Diary*, 1813.

Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he :
" Methinks they have here little need of *me !* "

* * * * *

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing ;
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying—
As round her fell her long fair hair ;
And she look'd to heaven with that frenzied air,
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there !
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying :
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done
And the fall of the vainly flying!

* * * * *

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray ?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day :
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,
Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him, though !

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
Its coachman and his coat ;
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
And seized him by the throat :
" Aha ! " quoth he, " what hav we here ?
'Tis a new barouche, and a ancient peer ! "

So he sat him on his box again
And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, an staunch to his rein,
His brothel, and his beer ;
" Next to seeing a lord at th council board,
I would rather see him here."

* * * * *

The Devil gat next to West minster,
And he turn'd to " the room " o the Commons ;
But he heard, as he purposed t enter in there,
That " the Lords " had receive a summons ;
And he thought, as a " *quondam* aristocrat,"
He might peep at the peers though to *hear* them were flat
And he walk'd up the house s like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpoo seemingly wise,
The Lord Westmoreland cer tainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy ;
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies ;
And he heard—which set Satan himself a staring—
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.

nd the Devil was shock'd—and
quoth he, "I must go,
or I find we have much better
manners below:
f thus he harangues when he
passes my border,
shall hint to friend Moloch to
call him to order."

WINDSOR POETICS

Lines composed on the occasion of
s Royal Highness the Prince Regent
ing seen standing between the coffins
Henry VIII and Charles I in the
yal vault at Windsor.

AMED for contemptuous breach
of sacred ties,
y headless Charles see heartless
Henry lies;
etween them stands another
sceptred thing—
moves, it reigns—in all but
name, a king:

harles to his people, Henry to
his wife,
In him the double tyrant
starts to life:
ustice and death have mix'd
their dust in vain,
ach royal vampire wakes to
life again.
h, what can tombs avail!—
since these disgorge
he blood and dust of both—to
mould a George.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

SPEAK not, I trace not, I
breathe not thy name,
here is grief in the sound,
there is guilt in the fame:
ut the tear which now burns
on my cheek may impart
he deep thoughts that dwell in
that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too
long for our peace
Were those hours—can their joy
or their bitterness cease?
We repent—we abjure—we will
break from our chain,—
We will part,—we will fly to
—unite it again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and
mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, adored one!—for-
sake, if thou wilt;—
But the heart which is thine
shall expire undebased,
And *man* shall not break it—
whatever *thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but
humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest black-
ness, shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and
our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with
worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one
look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall
reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder
at all I resign—
Thy lip shall reply, not to them,
but to *mine*.

May, 1814.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING

WHO hath not glow'd above the
page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's
unconquer'd name;
The mountain-land which
spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-
crested Dane,

Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?
That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led—
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
While sad, she chants the solitary song,
The soft lament for him who tarries long—
For him, whose distant relic vainly crave
The Coronach's wild requiem t
the brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—mus
charm away the woe
Which bursts when Nature'
feelings newly flow;
Yet tenderness and time ma
rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one s
dear;
A nation's gratitude perchanc
may spread
A thornless pillow for th
widow'd head;
May lighten well her heart'
maternal care,
And wean from penury th
soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTL TO THOMAS MOORE.

"What say *I*?"—not a syllabl
further in prose;
I'm your man "of all measures,'
dear Tom,—so, here goes!
Here goes, for a swim on th
stream of old Time,
On those buoyant supporters
the bladders of rhyme.
If our weight breaks them down
and we sink in the flood,
We are smother'd, at least, i
respectable mud,
Where the Divers of Bathos li
drown'd in a heap,
And Southey's last Pæan ha
pillow'd his sleep;—
That "Felo de se" who, hal
drunk with his malmsey,
Walk'd out of his depth an
was lost in a calm sea,
Singing "Glory to God" in
spick and span stanza
The like (since Tom Sternhol
was choked) never man saw

he papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
he fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes,—
f his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,—
nd what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.
saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—
or a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
ou know, *we* are used to quite different graces,

* * * * *

he Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
ut then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
nd wore but a starless blue coat, and in kerseymere breeches whisk'd round, in
a waltz with the Jersey,
Vho, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
Vith majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * *
* * * * *

June, 1814.

ONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE

HEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Vhom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
ave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
hat left a likeness of the brave, or just;
Vhat most admired each scrutinising eye
f all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
What spread from face to face that wondering air?
The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!
That absence proved his worth, —that absence fix'd
His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;
And more decreed his glory to endure,
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.
If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;
If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
Could with thy gentle image bear depart;
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.
What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—
A fount that only wants its living stream;
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;

And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.
Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:
The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—
The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene;
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell which will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.
These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;
And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases none;—
That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
Its hate of *Freedom*'s loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

TO BELSHAZZAR

Belshazzar! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
Behold! while yet before the burn
The graven words, the glowing wall.
Many a despot men miscall
Crown'd and anointed from on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die?
Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
Grey hairs but poorly wreathe with them;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;
And learn like better men to die!
Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hadst birth—
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.[1]

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;

[1] This gallant officer fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst

t nations swell the funeral
ry,
nd Triumph weeps above the
brave.

r them is Sorrow's purest
sigh
er Ocean's heaving bosom
sent:
vain their bones unburied
lie,
l earth becomes their monu-
ment!

tomb is theirs on every
page,
n epitaph on every tongue:
ne present hours, the future
age,
r them bewail, to them be-
long.

r them the voice of festal
mirth
rows hush'd, *their name* the
only sound;
hile deep Remembrance pours
to Worth
ne goblet's tributary round.

theme to crowds that knew
them not,
mented by admiring foes,
ho would not share their
glorious lot?
ho would not die the death
they chose?

nd, gallant Parker! thus en-
shrined
ny life, thy fall, thy fame shall
be;
nd early valour, glowing, find
model in thy memory.

nmanding, on shore, a party belong-
to his ship, the Menelaus, and ani-
ting them, in storming the American
mp near Baltimore. He was Lord
ron's first cousin; but they had
ver met since boyhood.*

But there are breasts that bleed
with thee
In woe, that glory cannot
quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless,
fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn
thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherish'd
name?
Time cannot teach forgetful-
ness,
While Grief's full heart is fed
by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for
thee,
They cannot choose but weep
the more;
Deep for the dead the grief
must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn
before.

October, 1814.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC [1]

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
GRAY'S *Poemata.*

THERE'S not a joy the world
can give like that it takes
away,
When the glow of early thought
declines in feeling's dull de-
cay;

[1] "I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands. I wrote them with a view to your setting them, and if *you* did not think yourself degraded, for once in a way, by marrying them to music."—*Lord B. to Tom Moore.*

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, —or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

March, 1815.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA

ONCE fairly set out on his part of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows to* his foes.

March 27, 1815.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH

I

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk,

ike the water-spout from ocean,
'ith a strong and growing
motion—
soars, and mingles in the air,
'ith that of lost Labedoyère—
'ith that of him whose honour'd
grave
ontains the "bravest of the
brave."
crimson cloud it spreads and
glows,
ut shall return to whence it
rose;
'hen 'tis full 'twill burst
asunder—
ever yet was heard such
thunder
s then shall shake the world
with wonder—
ever yet was seen such light-
ning
s o'er heaven shall then be
bright'ning!
ike the Wormwood Star fore-
told
y the sainted Seer of old,
how'ring down a fiery flood,
urning rivers into blood.[1]

II

he chief has fallen, but not by
you,
anquishers of Waterloo!
'hen the soldier citizen
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where Glory smiled on Free-
dom's son—
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief com-
peted?
Who could boast o'er France
defeated,
Till lone Tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?
Then he fell:—so perish all,
Who would men by man
enthral!

III

And thou, too, of the snow-white
plume![2]
Whose realm refused thee ev'n
a tomb;[3]
Better hadst thou still been
leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings
bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and
shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title
bears.
Little didst thou deem, when
dashing
On thy war-horse through the
ranks,
Like a stream which burst its
banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres
clashing,
Shone and shiver'd fast around
thee—
Of the fate at last which found
thee:

[1] See Rev. chap. viii. *v.* 7, &c. The first angel sounded, and there llowed hail and fire mingled with ood," &c. *v.* 8, "And the second ngel sounded, and as it were a great ountain burning with fire was cast to the sea; and the third part of the a became blood," &c. *v.* 10, "And e third angel sounded, and there fell great star from heaven, burning as it ere a lamp; and it fell upon the third rt of the rivers, and upon the fountains waters." *v.* 11, "And the name of e star is called *Wormwood:* and the ird part of the waters became *worm-ood;* and many men died of the waters, ecause they were made bitter."

[2] "Poor dear Murat, what an end! His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul nor body to be bandaged."—*B. Letters.*

[3] Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendency,—
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagel's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled along the plain;
There be sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But, her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne
With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

V

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued—
Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

FROM THE FRENCH

["MUST THOU GO, MY GLORIOUS CHIEF?"]

I

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
Sever'd from thy faithful few?

Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me—
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?

II

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight but mightiest now:
Many could a world control;
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death; and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard,
Blessing him they served so well.

III

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubts of coward foes
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free!
Oh! although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

IV

Would the sycophants of him
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

V

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore:
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR"

[FROM THE FRENCH]

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue

Of three bright colours,[1] each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent city of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL

[FROM THE FRENCH]

I

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

III

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

[1] The tricolour.

NDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE APRIL OF 1816

A YEAR ago you swore, fond she!
To love, to honour," and so forth:
uch was the vow you pledged to me,
nd here's exactly what 'tis worth.

DARKNESS [1]

HAD a dream which was not all a dream.
he bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
id wander darkling in the eternal space,
ayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
wung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
lorn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
nd men forgot their passions in the dread
f this their desolation; and all hearts
Vere chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
nd they did live by watchfires —and the thrones,
he palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
he habitations of all things which dwell,
Vere burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
nd men were gather'd round their blazing homes
o look once more into each other's face;
lappy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart

[1] In the original MS.—"A ream."*

Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

Diodati, July, 1816.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE [1]

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw

[1] "Founded on a fact; an attempt at a serious imitation of the style of a great poet (Wordsworth)—its beauties and its defects: I say, the *style*; for the thoughts I claim as my own."—*B.*

he humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
Vith not the less of sorrow and of awe
n that neglected turf and quiet stone,
Vith name no clearer than the names unknown,
Vhich lay unread around it; and I ask'd
he Gardener of that ground, why it might be
hat for this plant strangers his memory task'd
hrough the thick deaths of half a century;
nd thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know
Vhy frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
le died before my day of Sextonship,
nd I had not the digging of this grave."
nd is this all? I thought,—and do we rip
he veil of Immortality? and crave
know not what of honour and of light
hrough unborn ages, to endure this blight?
o soon, and so successless? As I said,
he Architect of all on which we tread,
or Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
o extricate remembrance from the clay,
Vhose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
Vere it not that all life must end in one,
f which we are but dreamers; —as he caught
s 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he,—"I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
Your honour pleases,"—then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

Diodati, 1816.

PROMETHEUS

I

Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;

The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous less the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

II

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

Diodati, July, 1816.

A FRAGMENT

Could I remount the river of my years
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,

ut bid it flow as now—until it
glides
to the number of the nameless
tides.

* * * * *

hat is this Death?—a quiet of
the heart?
he whole of that of which we
are a part?
or life is but a vision—what I
see
f all which lives alone is life
to me,
nd being so—the absent are
the dead,
ho haunt us from tranquillity,
and spread
dreary shroud around us, and
invest
ith sad remembrancers our
hours of rest.
he absent are the dead—for
they are cold,
nd ne'er can be what once we
did behold;
nd they are changed, and
cheerless,—or if yet
he unforgotten do not all for-
get,
ince thus divided—equal must
it be
f the deep barrier be of earth,
or sea;
t may be both—but one day
end it must
n the dark union of insensate
dust.
he under-earth inhabitants—
are they
ut mingled millions decom-
posed to clay?
he ashes of a thousand ages
spread
herever man has trodden or
shall tread?
r do they in their silent cities
dwell
ach in his incommunicative
cell?
Or have they their own lan-
guage? and a sense
Of breathless being?—darken'd
and intense
As midnight in her solitude?—
Oh Earth!
Where are the past?—and
wherefore had they birth?
The dead are thy inheritors—
and we
But bubbles on thy surface; and
the key
Of thy profundity is in the
grave,
The ebon portal of thy peopled
cave,
Where I would walk in spirit,
and behold
Our elements resolved to things
untold,
And fathom hidden wonders,
and explore
The essence of great bosoms
now no more.

* * * * *

Diodati, July, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN

Rousseau—Voltaire—our Gib-
bon—and De Staël—
Leman![1] these names are
worthy of thy shore,

[1] Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.—"I have," says Lord Byron, "traversed all Rousseau's ground with the Héloise before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express, with the force and accuracy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. I enclose you a sprig of Gibbon's acacia and some rose-leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen. You will find honourable mention, in his Life, made of this acacia, when he walked out on the night of concluding his history. Madame de Staël has made Copet as agreeable as society can make any place on earth."—*B. Letters*, 1816.

Thy shore of names like these! wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
Of mighty winds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

Diodati, July, 1816.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA[1]

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO DEL SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

I

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

II

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

III

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

IV

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

V

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

VI

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

VII

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
"Wherefore call on us, oh King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

[1] The effect of the original ballad—which existed both in Spanish and Arabic—was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

VIII

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

IX

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
"Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

X

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XI

"And for this, oh King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XII

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIII

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIV

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XV

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVI

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVII

"Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish Monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XVIII

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the King his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XIX

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XX

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXI

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXII

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

XXIII

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI

ON A NUN

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguish'd, soon—too soon—expires;
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
Rush,—the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock—but none replies.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

I

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

II

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be !
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

"THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS"

I

They say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first—they set the last ;

II

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

III

Alas ! it is delusion all :
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

TO THOMAS MOORE

I

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

II

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

III

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

IV

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

V

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine.
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES

I

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd !

II

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

III

Though black as his heart its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

I

So, we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

II

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

III

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA [1]

In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thought of man,
What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
And beauty and Canova *can!*
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the *Helen* of the *heart!*

ODE ON VENICE [2]

I

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
Aloud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—anything but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,

[1] "The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi) is," says Lord Byron, "without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution." *

[2] This Ode was transmitted from Venice, along with "Mazeppa."

Are they to those that were;
and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like,
through their sapping streets.
Oh! agony—that centuries
should reap
No mellower harvest! Thirteen
hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to
dust and tears;
And every monument the
stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a
mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued
appears,
And the harsh sound of the bar-
barian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance,
repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice
along
The soft waves, once all musical
to song,
That heaved beneath the moon-
light with the throng
Of gondolas—and to the busy
hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose
most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the
heart,
And flow of too much happiness,
which needs
The aid of age to turn its course
apart
From the luxuriant and
voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations, battling
with the blood.
But these are better than the
gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their
last decay,
When Vice walks forth with her
unsoften'd terrors,
And Mirth is madness, and but
smiles to slay;
And Hope is nothing but a false
delay,
The sick man's lightning half an
hour ere death,
When Faintness, the last mortal
birth of Pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull
beginning
Of the cold staggering race
which Death is winning,
Steals vein by vein and pulse by
pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-
tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his
breath,
And freedom the mere numb-
ness of his chain;—
And then he talks of life, and
how again
He feels his spirits soaring—
albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he
would seek;
And as he whispers knows not
that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not
what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him
—and the dizzy
Chamber swims round and
round—and shadows busy,
At which he vainly catches, flit
and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the
strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness,—
and the earth
That which it was the moment
ere our birth.

II

There is no hope for nations!—
Search the page
Of many thousand years—the
daily scene,
The flow and ebb of each recur-
ring age,

The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
Hath taught us naught or little: still we lean
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order—they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of loyalty the *real;*
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme! —Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
By the down-thundering of the prison wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,
Gushing from Freedom's fountains—when the crowd,
Madden'd with centuries of draught, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd
The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:—
Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations—fair, when free—
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

III

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench, her spirit—in her fate

ll were enwrapp'd : the feasted
monarchs knew
nd loved their hostess, nor
could learn to hate,
ithough they humbled—with
the kingly few
he many felt, for from all days
and climes
he was the voyager's worship ;
—even her crimes
Vere of the softer order—born
of Love,
he drank no blood, nor fatten'd
on the dead,
ut gladden'd where her harm-
less conquests spread ;
or these restored the Cross,
that from above
allow'd her sheltering banners,
which incessant
lew between earth and the
unholy Crescent,
Vhich, if it waned and dwindled,
Earth may thank
he city it has clothed in chains,
which clank
Jow, creaking in the ears of
those who owe
he name of Freedom to her
glorious struggles ;
et she but shares with them a
common woe,
nd call'd the "kingdom" of a
conquering foe,—
ut knows what all—and, most
of all, *we* know—
Vith what set gilded terms a
tyrant juggles !

IV

he name of Commonwealth is
past and gone
'er the three fractions of the
groaning globe ;
enice is crush'd, and Holland
deigns to own
sceptre, and endures the
purple robe ;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides
alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but
for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning
grown,
And in its own good season
tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One
great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by
dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in
the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers
fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart
and hand,
And proud distinction from each
other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a
monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were
a wand
Full of the magic of exploded
science—
Still one great clime, in full and
free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd
and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic !—She
has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the
haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's
feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red
right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with
blood.—Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-
blood were a river,
That it should flow, and over-
flow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels
in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with
locks and chains,

And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering :—better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee !

VERSICLES[1]

I READ the "Christabel ;"
Very well :
I read the "Missionary ;"
Pretty—very :
I tried at "Ilderim ;"
Ahem !
I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of *Anjou ;*"[2]
Can you?
I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterloo ;"
Pooh ! pooh !
I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone Doe ;"
Hillo !
&c. &c. &c.

[1] "I have been ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be. But, at length, after a week of half delirium, burning skin, thirst, hot headache, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see my physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place. Here are some versicles, which I made one sleepless night."—*B. Letters.* Venice, March, 1817.

[2] The "Missionary" was written by Mr. Bowles ; "Ilderim" by Mr. Gally Knight ; and "Margaret of Anjou" by Miss Holford.*

TO MR. MURRAY

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
Have publish'd "Anjou's Margaret,"
Which won't be sold off in a hurry
(At least, it has not been as yet) ;
And then, still further to bewilder 'em,
Without remorse you set up "Ilderim ;"
So mind you don't get into debt.
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous *—very*,
And get me into such a scrape !
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a *Galley ;*
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25, 1817.

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI[3]

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way,—

[3] "I never was much more disgusted with any human production than with the eternal nonsense, and tracasseries, and emptiness, and ill-humour, and vanity of this young person ; but he has some talent, and is a man of honour, and has dispositions of amendment. Therefore use your interest for him, for he is improved and improvable. You want a 'civil and delicate declension' for the medical tragedy? Take it."—*Lord B. to Mr. M.*, August 21, 1817.

rges the eyes and moves the
bowels,
d drenches handkerchiefs like
towels
ith tears, that, in a flux of
grief,
ford hysterical relief
shatter'd nerves and quick-
en'd pulses,
hich your catastrophe con-
vulses.

ike your moral and machinery;
ur plot, too, has such scope
for scenery;
ur dialogue is apt and smart;
e play's concoction full of art;
ur hero raves, your heroine
cries,
l stab, and every body dies.
short, your tragedy would be
e very thing to hear and see:
nd for a piece of publication,
I decline on this occasion,
is not that I am not sensible
merits in themselves osten-
sible,
ut—and I grieve to speak it—
plays
re drugs—mere drugs, sir—
now-a-days.
ad a heavy loss by "Manuel,"—
oo lucky if it prove not
annual,—
nd Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
Which, by the by, the author's
best is,)
as lain so very long on hand
hat I despair of all demand.
ve advertised, but see my books,
r only watch my shopman's
looks;—
till Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
y back-shop glut, my shelves
encumber.

here's Byron too, who once did
better,
as sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of—it's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama;
So alter'd since last year his pen
is,
I think he's lost his wits at
Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and
t'other,
I dare not venture on another.
I write in haste; excuse each
blunder;
The coaches through the street
so thunder!
My room's so full—we've Gifford
here
Reading MS., with Hookham
Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and
particles
Of some of our forthcoming
Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review!—
A smart critique upon St. Hel-
ena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what——but, to
resume:
As I was saying, sir, the room—
The room's so full of wits and
bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers,
Freres, and Wards
And others, neither bards nor
wits:—
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog
Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their
way;
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and
Chantrey,
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They're at this moment in dis-
cussion

On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
Her book, they say, was in advance—
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
Thus run our time and tongues away.—
But, to return, sir, to your play:
Sorry, sir, but I can not deal,
Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill.
My hands so full, my head so busy,
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
And so, with endless truth and hurry,
Dear Doctor, I am yours,
JOHN MURRAY.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY

My dear Mr. Murray,
You're in a damn'd hurry
To set up this ultimate Canto;[1]
But (if they don't rob us)
You'll see Mr. Hobhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to commend it;
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
Our "Beppo:"—when copied, I'll send it.

Then you've * * *'s Tour,—
No great things, to be sure,—
You could hardly begin with a less work;
For the pompous rascallion,
Who don't speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.

[1] The fourth Canto of "Childe Harold."

You can make any loss up
With "Spence" and his gossip,
A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary's Epistle craft,
With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
Must make people purchase and read.

Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlish,
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

For the man, "poor and shrewd,"
With whom you'd conclude
A compact without more delay
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice:
But please, sir, to mention *your pay*.

Venice, January 8, 1818.

TO MR. MURRAY

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all—and sellest some—
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen,—
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?

ng thy sprucest bookshelves
hine
works thou deemest most
ivine—
"Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

irs, Travels, Essays, too, I
rist,
d Sermons to thy mill bring
rist;
d then thou hast the "Navy
ist,"
My Murray.

d Heaven forbid I should
onclude
thout "the Board of Longi-
ude,"
hough this narrow paper
vould,
My Murray!

Venice, March 25, 1818.

TO THOMAS MOORE

WHAT are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
The Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
Masking and humming,
Fifing and drumming,
Guitarring and strumming,
Oh Thomas Moore!

ITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT

VITH death doom'd to grapple
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, sir, and is 't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Bologna, August 12, 1819.[1]

EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIERES

IF, for silver or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,

[1] "So the prince has been repealing Lord Fitzgerald's forfeiture? Ecco un' sonetto? There, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you won't have such as that in a hurry from Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an' ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good: it was a very noble piece of principality."—*Lord B. to Mr. Murray.*

Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;
Yet even *then* 'twould be d——d ugly.

ON MY WEDDING-DAY

HERE's a happy new year! but with reason
I beg you'll permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

EPIGRAM

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

STANZAS

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hang'd you'll get knighted.

EPIGRAM

THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE IRISH AVATAR

I

ERE the daughter of Brunswic
is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to the
home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphar
speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherish'd isle whic
he loved like his—bride.

II

True, the great of her brigh
and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch whe
Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out
centuries won,
Which betray'd not, or crush
not, or wept not her cause.

III

True, the chains of the Cathol
clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands, and th
senate's no more,
And the famine which dwelt o
her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to h
desolate shore.

IV

To her desolate shore—whe
the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere h
flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, thoug
it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is th
place of his birth.

V

But he comes! the Messiah
royalty comes!
Like a goodly Leviathan roll
from the waves!
Then receive him as best suc
an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and a
army of slaves!

VI

e comes in the promise and
bloom of threescore,
» perform in the pageant the
sovereign's part—
ıt long live the shamrock
which shadows him o'er !
ould the green in his *hat* be
transferr'd to his *heart !*

VII

ould that long-wither'd spot
but be verdant again,
nd a new spring of noble affec-
tions arise—
ıen might freedom forgive thee
this dance in thy chain,
nd this shout of thy slavery
which saddens the skies.

VIII

it madness or meanness which
clings to thee now ?
Vere he God—as he is but the
commonest clay,
Vith scarce fewer wrinkles than
sins on his brow—
uch servile devotion might
shame him away.

IX

y, roar in his train ! let thine
orators lash
heir fanciful spirits to pamper
his pride—
Tot thus did thy Grattan indig-
nantly flash
Iis soul o'er the freedom im-
plored and denied.

X

Ever glorious Grattan ! the best
of the good !
o simple in heart, so sublime
in the rest !
Vith all which Demosthenes
wanted endued,
nd his rival or victor in all he
possess'd.

XI

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of
Rome,
Though unequall'd, preceded the
task was begun—
But Grattan sprung up like a
god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the
saviour, the *one !*

XII

With the skill of an Orpheus to
soften the brute :
With the fire of Prometheus to
kindle mankind ;
Even Tyranny listening sate
melted or mute,
And Corruption shrunk scorch'd
from the glance of his mind.

XIII

But back to our theme ! Back
to despots and slaves !
Feasts furnish'd by Famine !
rejoicings by Pain !
True freedom but *welcomes*,
while slavery still *raves*,
When a week's saturnalia hath
loosen'd her chain.

XIV

Let the poor squalid splendour
thy wreck can afford
(As the bankrupt's profusion
his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace, Lo ! Erin,
thy lord !
Kiss his foot with thy blessing,
his blessings denied !

XV

Or *if* freedom past hope be
extorted at last,
If the idol of brass find his feet
are of clay,
Must what terror or policy
wring forth be class'd
With what monarchs ne'er give,
but as wolves yield their prey ?

XVI

Each brute hath its nature, a king's is to *reign*,—
To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

XVII

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

XVIII

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

XIX

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!
Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite—
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

XX

Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd "George!"

XXI

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet has to flow.

XXII

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone—
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
A wretch, never named but with curses and jeers!

XXIII

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

XXIV

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

XXV

If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring—
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!

XXVI

out, drink, feast, and flatter !
Oh ! Erin, how low
ert thou sunk by misfortune
nd tyranny, till
ıy welcome of tyrants hath
plunged thee below
ıe depth of thy deep in a
deeper gulf still.

XXVII

y voice, though but humble,
was raised for thy right,
y vote, as a freeman's, still
voted thee free,
ıis hand, though but feeble,
would arm in thy fight,
nd this heart, though outworn,
had a throb still for *thee !*

XXVIII

es, I loved thee and thine,
though thou art not my land,
have known noble hearts and
great souls in thy sons,
nd I wept with the world o'er
the patriot band
Vho are gone, but I weep them
no longer as once.

XXIX

'or happy are they now repos-
ing afar,—
hy Grattan, thy Curran, thy
Sheridan, all
Vho, for years, were the chiefs
in the eloquent war,
nd redeem'd, if they have not
retarded, thy fall.

XXX

'es, happy are they in their
cold English graves !
'heir shades cannot start to
thy shouts of to-day—
Vor the steps of enslavers and
chain-kissing slaves
Se stamp'd in the turf o'er their
fetterless clay.

XXXI

Till now I had envied thy sons
and their shore,
Though their virtues were
hunted, their liberties fled ;
There was something so warm
and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I
envy—thy *dead.*

XXXII

Or, if aught in my bosom can
quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so
servile, though sore,
Which though trod like the worm
will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and
genius of Moore !

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER

His father's sense, his mother's
grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so ;
With—still to keep him in good
case—
The health and appetite of
Rizzo.[1]

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE

This translation, of what is generally considered the most exquisitely pathetic episode in the Divina Commedia, was executed in March, 1820, at Ravenna, where, just five centuries before, and in the very house in which the unfortunate lady was born, Dante's poem had been composed.

In mitigation of the crime of

[1] On the birth of this child, the son of the British vice-consul at Venice, Lord Byron wrote these lines. They are in no other respect remarkable, than that they were thought worthy of being metrically translated into no less than ten different languages.*

Francesca, Boccaccio relates, that "Guido engaged to give his daughter in marriage to Lanciotto, the eldest son of his enemy, the master of Rimini. Lanciotto, who was hideously deformed in countenance and figure, foresaw that, if he presented himself in person, he should be rejected by the lady. He therefore resolved to marry her by proxy, and sent as his representative his younger brother, Paolo, the handsomest and most accomplished man in all Italy. Francesca saw Paolo arrive, and imagined she beheld her future husband. That mistake was the commencement of her passion. The friends of Guido addressed him in strong remonstrances, and mournful predictions of the dangers to which he exposed a daughter, whose high spirit would never brook to be sacrificed with impunity. But Guido was no longer in a condition to make war; and the necessities of the politician overcame the feelings of the father."

CANTO V

"The land where I was born [1]
sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the
Po descends,
With all his followers, in search
of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart
soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person
which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the
mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to
love again
Remits, seized me with wish to
please, so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it
doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us
along,
But Caïnà waits for him our
life who ended:"
These were the accents utter'd
by her tongue.—

[1] Ravenna.

Since I first listen'd to thes
souls offended,
I bow'd my visage, and so kep
it till—
"What think'st thou?" said th
bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas! unt
such ill
How many sweet thought
what strong ecstasies
Led these their evil fortune t
fulfil!"
And then I turn'd unto thei
side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sa
destinies
Have made me sorrow till th
tears arise.
But tell me, in the season o
sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love t
passion rose,
So as his dim desires t
recognise?"
Then she to me: "The greatest
of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy
days
In misery, and that thy teacher
knows.
But if to learn our passion's first
root preys
Upon thy spirit with such
sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps
and says.—
We read one day for pastime,
seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love enchain'd
him too.
We were alone, quite un-
suspiciously,
But oft our eyes met, and our
cheeks in hue
All o'er discoloured by that
reading were;
But one point only wholly us
o'erthrew;

:en we read the long-sigh'd-
:or smile of her,
be thus kiss'd by such devoted
:over, .
who from me can be divided
:e'er
:s'd my mouth, trembling in
:he act all over.
:ursed was the book and he
:who wrote !
:at day no further leaf we did
:ncover.——
:ile thus one spirit told us of
heir lot,
e other wept, so that with
:ity's thralls
:woon'd as if by death I had
:een smote,
:d fell down even as a dead
:body falls."

STANZAS TO THE PO

I

IVER, that rollest by the
ancient walls,
here dwells the lady of my
love, when she
alks by thy brink, and there
perchance recalls
faint and fleeting memory of
me ;

II

hat if thy deep and ample
stream should be
mirror of my heart, where she
may read
he thousand thoughts I now
betray to thee,
ild as thy wave, and headlong
as thy speed !

III

hat do I say—a mirror of my
heart ?
re not thy waters sweeping,
dark, and strong ?
Such as my feelings were and
are, thou art ;
And such as thou art were my
passions long.

IV

Time may have somewhat tamed
them,—not for ever ;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and
not for aye
The bosom overboils, congenial
river !
Thy floods subside, and mine
have sunk away.

V

But left long wrecks behind, and
now again,
Born in our old unchanged
career, we move ;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to
the main,
And I—to loving *one* I should
not love.

VI

The current I behold will sweep
beneath
Her native walls and murmur
at her feet ;
Her eyes will look on thee, when
she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by
summer's heat.

VII

She will look on thee,—I have
look'd on thee,
Full of that thought ; and, from
that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of,
name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for
her !

VIII

Her bright eyes will be imaged
in thy stream,—
Yes ! they will meet the wave I
gaze on now :

Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

IX

The wave that bear my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?—
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

X

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

XI

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

XII

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

XIII

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust sprung,
And then, at least, my heart ca ne'er be moved.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON TH ROAD BETWEEN FLORENC AND PISA

I

Oh, talk not to me of a nam great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of swee two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty.

II

What are garlands and crown to the brow that is wrink led?
'Tis but as a dead-flower wit May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreath that can *only* give glory?

III

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

IV

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

"COULD LOVE FOR EVER"

I

ULD Love for ever
n like a river,
l Time's endeavour
tried in vain—
other pleasure
ch this could measure;
l like a treasure
'd hug the chain.
t since our sighing
ls not in dying,
d, form'd for flying,
re plumes his wing;
en for this reason
's love a season;
t let that season be only
spring.

II

ien lovers parted
el broken-hearted,
d, all hopes thwarted,
pect to die;
few years older,
! how much colder
ey might behold her
r whom they sigh!
ien link'd together,
every weather,
ey pluck Love's feather
om out his wing—
'll stay for ever,
t sadly shiver
ithout his plumage, when
past the Spring.

III

ke Chiefs of Faction,
s life is action—
formal paction
at curbs his reign,
bscures his glory,
spot no more, he
ch territory
iits with disdain.
ill, still advancing,
ith banners glancing,
s power enhancing,
He must move on—
Repose but cloys him,
Retreat destroys him,
Love brooks not a degraded throne.

IV

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover,
As from a dream.
While each bewailing
The other's failing,
With wrath and railing,
All hideous seem—
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not till teasing
All passion blight:
If once diminish'd
Love's reign is finish'd—
Then part in friendship,—and bid good-night.

V

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connection
Bring back with joy:
You had not waited
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to cloy.
Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces—
The same fond faces
As through the past;
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors
Reflect but rapture—not least though last.

VI

True, separations
Ask more than patience;
What desperations
From such have risen!
But yet remaining,
What is't but chaining

Hearts which, once waning,
Beat 'gainst their prison?
Time can but cloy love,
And use destroy love:
The winged boy, Love,
Is but for boys—
You'll find it torture
Though sharper, shorter,
To wean, and not wear out your joys.

THE CHARITY BALL

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"

What matters—a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!"

EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY

TO PENELOPE

THIS day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you:—
'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,
And *five* since we were *two*.

January 2, 1821.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

JANUARY 22, 1821

THROUGH life's dull road so dim and dirty,
I have dragg'd to three and thirty.
What have these years left me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

EPIGRAM

ON THE BRASIERS' COMPANY HAVI RESOLVED TO PRESENT ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE

THE brasiers, it seems, a preparing to pass
An address, and present it ther selves all in brass;—
A superfluous pageant—for, the Lord Harry!
They'll find where they're goi much more than they carry.

TO MR. MURRAY

FOR Orford and for Waldegra You give much more than n you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *t* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale tha prose—
Certes, I should have more tha those,
My Murray.

But now this sheet is near cramm'd,
So, if *you will*, *I* shan't shamm'd,
And if you *won't*, *you* may damn'd,
My Murray.

STANZAS

TO A HINDOO AIR [1]

—my lonely—lonely—lonely
Pillow!
re is my lover? where is my
ver?
his bark which my dreary
reams discover?
—far away! and alone along
e billow?

my lonely—lonely—lonely
Pillow!
y must my head ache where
s gentle brow lay?
the long night flags love-
ssly and slowly,
my head droops over thee
ke the willow.—

thou, my sad and solitary
illow!
d me kind dreams to keep
y heart from breaking,
return for the tears I shed
pon thee waking
me not die till he comes
ack o'er the billow.—

n if thou wilt—no more my
nely Pillow,
one embrace let these arms
gain enfold him,
then expire of the joy—but
behold him!
my lone bosom!—oh! my
nely Pillow!

THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

1.

time this heart should be
nmoved,
e others it hath ceased to
ove:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

2

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

3

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

4

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

5

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

6

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

7

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

[1] These verses were meant to suit the Hindostanee air—"Alla Malla Khan," which the Countess Guiccioli is fond of singing.*

8

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

9

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

10

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

FAREWELL TO MALTA

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!
Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd!
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured!
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!
(How surely he who mounts you swears!)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!
Adieu, ye packets—without letters!
Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters!
Adieu thou damned'st quarantine,
That gave me fever, and the spleen!
Adieu that stage which mak
us yawn, Sirs,
Adieu his Excellency's dancer
Adieu to Peter—whom no faul
in,
But could not teach a colon
waltzing;
Adieu, ye females fraught wi
graces!
Adieu red coats, and redd
faces!
Adieu the supercilious air
Of all that strut "en militaire!
I go—but God knows when, c
why,
To smoky towns and cloud
sky,
To things (the honest truth
say)
As bad—but in a differe
way.—

Farewell to these, but not adie
Triumphant sons of truest blue
While either Adriatic shore,
And fallen chiefs, and fleets n
more,
And nightly smiles, and dail
dinners,
Proclaim you war and women
winners.
Pardon my Muse, who apt t
prate is,
And take my rhyme—becaus
'tis "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Frase
Perhaps you think I mean t
praise her—
And were I vain enough to thin
My praise was worth this dro
of ink,
A line—or two—were no har
matter,
As here, indeed, I need no
flatter:
But she must be content t
shine
In better praises than in mine,

ith lively air, and open heart
nd fashion's ease, without its art;
er hours can gaily glide along,
or ask the aid of idle song.—

nd now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,
hou little military hothouse!
'll not offend with words uncivil,
nd wish thee rudely at the Devil,
ut only stare from out my casement,
nd ask, for what is such a place meant?
hen, in my solitary nook,
eturn to scribbling, or a book,
r take my physic while I'm able
'wo spoonfuls hourly by the label),
refer my nightcap to my beaver,
nd bless the gods—I've got a fever!

May 26th, 1811.

TO DIVES

A FRAGMENT

'NHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour
Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!
)nce Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power;
Vrath's vial on thy lofty head hath burst.
n Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
Iow wondrous bright thy blooming morn arose!
3ut thou wert smitten with th' unhallow'd thirst
Of Crime un-named, and thy sad noon must close
In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

1811.

FROM THE FRENCH

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS[1]

BY DR. PLAGIARY

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus "——".

"WHEN energising objects men pursue,"
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
"A modest monologue you here survey,"
Hiss'd from the theatre the "other day,"
As if Sir Fretful wrote "the slumberous" verse,
And gave his son "the rubbish" to rehearse.
"Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,"
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised;
"Nor even here your smiles would be represt,"
Knew you these lines—the badness of the best.

[1] Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee, was one by Dr. Busby, entitled "A Monologue," of which the above is a parody.*

"Flame! fire! and flame!!"
(words borrow'd from Lucretius,)
"Dread metaphors which open wounds" like issues!
"And sleeping pangs awake—and—but away"
(Confound me if I know what next to say).
"Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,"
And Master G— recites what Doctor Busby sings!—
"If mighty things with small we may compare,"
(Translated from the grammar for the fair!)
Dramatic "spirit drives a conquering car,"
And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of "tar."
"This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,"
To furnish melodrames for Drury Lane.
"Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"
And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

"In arts and sciences our isle hath shone"
(This deep discovery is mine alone).
"Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire"
My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar,
"Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore"
With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much more.
These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! "inseparable train!"
"Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
(You all know what I mean unless you're stupid):
"Harmonious throng" that I have kept in petto,
Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!
"While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
"Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
"Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,"
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;
"Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
(For this last line George had a holiday).
"Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
So says the manager, and so says I.
"But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;"
Is this the poem which the public lost?
"True—true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;"
But lo!—the papers print what you deride.

"'Tis ours to look on you—you hold the prize,"
'Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise!
"A double blessing your rewards impart"—
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
"Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
Why son and I both beg for your applause.
"When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

October, 1812.

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALESOWEN [1]

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought," [2]
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too by innocence;
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EPIG. I.

Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
Tota notus in orbe Martialis, &c.

HE unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

[1] In Warwickshire.*
[2] See Cymon and Iphigenia.*

NEW DUET

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

WHY, how now, saucy Tom?
If you this must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.

ANSWER

Why, how now, Parson Bowles?
Sure the priest is maudlin!
(To the public) How can you, d——n your souls,
Listen to his twaddling?

EPIGRAMS

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so didst thou:
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat! The worst
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

EPITAPH

POSTERITY will never survey
A nobler grave than this:
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:
Stop, traveller———

THE CONQUEST

[This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers, after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

March 8–9, 1823.

I

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing ;
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,
And left the name of conqueror more than king
To his unconquerable dynasty.
Not fann'd alone by Victory's fleeting wing,
He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high :
The Bastard kept like lions, his prey fast,
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES

OH how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo !
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never pass'd the Azure rocks ;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, &c., &c.

June, 1810.

JOHN KEATS

WHO kill'd John Keats ?
"I," says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly ;
"'Twas one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow ?
"The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
"Or Southey, or Barrow."

July, 1821.

IMPROMPTU

BENEATH Blessington's eyes
The reclaimed Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil ;
But if the new Eve
For an Apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the Devil ?

1823.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

YOU have ask'd for a verse :—the request
In a rhymer 't were strange to deny ;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well ;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead ;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as gray as my head.

My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough ;
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain ;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

A SATIRE

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."
SHAKSPEARE.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."
POPE.

PREFACE[1]

All my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,[2] who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to

[1] This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it.
[2] Mr. Hobhouse.

Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered ; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra ; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

STILL must I hear?[1]—shall hoarse Fitzgerald [2] bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,[3]
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.

What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's[4] shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream[5]
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every chime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,

[1] IMIT. "Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?" *Juv.*, Sat. I.

[2] ["*Hoarse Fitzgerald.*"—"Right enough; but why notice such a mountebank."—B. 1816.]

[3] Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund: not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

[4] Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of "Don Quixote." Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

[5] ["This must have been written in the spirit of prophecy."—B. 1816.]

And weigh their justice in a golden scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!
I too can scrawl and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed—older children do the same.
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribble from an equal grave:
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.[1]
No matter, George continues still to write,[2]
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;

[1] This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

[2] In the Edinburgh Review.—["He's a very good fellow; and, except his mother and sister, the best of the set, to my mind."—B. 1816.]

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.[1]
To these young tyrants,[2] by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as law—
While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
While such are critics, why should I forbear?
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me,[3] why I venture o'er
The path that Pope and Gifford trod before;
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
"But hold!" exclaims a friend, —"here's some neglect:
This—that—and t' other line seem incorrect."
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has not:"—
Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days[4]
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.

[1] Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter.

["This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented. At the time this was written, I was personally unacquainted with either."—B. 1816.]

[2] Imit. "Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
———occurras perituræ parcere chartæ." Juv., *Sat.* I.

[3] Imit. "Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam."
Juv., *Sat.* I.

[4] The first edition of the Satire opened with this line.*

Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt—
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age;
This truth at least let satire's self allow,
No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones;
While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
Thus saith the preacher: "Nought beneath the sun
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air!
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own;
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.[1]

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.

[1] Stott, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus:—(*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.*)—

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza," &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows:—

"Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore!"

Lord have mercy on us! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nothing to this.

Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.
While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.

Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."[1]

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow:
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.[2]

[1] "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

[2] As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "Paradise Lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata," as their standard efforts; since neither the "Jerusalem Conquered" of the

Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,[1]
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son;
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
Oh, Southey! Southey![2] cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;

Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

[1] "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "Joan of Arc" was marvellous enough, but "Thalaba" was one of those poems "which," in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—*not till then.*"

[2] We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degrading title of epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted anything better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,[1]
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," Southey,[2] and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,[3]
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;"[4]
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;

[1] See "The Old Woman of Berkley," a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

[2] The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the "Anti-Jacobin" to Mr. Southey, on his Dactylics.—[Lord Byron here alludes to Mr. Gifford's parody on Mr. Southey's Dactylics, which ends thus—
"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactylics, call'st thou 'em?—'God help thee, silly one.'" *]

[3] ["*Unjust.*"—B. 1816.]

[4] Lyrical Ballads, p. 4,—"The Tables Turned." Stanza 1.
"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy;"
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;[5]
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity 's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,[6]
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.

[5] Mr. W., in his preface, labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable—
"And thus to Betty's question he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold," &c.
Lyrical Ballads, p. 129.

[6] Coleridge's Poems, p. 11, Songs of the Pixies, *i.e.* Devonshire fairies; p. 42, we have, "Lines to a young Lady:" and, p. 52, "Lines to a young Ass."

So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays,[1] the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.[2]
Oh! wonder-working Lewis![3] monk, or bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard!

Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age:
All hail, M.P.! from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what-not,
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!

[1] Thus altered by Lord Byron, in his last revision of the satire. In all former editions the line stood—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."*

[2] "*Unjust*," B. 1816.—In a letter to Mr. Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron says,—"You mention my 'Satire,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since: more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends; which is 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."*

[3] Matthew Gregory Lewis, M.P. for Hindon, never distinguished himself in Parliament, but, mainly in consequence of the clever use he made of his knowledge of the German language, then a rare accomplishment, attracted much notice in the literary world, at a very early period of his life. His Tales of Terror; the drama of the Castle Spectre; and the romance called The Bravo of Venice (which is, however, little more than a version from the Swiss Zschocke); but above all, the libidinous and impious novel of The Monk, invested the name of Lewis with an extraordinary degree of celebrity, during the poor period which intervened between the obscuration of Cowper, and the full display of Sir Walter Scott's talents in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"—a period which is sufficiently characterised by the fact, that Hayley then passed for a Poet.*

rieved to condemn,[1] the muse
must still be just,
or spare melodious advocates
of lust.
ure is the flame which o'er her
altar burns;
rom grosser incense with dis-
gust she turns:
et kind to youth, this expiation
o'er,
he bids thee "mend thy line,
and sin no more."

or thee, translator of the tinsel
song,
o whom such glittering orna-
ments belong,
libernian Strangford! with
thine eyes of blue,[2]
nd boasted locks of red or
auburn hue,
Vhose plaintive strain each
lovesick miss admires,
nd o'er harmonious fustian
half expires,
earn, if thou canst, to yield
thine author's sense,
or vend thy sonnets on a false
pretence.
hink'st thou to gain thy verse
a higher place,
y dressing Camoëns[3] in a suit
of lace?
lend, Strangford! mend thy
morals and thy taste;

Be warm, but pure; be amorous,
but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd
harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to
copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts! one moment
spare the text—
Hayley's last work, and worst—
until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets
into plays,
Or damn the dead with pur-
gatorial praise,
His style in youth or age is still
the same,
For ever feeble and for ever
tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's
Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumph'd
over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who
read may swear
That luckless music never
triumph'd there.[4]

Moravians, rise! bestow some
meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the
Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame,[5] pours his
notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en
aspires to rhyme;

[1] In very early life, "Little's Poems" were Lord Byron's favourite study. "Heigho!" he exclaims in 1820, in a letter to Moore, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours." *

[2] See Strangford's "Camoëns," p. 27, note to p. 56, or the last page of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford's "Camoëns."

[3] The things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

[4] Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are "Triumphs of Temper," and "The Triumph of Music." He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c., &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

[5] Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."

Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings [1]
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, still whimpering through threescore of years,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief,
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,[2]
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain," [3]

[1] [Immediately before this line, we find, in the original manuscript, the following, which Lord Byron good-naturedly consented to omit, at the request of Mr. Dallas, who was, no doubt, a friend of the scribbler they refer to—

"In verse most stale, unprofitable, flat—
Come, let us change the scene, and '*glean*' with Pratt;
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold:
Degraded man! again resume thy trade—
The votaries of the Muse are ill repaid,
Though daily puffs once more invite to buy
A new edition of thy 'Sympathy.'"

To which this note was appended—

"Mr. Pratt, once a Bath bookseller, now a London author, has written as much, to as little purpose, as any of his scribbling cotemporaries. Mr. P.'s 'Sympathy' is in rhyme; but his prose productions are the most voluminous." *]

[2] See Bowles's "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."

[3] "Awake a louder," &c., is the first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following—

"A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.
That is, the woods of Madeira trembled

ich as none heard before, or will again!
here all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,
nce first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
y more or less, are sung in every book,
rom Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
or this alone; but, pausing on the road,
he bard sighs forth a gentle episode;[1]
nd gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss!—
hen first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
owles! in thy memory let this precept dwell.
tick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.[2]
ut if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
rompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
f chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
ow, prone in dust, can only be revered;

If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;[3]
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet[4] did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme;[5]
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead;[6]

o a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.—"Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the 'woods,' but the people in them who trembled—why, Heaven only knows—unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack."—B. 1816.]

[1] The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

[2] "Although," says Lord Byron, in 1821, "I regret having published 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles, with reference to Pope."

[3] Curll is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

[4] Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—the "Patriot King,"—which that splendid, but malignant, genius had ordered to be destroyed.

[5] Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester.—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!" *Dunciad.*

[6] See Bowles's late edition of Pope's

A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.[1]

Another epic! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive!
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five!
Fresh fish from Helicon![2] who'll buy? who'll buy?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat,
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!—
Oh, Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle[3] still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.[4]

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice[5] all his granite weight of leaves:

works, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

[1] Lord Byron's MS. note of 1816 on this passage is,—"Too savage all this on Bowles:" and well might he say so.*

[2] "Fresh fish from Helicon!"—"Helicon" is a mountain, and not a fish-pond. It should have been "Hippocrene."—B. 1816.

[3] Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of epics: "Alfred,"—(poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)—"Alfred," and the "Fall of Cambria."

[4] "All right. I saw some letters of this fellow (Joseph Cottle) to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions, which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of, he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly resist assailing him, even were it unjust, which it is not—for verily he is an ass."—B. 1816.

[5] Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like: it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old

nooth, solid monuments of
mental pain!
he petrifactions of a plodding
brain,
hat, ere they reach the top,
fall lumbering back again.
ith broken lyre, and cheek
serenely pale,
o! sad Alcæus wanders down
the vale;
hough fair they rose, and
might have bloom'd at last,
is hopes have perish'd by the
northern blast:
ipp'd in the bud by Caledonian
gales,
is blossoms wither as the blast
prevails!
er his lost works let *classic*
Sheffield weep;
lay no rude hand disturb their
early sleep![1]

et say! why should the bard
at once resign
is claim to favour from the
sacred nine?
or ever startled by the mingled
howl
f northern wolves, that still
in darkness prowl;
coward brood, which mangle
as they prey,
y hellish instinct, all that cross
their way;
ged or young, the living or the
dead,

nd New, and the parts adjacent.—B.
he Rev. Thomas Maurice also wrote
Westminster Abbey," and other
oems, the "History of Ancient and
lodern Hindostan," &c.*

[1] Poor Montgomery, though praised
y every English Review, has been
itterly reviled by the Edinburgh.
fter all, the bard of Sheffield is a man
f considerable genius. His "Wan-
erer of Switzerland" is worth a
housand "Lyrical Ballads," and at
east fifty "degraded epics."

No mercy find—these harpies
must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting
yield
The calm possession of their
native field?
Why tamely thus before their
fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back
to Arthur's Seat?

Health to immortal Jeffrey!
once, in name,
England could boast a judge
almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet
just,
Some think that Satan has
resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the
world again,
To sentence letters, as he sen-
tenced men.
With hand less mighty, but
with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree
the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes,
though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to
find a flaw;
Since well instructed in the
patriot school
To rail at party, though a party
tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons
should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited
before,
His scribbling toils some re-
compence may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the
judgment-seat?[2]
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the
pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him
with a rope:

[2] "Too ferocious—this is mere
insanity."—B. 1816.

"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?[1]
Oh, day disastrous! On her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;[2]
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:[3]
Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,

[1] In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

[2] The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

[3] This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

id straight restored it to her
favourite's head ;
at head, with greater than
magnetic pow'r,
ught it, as Danaë caught the
golden show'r,
nd, though the thickening
dross will scarce refine,
ugments its ore, and is itself a
mine.
My son," she cried, "ne'er
thirst for gore again,
sign the pistol and resume the
pen ;
er politics and poesy preside,
oast of thy country, and
Britannia's guide !
or long as Albion's heedless
son's submit,
r Scottish taste decides on
English wit,
o long shall last thine un-
molested reign,
or any dare to take thy name
in vain.
Behold, a chosen band shall aid
thy plan,
nd own thee chieftain of the
critic clan.
irst in the oat-fed phalanx shall
be seen
he travell'd thane, Athenian
Aberdeen.[1]
erbert shall wield Thor's ham-
mer,[2] and sometimes,
n gratitude, thou 'lt praise his
rugged rhymes.

[1] His lordship has been much abroad, a member of the Athenian Society, nd reviewer of "Gell's Topography f Troy."—B. George Hamilton Gor-on, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., .R.S., and P.S.A. In 1822, he pub-shed an "Inquiry into the Principles f Beauty in Grecian Architecture." *

[2] The Hon. William Herbert, is a anslator of Icelandic and other oetry. One of the principal pieces a "Song on the Recovery of Thor's lammer:" a pleasant chant in the lgar tongue.

Smug Sydney[3] too thy bitter
page shall seek,
And classic Hallam,[4] much
renown'd for Greek ;
Scott may perchance his name
and influence lend,
And paltry Pillans[5] shall tra-
duce his friend ;
While gay Thalia's luckless
votary, Lambe,[6]
Damn'd like the devil, devil-like
will damn.
Known be thy name, unbounded
be thy sway !
Thy Holland's banquets shall
each toil repay ;
While grateful Britain yields the
praise she owes
To Holland's hirelings and to
learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution ere thy
next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron
and of blue,
Beware lest blundering Brough-
ham[7] destroy the sale,

[3] The Rev. Sydney Smith, author of Peter Plymley's Letters, &c.

[4] Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's "Taste," and was exceed-ingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlast-ing monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

[5] Pillans is a tutor at Eton.—B. [He became afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and Professor in that University. There was not, it is believed, the slightest foundation for the charge in the text.*]

[6] The Hon. George Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Miseries," and is more-over, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stan-more ; and damned with great expedi-tion at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled, "Whistle for It."

[7] Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de

Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.[1]

Then prosper, Jeffrey! pertest of the train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
For the Edina culls her evening sweets,
And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.[2]

Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph enamour'd grown,
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone;
And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot![3]
Holland, with Henry Petty[4] at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
Declare his landlord can at least translate![5]
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food—and feed because they write:
And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,

Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.—"The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and *musical* pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables."

[1] I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "kelpies" are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

[2] See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.

[3] "[Bad enough, and on mistaken grounds too."—B. 1816.]*

[4] Lord Henry Petty;—afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne.*

[5] Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.

d tinge with red the female
eader's cheek,
lady skims the cream of
ach critique;
athes o'er the page her purity
f soul,
forms each error, and refines
he whole.[1]

w to the Drama turn—Oh!
motley sight!
at precious scenes the
wondering eyes invite!
ns, and a prince within a
barrel pent,[2]
d Dibdin's nonsense yield
complete content.
ough now, thank Heaven!
the Rosciomania's o'er,
d full-grown actors are endured once more;
t what avail their vain
attempts to please,
hile British critics suffer
scenes like these;
hile Reynolds vents his
"dammes!" "poohs!" and
"zounds!"[3]
nd common-place and common
sense confounds?
hile Kenney's "World"—ah!
where is Kenney's wit!—
ires the sad gallery, lulls the
listless pit;
nd Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but
words?[4]
Who but must mourn, while
these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted
stage!
Heavens! is all sense of shame
and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of
merit?—none!
Awake, George Colman! Cumberland,[5] awake!
Ring the alarum bell! let folly
quake!
Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move
thy pen,
Let Comedy assume her throne
again;
Abjure the mummery of the
German schools;
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial to the
age,
One classic drama, and reform
the stage.
Gods! o'er those boards shall
Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and
Siddons lives to tread?
On those shall Farce display
Buffoon'ry's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in
a cask?
Shall sapient managers new
scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and
Mother Goose?

[1] Certain it is, her ladyship is suscted of having displayed her matchss wit in the Edinburgh Review. owever that may be, we know, from od authority, that the manuscripts e submitted to her perusal—no doubt, r correction.

[2] In the melodrama of Tekeli, that roic prince is clapt into a barrel on ie stage; a new asylum for distressed eroes.

[3] All these are favourite expressions Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his medies, living and defunct.

[4] Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

[5] Richard Cumberland, the well-known author of the "West Indian," the "Observer," and one of the most interesting of autobiographies, died in 1811.*

While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.[1]
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;[2]
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on,[3]
While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should we turn
To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?

Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
Well may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship Catalani's pantaloons,[4]
Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays;
While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêsle
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe;
Collini trill her love-inspiring song,

[1] Dibdin's pantomime of Mother Goose had a run of nearly a hundred nights at Covent Garden theatre.*

[2] Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane theatre—as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

[3] Mr. [now Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty;" and some comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors:" Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.

[4] Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers.

rain her fair neck, and charm
the listening throng!
Vhet not your scythe, suppres-
sors of our vice!
eforming saints! too delicately
nice!
y whose decrees, our sinful
souls to save,
o Sunday tankards foam, no
barbers shave;
nd beer undrawn, and beards
unmown, display
our holy reverence for the
Sabbath-day.

r hail at once the patron and
the pile
f vice and folly, Greville and
Argyle![1]
Vhere yon proud palace,
Fashion's hallow'd fane
preads wide her portals for the
motley train,

Behold the new Petronius[2] of the
day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of
play!
There the hired eunuch, the
Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft
lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step
from France,
The midnight orgy, and the
mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the
flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters,
knaves, and lords combine:
Each to his humour—Comus all
allows;
Champagne, dice, music, or your
neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons
of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves
have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's
minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except
"en masque,"
When for the night some lately
titled ass
Appears the beggar which his
grandsire was,
The curtain dropp'd, the gay
burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn
upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling
dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad
daughters leap;
The first in lengthen'd line
majestic swim,
The last display the free un-
fetter'd limb!

[1] To prevent any blunder, such as
istaking a street for a man, I beg
eave to state, that it is the institution,
nd not the duke of that name, which
s here allued to. A gentleman, with
hom I am slightly acquainted, lost in
he Argyle Rooms several thousand
ounds at backgammon. ["True. It
as Billy Way who lost the money. I
new him, and was a subscriber to the
rgyle at the time of the event."—B.
816.] It is but justice to the manager
n this instance to say, that some degree
f disapprobation was manifested: but
hy are the implements of gaming
llowed in a place devoted to the
ociety of both sexes? A pleasant
ning for the wives and daughters of
nose who are blest or cursed with such
onnections, to hear the billiard-tables
attling in one room, and the dice in
nother! That this is the case I myself
an testify, as a late unworthy member
f an institution which materially
ffects the morals of the higher orders,
hile the lower may not even move to
he sound of a tabor and fiddle, without
chance of indictment for riotous
ehaviour.

[2] Petronius "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's "Old Bachelor" saith of Hannibal.

Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which nature could not spare ;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh ! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught :
There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main ;
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or—done !—a thousand on the coming trick !
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife ;
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath ;
Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.[1]

[1] I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality ; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: his faults were the faults of a sailor—as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause ; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.—B. Lord Falkland was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell, in 1809. It was not by words only that Lord Byron gave proof of sympathy on the melancholy occasion. Though his own difficulties pressed on him at the time, he contrived to administer relief to the widow and children of his friend.*

Truth ! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through passion's countless host,
Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal ;
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than they ?"
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist in me.
No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song,

nen sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
e only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
ejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
ay feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

s for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
rom silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,[1]
Vhy should we call them from their dark abode,
n broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?
)r (since some men of fashion nobly dare
'o scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
f things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
What harm? In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?

1 What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus,) and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer![2]
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf;
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin[3] on those recreant lines.[4]

2 The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteenpenny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage—except his own tragedies.

3 "Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs." Shax., *King John*.
Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—
"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

4 "Wrong—the provocation was

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle [1] prove a blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be 't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind.[2]

Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;
Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O.P.Q.[3]

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,[4]
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud!
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft [5] declares 'tis quite sublime.

not sufficient to justify the acerbity."—B. 1816.

[1] "Melville's Mantle," a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.

[2] This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.—B. "She since married the Morning Post—an exceeding good match; and is now dead—which is better."—B. 1816.

[3] These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

[4] "This was meant for poor Blackett, who was then patronised by A. J. B." (Lady Byron); "but *that* I did not know, or this would not have been written, at least I think not."—B. 1816. Joseph Blackett, the shoemaker. He died at Seaham, in 1810. His poems were collected by Pratt; and, oddly enough, his principal patroness was Miss Millbank, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron.

[5] Capel Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to

ear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
vains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
o! Burns[1] and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
ifford was born beneath an adverse star,
orsook the labours of a servile state,
emm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:
hen why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
loomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?[2]
im too the mania, not the muse, has seized;
ot inspiration, but a mind diseased:
nd now no boor can seek his last abode,
o common be enclosed without an ode.
h! since increased refinement deigns to smile
n Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
et poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
like the rustic, and mechanic soul!
e tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handy-work peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
May moorland weavers[3] boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.
To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected genius! let me turn to you.
Come forth, oh Campbell![4] give thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?

e delivered of rhyme, but do not now how to bring forth.

[1] "Read Burns to-day. What would e have been if a patrician? We hould have had more polish—less force -just as much verse, but no immor-ality—a divorce and a duel or two, the hich had he survived, as his potations ust have been less spirituous, he ight have lived as long as Sheridan, nd outlived as much as poor Brinsley." —*B. Journal*, 1813.

[2] See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, legy, or whatever he or any one else hooses to call it, on the enclosure of Honington Green."

[3] Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

[4] It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man:" but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness Gifford,[1] Sotheby,[2] Macneil.[3]

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd in vain;[4]
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?[5]
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White![6] while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,

[1] Gifford, author of the Baviad and Mæviad, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

[2] Sotheby, translator of Wieland's Oberon and Virgil's Georgics, and author of "Saul," an epic poem.

[3] (Hector) Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly "Scotland's Scaith," and the "Waes of War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

[4] Lord Byron here alludes to the masterly poem of "New Morality" (the joint production of Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere), in the Antijacobin, in which Gifford is apostrophised.*

[5] Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad and Mæviad should not be his last original works: let him remember, "Mox in reluctantes dracones."—B. Gifford became the editor of the Quarterly Review,—which thenceforth occupied most of his time,—a few months after the first appearance of this satire.*

[6] Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

more through rolling clouds
to soar again,
ew'd his own feather on the
fatal dart,
nd wing'd the shaft that
quiver'd in his heart;
een were his pangs, but keener
far to feel
e nursed the pinion which
impell'd the steel;
hile the same plumage that
had warm'd his nest
rank the last life-drop of his
bleeding breast.

here be, who say, in these
enlighten'd days,
hat splendid lies are all the
poet's praise;
hat strain'd invention, ever on
the wing,
lone impels the modern bard
to sing:
is true, that all who rhyme—
nay, all who write,
hrink from that fatal word to
genius—trite;
et Truth sometimes will lend
her noblest fires,
nd decorate the verse herself
inspires:
his fact in Virtue's name let
Crabbe [1] attest;
hough nature's sternest paint-
er, yet the best.[2]

nd here let Shee and Genius
find a place,
hose pen and pencil yield an
equal grace;
o guide whose hand the sister
arts combine,
nd trace the poet's or the
painter's line;

Whose magic touch can bid the
canvas glow
Or pour the easy rhyme's har-
monious flow;
While honours, doubly merited,
attend
The poet's rival, but the
painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares
approach the bower
Where dwelt the muses at their
natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose
eye has mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons
of song and war,
The scenes which glory still
must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own
Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose
heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those
classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long
gone by,
And views their remnants with
a poet's eye!
Wright![3] 'twas thy happy lot
at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to
sing them too;
And sure no common muse
inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and
godlike men.

And you, associate bards![4] who
snatch'd to light

1 "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge
s the first of these times, in point of
power and genius."—B. 1816.

2 Author of "Rhymes on Art," and
"Elements of Art," who became Sir
Martin Shee, and P.R.A.*

3 Waller Rodwell Wright, late
consul-general for the Seven Islands, is
author of a very beautiful poem, just
published: it is entitled "Horæ
Ionicæ," and is descriptive of the isles
and the adjacent coast of Greece.

4 The translators of the Anthology,
Bland and Merivale, have since pub-
lished separate poems, which evince
genius that only requires opportunity
to attain eminence.

Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound:
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.[1]

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd:[2]
Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott![3] resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth[4] chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let Moore still sigh; let Strangford steal from Moore,

[1] The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

[2] Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.—B. In 1798, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd published in conjunction a volume, entitled, "Poems in Blank Verse."*

[3] By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to grammar, than the Lady of the Lay and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

[4] "Unjust."—B. 1816.

And swear that Camoëns sang
such notes of yore;
Let Hayley hobble on, Mont-
gomery rave,
And godly Grahame chant a
stupid stave;
Let sonneteering Bowles his
strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the
fourteenth line;
Let Stott, Carlisle,[1] Matilda and
the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Gros-
venor-place the best,
Scrawl on, till death release us
from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her
rights again.
But thou, with powers that
mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards
ignoble lays:
Thy country's voice, the voice of
all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that
harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals
yield
The glorious record of some
nobler field
Than the vile foray of a plun-
dering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace
the name of man?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness,
fitter food
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of
Robin Hood?
Scotland! still proudly claim
thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his
best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name
should live,
But own the vast renown a
world can give;
Be known, perchance, when
Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she
was before;
To future times her faded fame
recall,

[1] It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark—

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen!—["Much too savage, whatever the foundation might be."—B. 1816.]

And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies;
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the phœnix[1] 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare,[2] and epic blank by Hoyle:[3]
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.[4]
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,[5]
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind.[6]

[1] "The devil take that phœnix! How came it there?"—B. 1816.

[2] The Rev. Charles James Hoare published, in 1808, the "Shipwreck of St. Paul," a Seatonian prize poem.

[3] The Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of "Exodus," an epic in thirteen books and several other Seatonian prize poems.

[4] The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."

[5] "Right enough: this was well deserved, and well laid on."—B. 1816.

[6] This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is the writer of a poem denominated "Art of Pleasing," as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the "Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary. B—[Hewson Clarke was also the author of "The Saunterer," and a

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race![1]
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's[2] verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's[3] worse.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons glory in their sires.[4]

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell
My country, what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.[5]

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense

"History of the Campaign in Russia." —B.

[1] "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

[2] This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen. B.—Besides a translation of Juvenal, he published "Lady Jane Grey," "Sir Edgar," and "The Friends," a poem in four books. He also translated, in conjunction with Dr. Butler, Lucien Bonaparte's unreadable epic of "Charlemagne."*

[3] Hewson Clarke, *esq.* as it is written.

[4] The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem, by Richards. B.—The Rev. George Richards, D.D., who also published "Songs of the Aboriginal Bards of Britain," "Modern France," two volumes of Miscellaneous Poems, and Bampton Lectures "On the Divine Origin of Prophecy."*

[5] With this verse the satire originally ended.*

The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland [1] fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime,[2]
Where Kaff [3] is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows sublime.
But should I back return, no tempting press
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr; [4]
Let Aberdeen and Elgin [5] still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of virtu;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art.
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to rapid Gell; [6]
And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:

[1] A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."—His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.

[2] Georgia.

[3] Mount Caucasus.

[4] From the many tours he made, Sir John was called "The Jaunting Car." A wicked wit having severely lashed him in a publication, called "My Pocket Book; or Hints for a Ryght Merrie and Conceited Tour," he brought an action of damages against the publisher; but as the work contained only what the court deemed legitimate criticism, the knight was nonsuited. Edward Dubois, author of the pleasant satire, also published "The Wreath," consisting of translations from Sappho, Bion and Moschus, "Old Nick," a satirical story, and an edition of the Decameron of Boccaccio. In a letter written from Gibraltar to his friend Hodgson, Lord Byron says,—"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white." *

[5] Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stoneshop are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judæus!"

[6] Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste. ["Since seeing the plain of Troy, my opinions are somewhat changed as to the above note. Gell's survey was hasty and superficial."—B. 1816.]

My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd ;
And now at once I tear the veil away :—
Cheer on the pack ! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:"
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall ;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes :
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth ;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me ;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss :
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down ;
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared ; if my incondite lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say :
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.[1]

[1] "The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written—not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it—but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."—Byron. July 14, 1816. *Diodati, Geneva.*

HINTS FROM HORACE

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA," AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

——"Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."
HOR. *De Arte Poet.*

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."
FIELDING'S *Amelia.*

HINTS FROM HORACE

Athens. Capuchin Convent, March 12, 1811.

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvas with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost[1]—as once the world has seen—
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;

We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask;
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down:
As pertness passes with a legal gown:
Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain:
The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls,
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old walls:
Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine—
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign;
You plan a *vase*—it dwindles to a *pot*;
Then glide down Grub-street—fasting and forgot;
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

[1] In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H—— as a "beast," and the consequent action, &c. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief—become obscure;
One falls while following elegance too fast;
Another soars, inflated with bombast;
Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subjects to satiety;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves!

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;
But coats must claim another artisan.[1]
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame;

Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle nose!

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject, and its length;
Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
Await the poet, skilful in his choice;
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line:
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Precise in style, and cautious to select;
Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
To him who furnishes a wanting word.
Then fear not if 'tis needful to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
(As Pitt[2] has furnish'd us a word or two,
Which lexicographers declined to do;)
So you indeed, with care,—(but be content
To take this license rarely)—may invent.

[1] Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor and with one bill, but the more particular gentlemen found it impossible to confide their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809: what reform may have since taken place I neither know, nor desire to know.

[2] Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

New words find credit in these latter days
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.
What Chaucer, Spencer did, we scare refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?
Since they, by force of rhyme, and force of lungs,
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues;
'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present
Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd, sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
All, all must perish; but surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past.
True, some decay, yet not a few revive;[1]
Though those shall sink, which now appear to thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
His strain will teach what numbers best belong
To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly paint
The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
But which deserves the laurel—rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.
Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean.[2]
Blank verse is now, with one consent, allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,

[1] Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter: thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts!

[2] "Mac Flecknoe," the "Dunciad," and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.

No sing-song hero rants in modern plays ;
While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *pun*[1] in very middling prose.
Nor that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse.
But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor virgin! damn'd some twenty times a year!

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have weight :—
Adapt your language to your hero's state.
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone ;
Not unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly lifts his voice on high.
Again, our Shakspeare limits verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things ;
And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
To "hollowing Hotspur" and the sceptred sire.

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
To polish poems ;—they must touch the heart :
Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along ;
Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whiche'er may please you—anything but sleep.
The poet claims our tears ; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo feign'd nor sigh nor tear,
Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye ;
For nature form'd at first the inward man,
And actors copy nature—when they can.
She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
Raised to the stars, or levell'd with the ground ;
And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
She gave our mind's interpreter —the tongue,
Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
(At least in theatres) with common sense ;
O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
And raise a laugh with anything—but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,
Whence spring their scenes, from common life or court ;
Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
To draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,

[1] With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side; who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

A wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull;"
All persons please when nature's voice prevails,
Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot.
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not?
One precept serves to regulate the scene:—
Make it appear as if it *might* have *been*.

If some Drawcansir you aspire to draw,
Present him raving, and above all law:
If female furies in your scheme are plann'd,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand;
For tears and treachery, for good or evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the Devil!
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;
And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word,
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

For you, young bard! whom luckless fate may lead
To tremble on the nod of all who read,
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles![1]
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"—
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain?—
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master-lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, heaven, and Hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witness'd all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean

[1] About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland (in a review since deceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude.

To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness—light;
And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.
If you would please the public, deign to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear;
If your heart triumph when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those plaudits—study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told.
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the mannish tyro weans!
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's[1] devilish verses and —his own;
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews;"
(Unlucky Tavell![2] doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears,)
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;
Constant to nought—save hazard and a whore,
Yet cursing both—for both have made him sore;
Unread (unless, since books beguile disease,
The p—x becomes his passage to degrees);
Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his term away,
And, unexpell'd perhaps, retires M.A.;
Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs*[3] proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name!

Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,

[1] Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, "the book had a devil." Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

[2] "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no.—To the above events, "quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

[3] "Hell," a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal. "Club," a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;
Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;
Sits in the Senate; gets a son and heir;
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there.
Mute, though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,
His son's so sharp—he'll see the dog a peer!

Manhood declines—age palsies every limb;
He quits the scene—or else the scene quits him;
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
And avarice seizes all ambition leaves;
Counts cent per cent, and smiles, or vainly frets,
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons—but to die;
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
Commending every time, save times like these;
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept—is buried—let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,
Nor spare my precepts, though they please you less.
Though woman weep, and hardest hearts are stirr'd,
When what is done is rather seen than heard,
Yet many deeds preserved in history's page
Are better told than acted on the stage;
The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,
And horror thus subsides to sympathy.
True Briton all beside, I here am French—
Bloodshed 'tis surely better to retrench;
The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow
In tragic scene disgusts, though but in show;
We hate the carnage while we see the trick,
And find small sympathy in being sick.
Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth
Appals an audience with a monarch's death;
To gaze when sable Hubert threats to sear
Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *nature* bear?
A haltered heroine[1] Johnson sought to slay—
We saved Irene, but half damn'd the play,
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating times
Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes;
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would quake
To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
We loathe the action which exceeds belief:

[1] "Irene had to speak two lines with the bowstring round her neck; but the audience cried out 'Murder!' and she was obliged to go off the stage alive." —*Boswell's Johnson.*

And yet, God knows! what may not authors do,
Whose postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines blue?"[1]

Above all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man;
Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape
Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.
Of all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,
I loathe an opera worse than Dennis did;
Where good and evil persons, right or wrong,
Rage, love, and aught but moralise, in song.
Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends!
Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
On whores, spies, singers wisely shipp'd away.
Our giant capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics earn'd, and now may beg, their bread,
In all iniquity is grown so nice,
It scorns amusements which are not of price.
Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy forbids to snore,
His anguish doubling by his own "encore;"
Squeezed in "Fop's Alley," jostled by the beaux,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes;
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release:
Why this, and more, he suffers—can ye guess?—
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!

So prosper eunuchs from Etrusc an schools;
Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of fools!
Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk[2]
(What harm, if David danced before the ark?)
In Christmas revels, simple country folks
Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and coarse jokes.
Improving years, with things no longer known,
Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame Joan,
Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
'Tis strange Benvolio[3] suffers such a show;

[1] In the postscript to the "Castle Spectre," Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue,"—I quote him—"blue he would have made her!"

[2] "The first theatrical representations, entitled 'Mysteries and Moralities,' were generally enacted at Christmas, by monks (as the only persons who could read), and latterly by the clergy and students of the universities. The dramatis personæ were usually Adam, Pater Cœlestis, Faith, Vice," &c., &c.—See *Warton's History of English Poetry*.

[3] Benvolio does not bet; but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils

ppressing peer! to whom
each vice gives place,
aths, boxing, begging,—all,
save rout and race.

arce follow'd Comedy, and
reach'd her prime
n ever-laughing Foote's fan-
tastic time:
ad wag! who pardon'd none,
nor spared the best,
nd turn'd some very serious
things to jest.
or church nor state escaped
his public sneers,
rms nor the gown, priests,
lawyers, volunteers:
Alas, poor Yorick!" now for
ever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must
sigh for Foote.

Ve smile, perforce, when his-
trionic scenes
pe the swoln dialogue of kings
and queens,
Vhen "Chrononhotonthologos
must die,"
nd Arthur struts in mimic
majesty.

Ioschus! with whom once more
I hope to sit
nd smile at folly, if we can't
at wit;
es, friend! for thee I'll quit
my cynic cell,
nd bear Swift's motto, "Vive
la bagatelle!"
Vhich charm'd our days in each
Ægean clime,
s oft at home, with revelry
and rhyme.
hen may Euphrosyne, who
sped the past,

f the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little
harisaical. Is it an exculpation? I
think not. I never yet heard a bawd
raised for chastity because *she herself*
id not commit fornication.

Soothe thy life's scenes, nor
leave thee in the last;
But find in thine, like pagan
Plato's bed,[1]
Some merry manuscript of
mimes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend
our eyes,
Where fetter'd by whig Walpole
low she lies;
Corruption foil'd her, for she
fear'd her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera
dance!
Yet Chesterfield,[2] whose polish'd
pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for
freedom to our plays;
Uncheck'd by megrims of
patrician brains,
And damning dulness of lord
chamberlains.
Repeal that act! again let
Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we've time
for tears at home;
Let "Archer" plant the horns
on "Sullen's" brows,
And "Estifania" gull her
"Copper"[3] spouse;
The moral's scant—but that may
be excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but
amused.
He whom our plays dispose to
good or ill

[1] Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died. *Vide* Barthélémi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laertius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his Observer, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

[2] His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts.

[3] Michael Perez, the "Copper Captain," in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill ;[1]
Ay, but Macheath's[2] example—psha !—no more !
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd before ;
And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse,[3]
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men !
Nor burn damn'd Drury if it rise again.
But why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus appeal ?
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal ?
For times of fire and faggot let them hope !
Times dear alike to puritan or pope.
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze.
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin ;
Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin !
While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
And Simeon[4] kicks, where Baxter only "shoves."[5]

Whom nature guides, so writes, that every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once ;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb ; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope ?
Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
For art too rude, for nature too refined,
Instruct how hard the medium 'tis to hit
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste ;
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest ;
Proscribed not only in the world polite,
But even too nasty for a city knight !

Peace to Swift's faults his wit hath made them pass !
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras !
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet ;

[1] Dr. Willis, the King's Physician, who had, it seems, an "*eye* like Mars, to threaten and command." *Threaten*, in every sense of the word ; for his numerous patients stood as much in awe of this formidable weapon as of bars, chains, or strait waistcoats.

[2] In Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

[3] Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, &c., on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

[4] Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works" He is ably supported by John Stickles, a labourer in the same vineyard :—but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, "*No hopes for them as laughs.*"

[5] "Baxter's Shove to heavy-a—d Christians"—the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again.

or less in merit than the longer line,
is measure moves a favourite of the Nine.
ough at first view eight feet may seem in vain
rm'd, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
t Scott has shown our wonder-ing isle of late
is-measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
id, varied skilfully, surpasses far
eroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
hose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
re curb'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

ut many a skilful judge abhors to see,
hat few admire—irregularity.
his some vouchsafe to pardon ; but 'tis hard
hen such a word contents a British bard.

nd must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
est censure hover o'er some faulty line ?
emove whate'er a critic may suspect,
o gain the paltry suffrage of "*correct* ?"
r prune the spiritof each daring phrase,
o fly from error, not to merit praise ?

e, who seek finish'd models, never cease,
y day and night, to read the works of Greece.
ut our good fathers never bent their brains
o heathen Greek, content with native strains.

The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben ;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, any thing but chaste ;
Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools !
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were ;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart ;
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays ;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws :
At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis confest,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried ;

Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.
Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop, like Pope, to polish by the way?
Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults,
Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
And prove our marble with too nice a nail!
Democritus himself was not so bad;
He only *thought*, but *you* would make, us mad!

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard
Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth;
Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,
So that not tuns of helleboric juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, liv beside a Lake,
And keep your bushy locks year from Blake;[1]
Then print your book, onc more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bard ship up and down.

Am I not wise, if such som poets' plight,
To purge in spring—like Bayes —before I write?
If this precaution soften'd no my bile,
I know no scribbler with madder style;
But since (perhaps my feeling are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
I'll labour gratis as a grinder' wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge t others' steel,
Nor write at all, unless to teac the art
To those rehearsing for th poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasin paths of song,
And from my own example— what is wrong.

Though modern practice some times differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think befor you write;
Let every book that suits you theme be read,
So shall you trace it to th fountain-head.

[1] As famous a tonsor as Licin himself, and better paid, and may, lik him, be one day a senator, having better qualification than one half of th heads he crops, viz.—independence.

[2] In the "Rehearsal." *

who has learn'd the duty
which he owes
friends and country, and to
pardon foes ;
ho models his deportment as
nay best
cord with brother, sire, or
stranger guest ;
ho takes our laws and worship
as they are,
or roars reform for senate,
church, and bar ;
practice, rather than loud
precept, wise,
ds not his tongue, but heart,
philosophise :
ch is the man the poet should
rehearse,
joint exemplar of his life
and verse.

metimes a sprightly wit, and
tale well told,
ithout much grace, or weight,
or art, will hold
longer empire o'er the public
mind
han sounding trifles, empty,
though refined.

nhappy Greece ! thy sons of
ancient days
he muse may celebrate with
perfect praise,
hose generous children nar-
row'd not their hearts
ith commerce, given alone to
arms and arts.
ur boys (save those whom
public schools compel
o "long and short" before
they're taught to spell)
rom frugal fathers soon imbibe
by rote,
A penny saved, my lad, 's a
penny got."
abe of a city birth ! from six-
pence take
he third, how much will the
remainder make ?—
"A groat."—"Ah, bravo ! Dick
hath done the sum !
He'll swell my fifty thousand to
a plum."

They whose young souls receive
this rust betimes,
'Tis clear, are fit for any thing
but rhymes ;
And Locke will tell you, that
the father's right
Who hides all verses from his
children's sight ;
For poets (says this sage,[1] and
many more,)
Make sad mechanics with their
lyric lore ;
And Delphi now, however rich
of old,
Discovers little silver, and less
gold,
Because Parnassus, though a
mount divine,
Is poor as Irus,[2] or an Irish
mine.[3]

Two objects always should the
poet move,
Or one or both,—to please or to
improve.
Whate'er you teach, be brief, if
you design
For our remembrance your
didactic line ;

[1] I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows—"E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desideri, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: "Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d'oro e d'argento."—*Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke.*

[2] "Iro pauperior :" this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides.—See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

[3] The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth:
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales!

Young men with aught but elegance dispense;
Maturer years require a little sense.
To end at once:—that bard for all is fit
Who mingles well instruction with his wit;
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him brass);
Through three long weeks the taste of London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel and the Tweed.

But every thing has faults, nor is't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.[1]

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.
Let Havard's[2] fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:
At first none deem'd it his; but when his name
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,

[1] As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations—"*And Homer (damn him!) calls*"—it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical license, and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

[2] For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it is "Regulus," or "Charles the First." The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.

or dreads the connoisseur's
fastidious view,
ut, ten times scrutinised, is ten
times new.

rnassian pilgrims! ye whom
chance, or choice,
ath led to listen to the Muse's
voice,
eceive this counsel, and be
timely wise;
ew reach the summit which
before you lies.
ur church and state, our courts
and camps, concede
eward to very moderate heads
indeed!
n these plain common sense
will travel far;
ll are not Erskines who mislead
the bar:
ut poesy between the best and
worst
o medium knows; you must
be last or first;
or middling poets' miserable
volumes
re damn'd alike by gods, and
men, and columns.

gain, my Jeffrey!—as that
sound inspires,
ow wakes my bosom to its
wonted fires!
ires, such as gentle Caledonians
feel
hen Southrons writhe upon
their critic wheel,
r mild Eclectics,[1] when some,
worse than Turks,

[1] To the Eclectic or Christian
eviewers I have to return thanks for
e fervour of that charity which, in
809, induced them to express a hope
at a thing then published by me
ight lead to certain consequences,
hich, although natural enough, surely
me but rashly from reverend lips. I
fer them to their own pages, where
ey congratulated themselves on the
rospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey

Would rob poor Faith to decorate
"good works."
Such are the genial feelings
thou canst claim—

and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those "Elegies" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hal;" but if, as David says in the "Rivals," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball.—[The following is the charitable passage in the Eclectic Review of which Lord Byron speaks:—"If the noble lord and the learned advocate have the courage requisite to sustain their mutual insults, we shall probably soon hear the explosions of another kind of *paper*-war, after the fashion of the ever memorable duel, which the latter is said to have fought, or seemed to fight, 'with "Little Moore."' We confess there is sufficient

My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! I cannot "strike at wretched kernes." [1]
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?
Dear, d——d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs?
If unprovoked thou once could bid me bleed,
Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?
What! not a word!—and am I then so low?
Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a foe?
Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent?
No jest on "minors," quibbles on a name,
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?
Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
And thought of Homer less than Holyrood?

provocation, if not in the critique, at least in the satire, to urge a 'man of honour' to defy his assailant to mortal combat. Of this we shall no doubt hear more in due time." *]

[1] ["Alas! I cannot strike at wretched kernes."—*Macbeth*.*]

On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea,
My hate, untravell'd, fondly turn'd to thee.
Ah! let me cease; in vain my bosom burns,
From Corydon unkind Alexis turns: [2]
Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
What then?—Edina starves some lanker son,
To write an article thou canst not shun;
Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
As bold in Billingsgate, though less renown'd.

As if at table some discordant dish
Should shock our optics, such as frogs for fish;
As oil in lieu of butter men decry,
And poppies please not in a modern pie;
If all such mixtures then be hail'd a crime,
We must have excellence to relish rhyme.
Mere roast and boil'd no epicure invites;
Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?
And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
Must go to Jackson ere they dare to box.

[2] Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

hate'er the weapon, cudgel,
fist, or foil,
one reach expertness without
years of toil;
at fifty dunces can, with
perfect ease,
ag twenty thousand couplets,
when they please.
hy not?—shall I, thus qualified
to sit
or rotten boroughs, never show
my wit?
hall I, whose fathers with the
quorum sate,
nd lived in freedom on a fair
estate;
ho left me heir, with stables,
kennels, packs,
o *all* their income, and to—
twice its tax;
hose form and pedigree have
scarce a fault,
hall I, I say, suppress my attic
salt?
hus think "the mob of gentle-
men;" but you,
esides all this, must have some
genius too.
e this your sober judgment,
and a rule,
nd print not piping hot from
Southey's school,
ho (ere another Thalaba
appears)
trust will spare us for at least
nine years.
nd hark ye, Southey![1] pray—
but don't be vex'd—
Burn all your last three works—
and half the next.
But why this vain advice? once
published, books
Can never be recall'd—from
pastry-cooks!
Though "Madoc," with
"Pucelle,"[2] instead of punk,
May travel back to Quito—on a
trunk![3]

[1] Mr. Southey has lately tied another
nister to his tail in the "Curse of
ehama," maugre the neglect of
adoc, &c., and has in one instance had
wonderful effect. A literary friend
mine, walking out one lovely evening
st summer, on the eleventh bridge of
e Paddington canal, was alarmed
the cry of "one in jeopardy:"
rushed along, collected a body of
ish haymakers (supping on butter-
ilk in an adjacent paddock), procured
three rakes, one eel-spear, and a
landing-net, and at last (horresco
referens) pulled out—his own publisher.
The unfortunate man was gone for
ever, and so was a large quarto where-
with he had taken the leap, which
proved, on enquiry, to have been Mr.
Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of
sinking" was so great, that it has never
since been heard of; though some
maintain that it is at this moment con-
cealed at Alderman Birch's pastry
premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may,
the coroner's inquest brought in a
verdict of "Felo de bibliopola" against
a "quarto unknown;" and circum-
stantial evidence being since strong
against the "Curse of Kehama" (of
which the above words are an exact
description), it will be tried by its peers
next session, in Grub-street.—Arthur,
Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de
Lion, Exodus, Exodia, Epigoniad,
Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of
Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb
the Great, are the names of the twelve
jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles,
and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's.
The same advocates, pro and con, will
be employed as are now engaged in Sir
F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the
Scotch courts. The public anxiously
await the result, and all *live* publishers
will be subpœnaed as witnesses.

[2] Voltaire's "Pucelle" is not quite
so immaculate as Mr. Southey's "Joan
of Arc," and yet I am afraid the
Frenchman has both more truth and
poetry too on his side—(they rarely go
together)—than our patriotic minstrel,
whose first essay was in praise of a
fanatical French strumpet, whose title
of witch would be correct with the
change of the first letter.

[3] Like Sir Bland Burgess's

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lempriere,
Led all wild beasts but women by the ear;
And had he fiddled at the present hour,
We'd seen the lions waltzing in the Tower;
And old Amphion, such were minstrels then,
Had built St. Paul's without the aid of Wren.
Verse too was justice, and the bards of Greece
Did more than constables to keep the peace;
Abolish'd cuckoldom with much applause,
Call'd county meetings, and enforced the laws,
Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
And served the church—without demanding tithes;
And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East,
Each poet was a prophet and a priest,
Whose old-establish'd board of joint controls
Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince,
And fighting's been in fashion ever since;
And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)
Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,
In song alone Apollo's will was told.
Then if your verse is what all verse should be,
And gods were not ashamed on't, why should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd;
In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone,
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain—
Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,

"Richard;" the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyre's, 19, Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

ave followed music through
her farthest flight ;
ut rhymers tell you neither
more nor less,
I've got a pretty poem for the
press ;"
nd that's enough ; then write
and print so fast ;—
Satan take the hindmost,
who'd be last ?
hey storm the types, they
publish, one and all,
hey leap the counter, and they
leave the stall.
rovincial maidens, men of high
command,
ea, baronets have ink'd the
bloody hand !
ash cannot quell them ; Pollio
play'd this prank,
hen Phœbus first found credit
in a bank !)
ot all the living only, but the
dead,
ool on, as fluent as an Or-
pheus' head ;[1]
amn'd all their days, they
posthumously thrive—
ug up from dust, though
buried when alive !
eviews record this epidemic
crime,
hose Books of Martyrs to the
rage for rhyme.
las ! woe worth the scribbler !
often seen
n Morning Post, or Monthly
Magazine.
here lurk his earlier lays ; but
soon, hot-press'd,
Behold a quarto !—Tarts must
tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's
precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or
madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown
somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk
with Doric ale !
Hark to those notes, narcotically
soft
The cobbler-laureats[2] sing to
Capel Lofft ![3]

[1] "Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus,
Volveret Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua ;
Ah, miseram Eurydicen ! anima fugiente vocabat ;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."—*Georgic.*, iv. 523.

[2] I beg Nathaniel's pardon : he is not a cobbler ; *it* is a *tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta—— psha !—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on ; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers.—Merry's "Moorfields whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Cruscans" were people of some education, and no profession ; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo" —bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger ; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the ninth part of a "poet."

"And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope ? and if he did, why not take it as his motto ?

[3] This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessary to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing ; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a

Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of "Remains" utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well; but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Remains" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat, is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra Crepidam's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums!—"To the Duchess of Somuch, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are, &c., &c.," —why, this is doling out the "soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.
But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;
Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.
Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to frown,
Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man—
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
Then be it so; and may his withering bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
Be, (what they never were before), be—sold!

in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.

-ould some rich bard (but such
a monster now,
modern physics, we can
scarce allow),
ould some pretending scrib-
bler of the court,
me rhyming peer—there's
plenty of the sort [1]—
ll but one poor dependent
priest withdrawn
h! too regardless of his chap-
lain's yawn!)
ondemn the unlucky curate
to recite
eir last dramatic work by
candle-light,
ow would the preacher turn
each rueful leaf,
ull as his sermons, but not
half so brief!

[1] Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to troduce once more to his notice the le survivor, the "ultimus Romano-m," the last of the Cruscanti!—Edwin" the "profound," by our dy of Punishment! here he is, as ely as in the days of "well said viad the Correct." I thought Fitz-rald had been the tail of poesy; but, e; he is only the penultimate.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE

WHAT reams of paper, floods of ink,"
o some men spoil, who never think!
nd so perhaps you'll say of me,
which your readers may agree.
ill I write on, and tell you why;
othing's so bad, you can't deny,
t may instruct or entertain
ithout the risk of giving pain, &c., &c.

SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS

tracing of the human mind
rough all its various courses,
ough strange, 'tis true, we often find
knows not its resources:
d men through life assume a part
r which no talents they possess,
t wonder that, with all their art,
ey meet no better with success,
tc., &c.

Yet, since 'tis promised at the rector's death,
He'll risk no living for a little breath.
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
(The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! grand! divine!"
Hoarse with those praises (which, by flatt'ry fed,
Dependence barters for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking boot,
Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot;
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart;—
But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme,"
Believe not all who laud your false "sublime;"
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
"Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn!"
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But (if true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains [2]—

[2] "*Bastard of your brains.*"—Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-

We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
Better let him than all the world deride.
Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;
Your friend's "a Johnson," not to leave one word,
However trifling, which may seem absurd;
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics,[1] or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly[2] Fitz-scribble's lungs;

Yet on he mouths—ten minute —tedious each
As prelate's homily, or place man's speech;
Long as the last years of lingering lease,
When riot pauses until rent increase.
While such a minstrel, mutter ing fustian, strays
O'er hedge and ditch, throug unfrequented ways,
If by some chance he walks int a well,
And shouts for succour wit stentorian yell,
"A rope! help, Christians, a ye hope for grace!"
Nor woman, man, nor child wi stir a pace;
For there his carcass he migh freely fling,
From frenzy, or the humour the thing.
Though this has happen'd t more bards than one;
I'll tell you Budgell's story,- and have done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymeste for no good,
(Unless his case be much mi understood)
When teased with creditor continual claims,
"To die like Cato,"[3] leapt in the Thames!
And therefore be it lawf through the town

piece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as Madoc, &c., &c., &c.

[1] "A crust for the critics."—*Bayes, in the "Rehearsal."*

[2] And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscribers to the "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, "Sic" (that is, by choking Fitz with bad wine, or worse poetry) 'me servavit Apollo!"

[3] On his table were found the words: "*What Cato did, and Addis approved, cannot be wrong.*" But Add son did not "approve;" and if he ha it would not have mended the matt He had invited his daughter on t same water-party; but Miss Budge by some accident, escaped this l paternal attention. Thus fell t sycophant of "Atticus," and t enemy of Pope!

or any bard to poison, hang, or drown.
Who saves the intended suicide receives
mall thanks from him who loathes the life he leaves;
nd, sooth to say, mad poets must not lose
he glory of that death they freely choose.

or is it certain that some sorts of verse
rick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
osed [1] with vile drams on Sunday he was found,
Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit.
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seize,—*him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer—or a leech.

[1] If "dosed with," &c., be censured s low, I beg leave to refer to the riginal for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," &c., into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA

—"Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."
Æneid, lib. xii.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA

Athens, Capuchin Convent,
March 17, 1811.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's[1] latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Citheron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;[2]
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,

[1] Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

[2] The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

There the white column meets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,[1]
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with various hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore:
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god:
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dardan fields in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance

[1] The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en
to mortal glance ;
The olive branch, which still she
deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and
wither'd in her grasp ;
And, ah ! though still the
brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her
large blue eye ;
Round the rent casque her owl-
let circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with
a shriek of woe !

"Mortal !"—'twas thus she
spake—"that blush of shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a
noble name ;
First of the mighty, foremost of
the free,
Now honour'd *less* by all, and
least by me :
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas
still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loath-
ing ?—look around.
Lo ! here, despite of war and
wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies ex-
pire.
'Scaped from the ravage of the
Turk and Goth,
Thy country sends a spoiler
worse than both.
Survey this vacant, violated
fane ;
Recount the relics torn that yet
remain :
These Cecrops placed, *this* Peri-
cles adorn'd,[1]
That Adrian rear'd when droop-
ing Science mourn'd.
What more I owe let gratitude
attest—
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the
rest.
That all may learn from whence
the plunderer came,
The insulted wall sustains his
hated name :
For Elgin's fame thus grateful
Pallas pleads,
Below, his name—above, behold
his deeds !
Be ever hailed with equal hon-
our here
The Gothic monarch and the
Pictish peer :
Arms gave the first his right,
the last had none,
But basely stole what less bar-
barians won.
So when the lion quits his fell
repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy
jackal last :
Flesh, limbs, and blood the for-
mer make their own,
The last poor brute securely
gnaws the bone.
Yet still the gods are just, and
crimes are cross'd :
See here what Elgin won, and
what he lost !
Another name with *his* pollutes
my shrine :
Behold where Dian's beams dis-
dain to shine !
Some retribution still might
Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Mi-
nerva's shame."[2]

[1] This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Parthenon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

[2] His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England; England owns him not;
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyles' towers
Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land [1]
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
Some east, some west, some every where but north,
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus—accursed be the day and year!—
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."
"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once more
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.
"First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,

[1] "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

nd folly's praise repay for
Wisdom's hate;
ng of their patron's gusto let
them tell,
hose noblest, *native* gusto is—
to sell:
o sell, and make—may Shame
record the day!—
ie state receiver of his pilfer'd
prey.
eantime, the flattering, feeble
dotard, West,
urope's worst dauber, and
poor Britain's best,
ith palsied hand shall turn
each model o'er,
nd own himself an infant of
fourscore.[1]
e all the bruisers cull'd from
all St. Giles'
hat art and nature may com-
pare their styles;
hile brawny brutes in stupid
wonder stare,
nd marvel at his lordship's
'stone shop'[2] there
ound the throng'd gate shall
sauntering coxcombs creep,
o lounge and lucubrate, to
prate and peep;
hile many a languid maid,
with longing sigh,
n giant statues casts the
curious eye;
he room with transient glance
appears to skim,
et marks the mighty back and
length of limb;
lourns o'er the difference of
now and *then*;

[1] Mr. West, on seeing the "Elgin
ollection" (I suppose we shall hear of
e "Abershaw" and "Jack Sheppard"
llection), declared himself "a mere
ro" in art.

[2] Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when
e marbles were first exhibited at
lgin House: he asked if it was not
a stone shop?"—He was right; it *is*
shop.

Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed
were proper men!'
Draws sly comparisons of *these*
with *those*,
And envies Laïs all her Attic
beaux.
When shall a modern maid have
swains like these!
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the
gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he
takes his view,
In silent indignation mix'd with
grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors
the thief.
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd
in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious
lust!
Link'd with the fool that fired
the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far be-
yond the tomb,
And Eratostratus and Elgin
shine
In many a branding page and
burning line;
Alike reserved for aye to stand
accurs'd,
Perchance the second blacker
than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages
yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of
Scorn;
Though not for him alone
revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her
coming fate:
Hers were the deeds that taught
her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia's self
had done.
Look to the Baltic—blazing
from afar,

Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself and made;
Far from such councils, from the faithless field
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:
A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

"Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hand she hates,
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!

But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home—ye love not to look there;
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there's nothing left.
'Blest paper credit';[1] who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas too late:
Then raves for **; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

[1] "Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!" POPE.

Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
o, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
toss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
our strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
one is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
id pirates barter all that's left behind.[1]
o more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
owd to the ranks of mercenary war.
he idle merchant on the useless quay
roops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
r, back returning, sees rejected stores
ot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
he starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
nd desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.
hen in the senate of your sinking state
how me the man whose counsels may have weight.
ain is each voice where tones could once command;
'en factions cease to charm a factious land:
et jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
nd light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain;
he Furies seize her abdicated reign:
ide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought:
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun:
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name;
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town?
How view the column of ascending flames

[1] The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

Shake his red shadow o'er the
startled Thames!
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the
torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus
to the Rhine:
Now should they burst on thy
devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves
them most.
And law of heaven and earth is
life for life,
And she who raised, in vain
regrets, the strife."[1]

[1] ["The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c., &c., are in themselves poetical; and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But, am I to be told that the 'nature' of Attica would be *more* poetical without the 'art' of th Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificia genius? Ask the traveller what strike him as most poetical, the Parthenon, o the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, o the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves But it is the '*art*,' the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art."—*B. Letters*, 1821.*]

THE WALTZ

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN

"Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros." VIRGIL.

"Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

TO THE PUBLISHER

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.[1] But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltz-away (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*"[2] (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockchafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the "Vicar of Wakefield," though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach,) said, "Lord!

[1] State of the poll (last day), 5.

[2] My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the *even* sixpence. I grudged the money to a papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and "No popery," and quite regretting the downfall of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Dr. Busby, (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address,") I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

HORACE HORNEM.

THE WALTZ

Muse of the many-twinkling feet![1] whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Terpsichore!—too long misdeem'd a maid—
Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude;
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unsubdued;
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
If but thy coats are reasonably high;
Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield;
Dance forth—*sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
And own—impregnable to *most* assaults,
Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;
On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's[2] fame,
Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim;
Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue,"
And give both Belial and his dance their due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee;
In some few qualities alike—for hock
Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.
The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art

[1] "Glance their many-twinkling feet."—GRAY.

[2] To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases:—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining any thing in *that* country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord;" which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage are the rankest blaspheny.

Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
And only left us thy d——d debts and dances!
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!
Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
To Germany, and highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen?
To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,
Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "fiat!"
Back to my theme—O Muse of motion! say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*),
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep
To snowy Gottenburg—wa chill'd to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers deign'd arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mar with lies;
While unburnt Moscow [1] ye had news to send,
Nor owed her fiery exit to friend,
She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
Of true despatches, and as tru gazettes;

[1] The patriotic arson of our amiabl allies cannot be sufficiently commende —nor subscribed for. Amongst othe details omitted in the various despatche of our eloquent ambassador, he did no state (being too much occupied wit the exploits of Colonel C——, in swim ming rivers frozen, and galloping ove roads impassable,) that one entire pro vince perished by famine in the mos melancholy manner, as follows:—I General Rostopchin's consummate con flagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) apiece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians,—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

'en flamed of Austerlitz the
blest despatch,
hich Moniteur nor Morning
Post can match;
d—almost crush'd beneath
the glorious news—
n plays, and forty tales of
Kotzebue's;
e envoy's letters, six com-
posers' airs,
d loads from Frankfort and
from Leipsic fairs;
einer's four volumes upon
womankind,
ke Lapland witches to ensure
a wind;
unck's heaviest tome for
ballast, and, to back it,
f Heyné, such as should not
sink the packet.

raught with this cargo—and
her fairest freight,
elightful Waltz, on tiptoe for
a mate,
he welcome vessel reach'd the
genial strand,
nd round her flock'd the
daughters of the land.
ot decent David, when, before
the ark,
is grand pas-seul excited some
remark;
ot love-lorn Quixote, when his
Sancho thought
he knight's fandango friskier
than it ought;
ot soft Herodias, when, with
winning tread,
er nimble feet danced off
another's head;
ot Cleopatra on her galley's
deck,
isplay'd so much of *leg*, or more
of *neck*,
han thou, ambrosial Waltz,
when first the moon
eheld thee twirling to a Saxon
tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten
years! whose brows
Ache with the annual tributes
of a spouse;
To you of nine years less, who
only bear
The budding sprouts of those
that you *shall* wear,
With added ornaments around
them roll'd
Of native brass, or law-awarded
gold;
To you, ye matrons, ever on the
watch
To mar a son's, or make a
daughter's, match;
To you, ye children of—whom
chance accords—
Always the ladies, and *sometimes*
their lords;
To you, ye single gentlemen,
who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures
for a week;
As Love or Hymen your en-
deavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch
another's bride;—
To one and all the lovely stran-
ger came,
And every ball-room echoes
with her name.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more
melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient
rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and
country-dance forego
Your future claims to each
fantastic toe!
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs
and arms demands,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of
her hands;
Hands which may freely range
in public sight
Where ne'er before—but—pray
"put out the light."

Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far—or I am much too near;
And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this remark,
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!"
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!
Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!
O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can Egypt's Almas [1]—tantalising group—
Columbia's caperers to the war-like whoop—
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
With George the Third's—and ended long before!—
Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.

[1] Dancing girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache;
(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage,[2] women in their shape;)
No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
But more caressing seems when most caress'd;
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

[2] It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;" but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "*argal*" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together: but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I.—Formerly, *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of Ram Alley, 1661; Act I, Scene I.

"*Taffeta.* Now for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?

"*Adriana.* A black man's, I think.

"*Taffeta.* I think not so; I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion."

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite's* colour.

ductive Waltz!—though on
thy native shore
ven Werter's self proclaim'd
thee half a whore;
erter—to decent vice though
much inclined,
t warm, not wanton; dazzled,
but not blind—
ough gentle Genlis, in her
strife with Stael,
ould even proscribe thee from
a Paris ball;
e fashion hails—from count-
esses to queens,
d maids and valets waltz
behind the scenes;
ide and more wide thy witch-
ing circle spreads
nd turns—if nothing else—at
least our *heads;*
ith thee even clumsy cits
attempt to bounce,
nd cockneys practise what
they can't pronounce.
ods! how the glorious theme
my strain exalts,
nd rhyme finds partner rhyme
in praise of "Waltz!"

lest was the time Waltz chose
for her *début;*
he court, the Regent, like her-
self were new;[1]
ew face for friends, for foes
some new rewards;
ew ornaments for black and
royal guards;

[1] An anachronism—Waltz and the ttle of Austerlitz are before said to ve opened the ball together: the rd means (if he means any thing), altz was not so much in vogue till e Regent attained the acme of his pularity. Waltz, the comet, whis-ers, and the new government, illu-inated heaven and earth, in all their ory, much about the same time: of ese the comet only has disappeared; e other three continue to astonish us ill.—*Printer's Devil.*

New laws to hang the rogues
that roar'd for bread;
New coins (most new)[2] to follow
those that fled;
New victories—nor can we
prize them less,
Though Jenky wonders at his
own success;
New wars, because the old
succeed so well,
That most survivors envy those
who fell;
New mistresses—no, old—yet
'tis true,
Though they be *old*, the *thing* is
something new;
Each new, quite new—(except
some ancient tricks),[3]
New white-sticks, gold-sticks,
broom-sticks, all new sticks!
With vests or ribands—deck'd
alike in hue,
New troopers strut, new turn-
coats blush in blue:
So saith the muse: my ——,[4]
what say you?

[2] Amongst others a new ninepence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

[3] "Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might!*" Who does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor"?—

"*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

"*Mrs. Ford.* What have you to do whither they bear it?—you were best meddle with buck-washing."

[4] The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes:—a distinguished consonant is said to

Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
Her new preferments in this novel reign;
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much*;
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
The ball begins—the honours of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate—or royal or serene—
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts[1] were once supposed to be;
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
The lady's in return may grasp as much

be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.

[1] "We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor—'tis all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

As princely paunches offer t
her touch.
Pleased round the chalky floo
how well they trip,
One hand reposing on the roya
hip;
The other to the shoulder no les
royal
Ascending with affection truly
loyal!
Thus front to front the partner
move or stand,
The foot may rest, but none
withdraw the hand;
And all in turn may follow in
their rank,
The Earl of — Asterisk — and
Lady Blank;
Sir—Such-a-one—with those o
fashion's host,
For whose blest surnames—vide
"Morning Post"
(Or if for that impartial print
too late,
Search Doctors' Commons six
months from my date)—
Thus all and each, in movement
swift or slow,
The genial contact gently under-
go;
Till some might marvel, with
the modest Turk,
If "nothing follows all this
palming work?"[2]
True, honest Mirza;—you may
trust my rhyme—
Something does follow at a fitter
time;
The breast thus publicly resign'd
to man,
In private may resist him—if it
can.

[2] In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous, question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waltz in Pera.—Vide *Morier's Travels*.

ye who loved our grand-
mothers of yore,
patrick, Sheridan, and many
more!
d thou, my prince! whose
sovereign taste and will
is to love the lovely beldames
still!
ou ghost of Queensbury!
whose judging sprite
tan may spare to peep a single
night,
onounce—if ever in your days
of bliss
modeus struck so bright a
stroke as this;
teach the young ideas how
to rise,
ush in the cheek, and languish
in the eyes;
ush to the heart, and lighten
through the frame,
ith half-told wish and ill-
dissembled flame
or prurient nature still will
storm the breast—
Who, tempted thus, can answer
for the rest?

ut ye—who never felt a single
thought
or what our morals are to be,
or ought;
ho wisely wish the charms
you view to reap,
ay—would you make those
beauties quite so cheap?
ot from the hands promis-
cuously applied,
ound the slight waist, or down
the glowing side,
here were the rapture then to
clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and law-
less contact warm?
At once love's most endearing
thought resign,
To press the hand so press'd by
none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which
never met
Another's ardent look without
regret;
Approach the lip which all,
without restraint,
Come near enough—if not to
touch—to taint;
If such thou lovest—love her
then no more,
Or give—like her—caresses to a
score;
Her mind with these is gone,
and with it go
The little left behind it to be-
stow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I
thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises
were his theme.
Terpsichore, forgive!—at every
ball
My wife *now* waltzes—and my
daughters *shall*;
My son—(or stop—'tis needless
to enquire—
These little accidents should
ne'er transpire;
Some ages hence our genealogic
tree
Will wear as green a bough for
him as me)—
Waltzing shall rear, to make
our name amends,
Grandsons for me—in heirs to
all his friends.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

FRIEND

January 22, 1816.

"The grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,[1] thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

[1] Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea but Tripolitza, where the Pachi resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1801–11; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poro, &c., and the coast of the Continent.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

the year since Jesus died for
men,
ghteen hundred years and ten,
e were a gallant company,
ding o'er land, and sailing o'er
sea.
h ! but we went merrily !
e forded the river, and clomb
the high hill,
ever our steeds for a day
stood still ;
Whether we lay in the cave or
the shed,
ur sleep fell soft on the hardest
bed ;
Whether we couch'd in our
rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our
gliding boat,
Or stretch'd on the beach, or
our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting
head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words
had scope,
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and
creeds ;—
Some were those who counted
beads,
Some of mosque, and some of
church,
And some, or I mis-say, of
neither ;
Yet through the wide world
might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew nor
blither.

But some are dead, and some
are gone,
And some are scatter'd and
alone,
And some are rebels on the hills[1]
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where freedom still at moments
rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's
ills ;
And some are in a far countree,
And some are restlessly at home;
But never more, oh ! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew
cheerily,
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim
the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the
air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my
strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my
lay,
To follow me so far away.
Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-
Corinth's brow ?

[1] The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnaouts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble.

I

Many a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.[1]
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,[2]
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below:
Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perish'd there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, throug
those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capp'd Acro
polis,
Which seems the very clouds t
kiss.

II

On dun Cithæron's ridge appear
The gleam of twice ten thousan
spears;
And downward to the Isthmia
plain,
From shore to shore of eithe
main,
The tent is pitch'd, the crescen
shines
Along the Moslem's leaguerin
lines
And the dusk Spahi's bands
advance
Beneath each bearded pacha'
glance;
And far and wide as eye ca
reach
The turban'd cohorts throng th
beach;
And there the Arab's came
kneels,
And there his steed the Tarta
wheels;
The Turcoman hath left hi
herd,[4]
The sabre round his loins t
gird;
And there the volleying thunder
pour
Till waves grow smoother to the
roar.
The trench is dug, the cannon's
breath
Wings the far hissing globe o
death;

[1] In the original MS.—
"A marvel from her Moslem bands." *

[2] Timoleon, who had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, afterwards killed him for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

[3] Turkish holders of military fiefs, which oblige them to join the army mounted at their own expense.

[4] The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

t whirl the fragments from
he wall,
ich crumbles with the
onderous ball;
d from that wall the foe
eplies,
r dusty plain and smoky
kies,
h fires that answer fast and
vell
summons of the Infidel.

III

t near and nearest to the
vall
those who wish and work its
all,
th deeper skill in war's black
rt,
an Othman's sons, and high
f heart
any chief that ever stood
iumphant in the fields of
blood;
om post to post, and deed to
deed,
st spurring on his reeking
steed,
here sallying ranks the trench
assail,
nd make the foremost Moslem
quail;
r where the battery, guarded
well,
emains as yet impregnable,
lighting cheerly to inspire
he soldier slackening in his
fire;
he first and freshest of the
host
hich Stamboul's sultan there
can boast,
guide the follower o'er the
field,
point the tube, the lance to
wield,
r whirl around the bickering
blade;—
as Alp, the Adrian renegade!

IV

From Venice—once a race of
worth
His gentle sires—he drew his
birth;
But late an exile from her shore
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.
Through many a change had Corinth pass'd
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—"the Free;"
And in the palace of St. Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed
A charge against him uneffaced:
He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife,
That taught his land how great his loss
In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,
'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,
And battled to avenge or die.

V

Coumourgi[1]—he whose closing scene

[1] Ali Coumourgi, the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to

Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die,
But cursed the Christian victory—
Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
That latest conqueror of Greece,
Till Christian hands to Greece restore
The freedom Venice gave of yore?
A hundred years have roll'd away
Since he refixed the Moslem's sway.
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van
To Alp, who well repaid the trust
By cities levell'd with the dust;
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battlement;
And thunder-like the pealing din
Rose from each heated culverin
And here and there some crackling dome
Was fired before the exploding bomb;
And as the fabric sank beneath
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
In red and wreathing columns flash'd
The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven;
Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
Impervious to the hidden sun,
With volumed smoke that slowly grew
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
The Moslem warriors sternly teach
His skill to pierce the promised breach:
Within these walls a maid was pent
His hope would win without consent
Of that inexorable sire,
Whose heart refused him in its ire,
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
In happier mood, and earlier time,

Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general," he said, "I shall become a greater, and at his expense."

aile unimpeach'd for traitor-
ous crime,
yest in gondola or hall,
glitter'd through the Carni-
val ;
d tuned the softest serenade
at e'er on Adria's waters
play'd
midnight to Italian maid.

VIII

nd many deem'd her heart was
won ;
r sought by numbers, given
to none,
ad young Francesca's hand
remain'd
ill by the church's bonds un-
chain'd :
nd when the Adriatic bore
nciotto to the Paynim shore,
er wonted smiles were seen to
fail,
nd pensive wax'd the maid and
pale ;
ore constant at confessional,
ore rare at masque and festi-
val ;
r seen at such, with downcast
eyes,
hich conquer'd hearts they
ceased to prize :
ith listless look she seems to
gaze :
ith humbler care her form
arrays ;
er voice less lively in the song ;
er step, though light, less fleet
among
ne pairs, on whom the Morn-
ing's glance
reaks, yet unsated with the
dance.

IX

nt by the state to guard the
land,
hich, wrested from the Mos-
lem's hand,

While Sobieski tamed his pride
By Buda's wall and Danube's
side,
The chiefs of Venice wrung
away
From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)
Minotti held in Corinth's towers
The Doge's delegated powers,
While yet the pitying eye of
Peace
Smiled o'er her long-forgotten
Greece ;
And ere that faithless truce was
broke
Which freed her from the un-
christian yoke,
With him his gentle daughter
came ;
Nor there, since Menelaus'
dame
Forsook her lord and land, to
prove
What woes await on lawless
love,
Had fairer form adorn'd the
shore
Than she, the matchless
stranger, bore.

X

The wall is rent, the ruins
yawn ;
And, with to-morrow's earliest
dawn,
O'er the disjointed mass shall
vault
The foremost of the fierce
assault.
The bands are rank'd ; the
chosen van
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
The full of hope, misnamed
"forlorn,"
Who hold the thought of death
in scorn,
And win their way with
falchion's force,
Or pave the path with many a
corse,

O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

XI

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
The banners droop'd along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coas
to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice i
air
In midnight call to wonte
prayer;
It rose, that chanted mournfu
strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er th
plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet
Such as when winds and harp
strings meet,
And take a long unmeasure
tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown
It seem'd to those within th
wall
A cry prophetic of their fall:
It struck even the besieger's ea
With something ominous an
drear,
An undefined and sudden thril
Which makes the heart
moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse
ashamed
Of that strange sense its silenc
framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for
stranger's knell.

XII

The tent of Alp was on th
shore;
The sound was hush'd, th
prayer was o'er;
The watch was set, the night
round made,
All mandates issued and obey'd
'Tis but another anxious night
His pains the morrow ma
requite
With all revenge and love ca
pay,
In guerdon for their long delay
Few hours remain, and he hat
need

rest, to nerve for many a deed
slaughter; but within his
soul
ne thoughts like troubled
waters roll.
e stood alone among the host;
ot his the loud fanatic boast
plant the crescent o'er the
cross,
risk a life with little loss,
cure in paradise to be
Houris loved immortally:
or his, what burning patriots
feel,
ne stern exaltedness of zeal,
ofuse of blood, untired in toil,
hen battling on the parent
soil.
e stood alone—a renegade
gainst the country he betray'd;
e stood alone amidst his band,
ithout a trusted heart or
hand:
hey follow'd him, for he was
brave,
nd great the spoil he got and
gave;
hey crouch'd to him for he had
skill
o warp and wield the vulgar
will:
ut still his Christian origin
ith them was little less than
sin.
hey envied even the faithless
fame
e earn'd beneath a Moslem
name;
nce he, their mightiest chief,
had been
youth a bitter Nazarene.
hey did not know how pride
can stoop,
hen baffled feelings withering
droop;
ey did not know how hate can
burn
hearts once changed from soft
to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.
He ruled them—man may rule
the worst,
By ever daring to be first;
So lions o'er the jackal sway;
The jackal points, he fells the
prey,
Then on the vulgar yelling press,
To gorge the relics of success.

XIII

His head grows fever'd, and his
pulse
The quick successive throbs con-
vulse;
In vain from side to side he
throws
His form, in courtship of repose;
Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
Awoke him with a sunken heart.
The turban on his hot brow
press'd,
The mail weigh'd lead-like on his
breast,
Though oft and long beneath its
weight
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
Without or couch or canopy,
Except a rougher field and sky
That now might yield a
warrior's bed,
Than now along the heaven was
spread.
He could not rest, he could not
stay
Within his tent to wait for day,
But walk'd him forth along the
sand,
Where thousand sleepers strew'd
the strand.
What pillow'd them? and why
should he
More wakeful than the humblest
be,
Since more their peril, worse
their toil?
And yet they fearless dream of
spoil;

While he alone, where thousands pass'd
A night of sleep, perchance their last,
In sickly vigil wander'd on,
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less form'd to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And linger'd on the spot, wher long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh! still her step at moment falters
O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,
And fain would wake, in soul too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token:
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
And through this night, as on he wander'd,
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,
A traitor in a turban'd horde;
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege.
Not so had those his fancy number'd,
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;

eir phalanx marshall'd in the
plain,
hose bulwarks were not then
in vain.
ey fell devoted, but undying;
e very gale their names
seem'd sighing:
e waters murmur'd of their
name;
e woods were peopled with
their fame;
e silent pillar, lone and grey,
aim'd kindred with their
sacred clay;
eir spirits wrapp'd the dusky
mountain;
eir memory sparkled o'er the
fountain;
e meanest rill, the mightiest
river
ll'd mingling with their fame
for ever.
espite of every yoke she bears,
hat land is glory's still and
theirs!
is still a watchword to the
earth:
hen man would do a deed of
worth
e points to Greece, and turns
to tread,
o sanction'd, on the tyrant's
head:
e looks to her, and rushes on
here life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI

till by the shore Alp mutely
mused,
nd woo'd the freshness Night
diffused.
here shrinks no ebb in that
tideless sea,[1]
hich changeless rolls eternally;
o that wildest of waves, in their
angriest mood,

[1] The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

Scarce break on the bounds of
the land for a rood;
And the powerless moon beholds
them flow,
Heedless if she come or go:
Calm or high, in main or bay
On their course she hath no
sway.
The rock unworn its base doth
bare,
And looks o'er the surf, but it
comes not there;
And the fringe of the foam may
be seen below,
On the line that it left long
ages ago:
A smooth short space of yellow
sand
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they
saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the
hostile shot?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff,
or their hearts wax'd cold?
I know not, in sooth; but from
yonder wall
There flash'd no fire, and there
hiss'd no ball,
Though he stood beneath the
bastion's frown,
That flank'd the seaward gate
of the town;
Though he heard the sound, and
could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the
stone below
Clank'd, as he paced it to and
fro;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,[1]
As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band:
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,
All the rest was shaven and bare.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,

[1] This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's "Travels." The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

Scared by the dogs, from th
human prey;
But he seized on his share of
steed that lay,
Pick'd by the birds, on the sand
of the bay.

XVII

Alp turn'd him from the sicken
ing sight:
Never had shaken his nerves i
fight;
But he better could brook to be
hold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warn
blood lying,
Scorch'd with the death-thirst
and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead wh
are past all pain.
There is something of pride i
the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in whic
death may lower;
For Fame is there to say wh
bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring
deeds!
But when all is past, it is hum
bling to tread
O'er the weltering field of th
tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and
fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering
there;
All regarding man as their prey
All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII

There is a temple in ruin stands
Fashion'd by long-forgotten
hands;
Two or three columns, and many
a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass
o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave
no more

' the things to come than the
things before!
ut upon Time! who for ever
will leave
t enough of the past for the
future to grieve
er that which hath been, and
o'er that which must be:
hat we have seen, our sons
shall see;
mnants of things that have
pass'd away,
agments of stone, rear'd by
creatures of clay!

XIX

e sate him down at a pillar's
base,
d pass'd his hand athwart his
face;
ke one in dreary musing mood,
eclining was his attitude;
is head was drooping on his
breast,
ever'd, throbbing, and op-
press'd;
nd o'er his brow, so downward
bent,
ft his beating fingers went,
urriedly, as you may see
our own run over the ivory
key,
re the measured tone is taken
y the chords you would
awaken.
here he sate all heavily,
s he heard the night-wind sigh,
as it the wind, through some
hollow stone,
nt that soft and tender moan?[1]

He lifted his head, and he look'd
on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass
may be;
He look'd on the long grass—it
waved not a blade;
How was that gentle sound con-
vey'd?
He look'd to the banners—each
flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's
hill,
And he felt not a breath come
over his cheek;
What did that sudden sound
bespeak?
He turn'd to the left—is he sure
of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and
bright!

XX

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is
here?
Who art thou, and wherefore
sent
So near a hostile armament?"
His trembling hands refused to
sign
The cross he deem'd no more
divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the
power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the
face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been
his bride!

[1] I must here acknowledge a close, ough unintentional, resemblance in ese twelve lines to a passage in an published poem of Mr. Coleridge, led "Christabel." It was not till er these lines were written that I ard that wild and singularly original d beautiful poem recited; and the 8. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years.

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak;
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high, that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain
Never, oh never, we meet again
Thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy father's creed:
But dash that turban to earth and sign
The sign of the cross, and forever be mine;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be spread?
In the midst of the dying and the dead?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn:
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be join'd and our sorrow forgot.
There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quell'd the pride
Of Venice; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,

d shot a chillness to his
eart,
ich fix'd him beyond the
ower to start.
ough slight was that grasp so
nortal cold,
could not loose him from its
old;
t never did clasp of one so
ear
ike on the pulse with such
eeling of fear,
those thin fingers, long and
white,
ze through his blood by their
ouch that night.
e feverish glow of his brow
was gone,
d his heart sank so still that
t felt like stone,
he look'd on the face, and be-
held its hue,
deeply changed from what he
knew:
ir but faint—without the ray
mind, that made each feature
play
ke sparkling waves on a
sunny day;
d her motionless lips lay still
as death,
d her words came forth with-
out her breath,
d there rose not a heave o'er
her bosom's swell,
d there seem'd not a pulse in
her veins to dwell.
ough her eye shone out, yet
the lids were fix'd,
d the glance that it gave was
wild and unmix'd
ith aught of change, as the
eyes may seem
the restless who walk in a
troubled dream;
ke the figures on arras, that
gloomily glare,
irr'd by the breath of the
wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's
fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful
to sight;
As they seem, through the dim-
ness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where
their images frown;
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry
come and go.
"If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of
heaven,—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and
swear
Thy injured country's sons to
spare,
Or thou art lost; and never
shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but
heaven or me.
If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to
meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy
sin,
And mercy's gate may receive
thee within:
But pause one moment more,
and take
The curse of Him thou didst
forsake;
And look once more to heaven,
and see
Its love for ever shut from
thee.
There is a light cloud by the
moon—
'Tis passing, and will pass full
soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to
veil,
Thy heart within thee is not
changed,
Then God and man are both
avenged;

Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky;
But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside
By deep interminable pride.
This first false passion of his breast
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismay'd
By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave!
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly
Without an accent of reply;
He watch'd it passing; it is flown:
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late:
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
What Venice made me, I must be,
Her foe in all, save love to thee:
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"
He turn'd, but she is gone!
Nothing is there but the column stone.

Hath she sunk in the earth, melted in air?
He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

XXII

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle grey,
And the Noon will look on sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout "They come! they come!"
The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form and but wait for the word.
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town and none escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot, in fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;

hite is the foam of their champ
on the bit :
e spears are uplifted ; the
matches are lit ;
e cannon are pointed, and
ready to roar,
nd crush the wall they have
crumbled before :
rms in his phalanx each
Janizar ;
p at their head ; his right arm
is bare,
is the blade of his scimitar ;
e khan and the pachas are all
at their post ;
e vizier himself at the head of
the host.
hen the culverin's signal is
fired, then on ;
ave not in Corinth a living
one—
priest at her altars, a chief in
her halls,
hearth in her mansions, a
stone on her walls.
d and the prophet—Alla Hu !
p to the skies with that wild
halloo !
There the breach lies for
passage, the ladder to scale ;
nd your hands on your sabres,
and how should ye fail ?
e who first downs with the red
cross may crave
is heart's dearest wish ; let
him ask it, and have ! "
hus utter'd Coumourgi, the
dauntless vizier ;
he reply was the brandish of
sabre and spear,
nd the shout of fierce thousands
in joyous ire :
lence—hark to the signal—
fire !

XXIII

s the wolves, that headlong go
n the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and
angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and
horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses
on high
The foremost, who rush on his
strength but to die :
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward
bent ;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken
glass,
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore
The ground whereon they moved
no more :
Even as they fell, in files they
lay,
Like the mower's grass at the
close of day,
When his work is done on the
levell'd plain ;
Such was the fall of the fore-
most slain.

XXIV

As the spring-tides, with heavy
plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the
ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down
they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below ;
Thus at length, outbreathed and
worn,
Corinth's sons were downward
borne
By the long and oft renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in
masses they fell,
Heap'd by the host of the
infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
Nothing there, save death, was
mute ;

Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice.
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new:
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara;
(We have heard that hearers say,)
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plunder'd dome:
Hark to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
Make a pause, and turn again—
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.
There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might:
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay;
Still he combated unwounded,
Though retreating, unsurrounded.
Many a scar of former fight
Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright;
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been ta'en before:
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
Few of our youth could cope with him;
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver grey.
From right to left his sabre swept:
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd
His weapon first in Moslem gore
Ere his years could count a score.
Of all he might have been the sire
Who fell that day beneath his ire:
For, sonless left long years ago,
His wrath made many a childless foe;
And since the day, when in the strait
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb.
If shades by carnage be appeased
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased

an his, Minotti's son, who died
here Asia's bounds and ours
ivide.
ried he lay, where thousands
efore
r thousands of years were
nhumed on the shore;
at of them is left, to tell
ere they lie, and how they
ell?
t a stone on their turf, nor a
one in their graves;
t they live in the verse that
mmortally saves.

XXVI

rk to the Allah shout! a
and
the Mussulman bravest and
best is at hand:
eir leader's nervous arm is
bare,
ifter to smite, and never to
spare—
ncloth'd to the shoulder it
waves them on:
us in the fight is he ever
known:
thers a gaudier garb may
show,
tempt the spoil of the greedy
foe;
any a hand's on a richer hilt,
ut none on a steel more ruddily
gilt;
any a loftier turban may
wear,—
lp is but known by the white
arm bare;
ook through the thick of the
fight, 'tis there!
here is not a standard on that
shore
well advanced the ranks
before;
here is not a banner in Moslem
war
ill lure the Delhis half so far;
glances like a falling star!
Where'er that mighty arm is
seen,
The bravest be, or late have been;
There the craven cries for
quarter
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;
Or the hero, silent lying,
Scorns to yield a groan in dying,
Mustering his last feeble blow
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
Though faint beneath the mutual
wound,
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII

Still the old man stood erect,
And Alp's career a moment
check'd.
"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter
take,
For thine own, thy daughter's
sake."
"Never, renegado, never!
Though the life of thy gift would
last for ever."
"Francesca!—Oh, my promised
bride!
Must she too perish by thy
pride?"
"She is safe."—"Where?
where?"—"In heaven;
From whence thy traitor soul is
driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled."
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.
"Oh God! when died she?"—
"Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!"—That challenge is in
vain—
Alp's already with the slain!
While Minotti's words were
wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking

Than his falchion's point had found,
Had the time allow'd to wound,
From within the neighbouring porch
Of a long-defended church,
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell;
A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Though all the palpitating trunk;
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering:
They turn'd him on his back; his breast
And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed;
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death:
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unaneled he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last—a Renegade.

XXVIII

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes;
These in joy, in fury those:
Then again in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords, and spear transfixing,
Interchanged the blow and thrust,
Hurling warriors in the dust.
Street by street, and foot by foot,
Still Minotti dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
Whence issued late the fated ball
That half avenged the city's fall
When Alp, her fierce assailant fell:
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track;
And, with their faces to the foe
Dealing wounds with every blow,
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane;
There they yet may breathe awhile,
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not;

d the foremost, if fearful,
ay vainly try
rough the massy column to
urn and fly ;
y perforce must do or die.
ey die ; but ere their eyes
ould close,
engers o'er their bodies rose ;
sh and furious, fast they fill
e ranks unthinn'd, though
slaughter'd still ;
d faint the weary Christians
wax
fore the still renew'd attacks :
d now the Othmans gain the
gate ;
ll resists its iron weight,
d still, all deadly aim'd and
hot,
om every crevice comes the
shot ;
om every shatter'd window
pour
e volleys of the sulphurous
shower :
ut the portal wavering grows
and weak—
he iron yields, the hinges
creak—
bends—it falls—and all is
o'er :
ost Corinth may resist no
more !

XXX

arkly, sternly, and all alone,
inotti stood o'er the altar
stone ;
adonna's face upon him shone,
ainted in heavenly hues above,
ith eyes of light and looks of
love ;
nd placed upon that holy
shrine
o fix our thoughts on things
divine,
hen pictured there, we kneel-
ing see
Her, and the boy-God on her
knee,
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To heaven, as if to waft it there.
Still she smiled ; even now she
smiles,
Though slaughter streams along
her aisles :
Minotti lifted his aged eye,
And made the sign of a cross
with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed
thereby ;
And still he stood, while, with
steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussul
man came.

XXXI

The vaults beneath the mosaic
stone
Contain'd the dead of ages
gone ;
Their names were on the graven
floor,
But now illegible with gore ;
The carved crests, and curious
hues
The varied marble's veins
diffuse,
Were smear'd, and slippery—
stain'd, and strown
With broken swords, and helms
o'erthrown :
There were dead above, and the
dead below
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row ;
You might see them piled in
sable state,
By a pale light through a
gloomy grate ;
But War had enter'd their dark
caves,
And stored along the vaulted
graves
Her sulphurous treasures,
thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead :

Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christian's chiefest magazine;
To these a late-form'd train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain:
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offering rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
To the high altar on they go;
Oh, but it made a glorious show!
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold;
Massy and deep a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to the plunderers' eyes:
That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to His blood so divine,
Which His worshippers drank at the break of day,
To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray.
Still a few drops within it lay;
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast;
A spoil—the richest and the last.

XXXIII

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
When old Minotti's hand
Touch'd with the torch the train—
'Tis fired!
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
In one wild roar expired!
The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake pass'd—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—
Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore:
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below:
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,
When he fell to earth again
Like a cinder strew'd the plain:
Down the ashes shower like rain;

Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles;
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay;
Christian or Moslem, which be they?
Let their mothers see and say!
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deem'd she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:
And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blacken'd there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd:
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead!
The camels from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steer plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still;
The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound:
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun:
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won!

PARISINA

TO

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRED HIS TALENTS

AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP

January 22, 1816.

PARISINA

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." I am aware, that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470.

I

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

II

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her lover 's at her feet.

III

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?

Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
And heedless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had pass'd away,
They only for each other breathe;
Their very sighs are full of joy
So deep, that did it not decay,
That happy madness would destroy
The hearts which feel its fiery sway:
Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
In that tumultuous tender dream?
Who that have felt that passion's power,
Or paused or fear'd in such an hour?
Or thought how brief such moments last?
But yet—they are already past!
Alas! we must awake before
We know such vision comes no more.

IV

With many a lingering look they leave
The spot of guilty gladness past;
And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,
As if that parting were the last.
The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
The lip that there would cling for ever,
While gleams on Parisina's face
The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
As if each calmly conscious star
Beheld her frailty from afar—
The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
But it must come, and they must part
In fearful heaviness of heart,
With all the deep and shuddering chill
Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
To covet there another's bride;
But she must lay her conscious head
A husband's trusting heart beside.
But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And her red cheek with troubled dreams,
And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,
And clasps her lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away:
And he to that embrace awakes,
And, happy in the thought, mistakes
That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
For such as he was wont to bless;
And could in very fondness weep
O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

VI

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
And listened to each broken word:
He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,

As if the Archangel's voice he heard?
And well he may—a deeper doom
Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
When he shall wake to sleep no more,
And stand the eternal throne before.
And well he may—his earthly peace
Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
That sleeping whisper of a name
Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.
And whose that name? that o'er his pillow
Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,
Which rolls the plank upon the shore,
And dashes on the pointed rock
The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—
So came upon his soul the shock.
And whose that name? 'tis Hugo's,—his—
In sooth he had not deem'd of this!—
'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one
He loved—his own all-evil son—
The offspring of his wayward youth,
When he betray'd Bianca's truth,
The maid whose folly could confide
In him who made her not his bride.

VII

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
But sheath'd it ere the point was bare—
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
He could not slay a thing so fair—
At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—
Nay more:—he did not wake her then,
But gazed upon her with a glance
Which, had she roused her from her trance,
Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
And o'er his brow the burning lamp
Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.
She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
While, in his thought, her days are number'd.

VIII

And with the morn he sought, and found,
In many a tale from those around,
The proof of all he fear'd to know,
Their present guilt, his future woe;
The long-conniving damsels seek
To save themselves, and would transfer
The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her:
Concealment is no more—they speak
All circumstance which may compel
Full credence to the tale they tell:
And Azo's tortured heart and ear
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX

He was not one who brook'd delay :
Within the chamber of his state,
The chief of Este's ancient sway
Upon his throne of judgment sate ;
His nobles and his guards are there,—
Before him is the sinful pair ;
Both young,—and *one* how passing fair !
With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,
Oh, Christ ! that thus a son should stand
Before a father's face !
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
And hear the sentence of his ire,
The tale of his disgrace !
And yet he seems not overcome,
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X

And still, and pale, and silently
Did Parisina wait her doom ;
How changed since last her speaking eye
Glanced gladness round the glittering room,
Where high-born men were proud to wait—
Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of its queen :
Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
And made her quarrel all their own.
Now,—what is she ? and what are they ?
Can she command, or these obey ?
All silent and unheeding now,
With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
And folded arms, and freezing air,
And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
Her knights, and dames, her court—is there :
And he, the chosen one, whose lance
Had yet been couch'd before her glance,
Who—were his arm a moment free—
Had died or gain'd her liberty ;
The minion of his father's bride,—
He, too, is fetter'd by her side ;
Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
Less for her own despair than him :
Those lids—o'er which the violet vein
Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white
That e'er did softest kiss invite—
Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
To press, not shade, the orbs below ;
Which glance so heavily, and fill,
As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI

And he for her had also wept,
But for the eyes that on him gazed :

His sorrow, if he felt it, slept ;
Stern and erect his brow was raised.
Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
He would not shrink before the crowd ;
But yet he dared not look on her :
Remembrance of the hours that were—
His guilt—his love—his present state—
His father's wrath—all good men's hate—
His earthly, his eternal fate—
And hers,—oh, hers !—he dared not throw
One look upon that deathlike brow !
Else had his rising heart betray'd
Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII

And Azo spake :—"But yesterday
I gloried in a wife and son ;
That dream this morning pass'd away ;
Ere day declines, I shall have none.
My life must linger on alone ;
Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
Who would not do as I have done :
Those ties are broken—not by me ;
Let that too pass ;—the doom's prepared !
Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
And then—thy crime's reward !
Away ! address thy prayers to Heaven,
Before its evening stars are met—
Learn if thou there canst be forgiven ;
Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
But here, upon the earth beneath,
There is no spot where thou and I
Together, for an hour, could breathe :
Farewell ! I will not see thee die—
But thou, frail thing ! shalt view his head—
Away ! I cannot speak the rest :
Go ! woman of the wanton breast ;
Not I, but thou his blood dost shed :
Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,
And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII

And here stern Azo hid his face—
For on his brow the swelling vein
Throbb'd as if back upon his brain
The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again ;
And therefore bow'd he for a space,
And pass'd his shaking hand along
His eye, to veil it from the throng ;
While Hugo raised his chained hands,
And for a brief delay demands
His father's ear : the silent sire
Forbids not what his words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—
For thou hast seen me by thy side

All redly through the battle ride,
And that—not once a useless brand—
Thy slaves have wrested from my hand
Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:
Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,
A gift for which I thank thee not;
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame;
But she is in the grave, where he,
Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.
Her broken heart—my sever'd head—
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care.
'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—
But wrong for wrong:—this, deem'd thy bride,
The other victim of thy pride,
Thou know'st for me was destined long.
Thou saw'st and coveted'st her charms—
And with thy very crime—my birth,
Thou taunted'st me—as little worth;
A match ignoble for her arms,
Because, forsooth, I could not claim
The lawful heirship of thy name,
Nor sit on Este's lineal throne:
Yet, were a few short summers mine,
My name should more than Este's shine
With honours all my own.
I had a sword—and have a breast
That should have won as haught[1] a crest
As ever waved along the line
Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
Not always knightly spurs are worn
The brightest by the better born;
And mine have lanced my courser's flank
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
When charging to the cheering cry
Of 'Este and of Victory!'
I will not plead the cause of crime,
Nor sue thee to redeem from time
A few brief hours or days that must
At length roll o'er my reckless dust;—
Such maddening moments as my past,
They could not, and they did not, last.
Albeit my birth and name be base,
And thy nobility of race
Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—
Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face,
And in my spirit—all of thee.
From thee—this tamelessness of heart—

[1] Haught—haughty.
"Away, *haught* man, thou art insulting me."—SHAKSPEARE.

From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
From thee in all their vigour came
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
Thou didst not give me life alone,
But all that made me more thine own.
See what thy guilty love hath done!
Repaid thee with too like a son!
I am no bastard in my soul,
For that, like thine, abhorr'd control:
And for my breath, that hasty boon
Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon,
I valued it no more than thou,
When rose thy casque above thy brow
And we, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven:
The past is nothing—and at last
The future can but be the past;
Yet would I that I then had died:
For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
And made thy own my destined bride,
I feel thou art my father still;
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
Begot in sin, to die in shame,
My life begun and ends the same:
As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
And thou must punish both in one.
My crime seems worst to human view,
But God must judge between us two!"

XIV

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
On which the circling fetters sounded;
And not an ear but felt as wounded,
Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,
When those dull chains in meeting clank'd:
Till Parisina's fatal charms
Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him doom'd to die!
She stood, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill:
Her eyes unmov'd, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood;
But every now and then a tear
So large and slowly gather'd slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note

Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
A monument of Azo's wife,—
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose every passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair.
But yet she lived—and all too soon
Recover'd from that death-like swoon—
But scarce to reason—every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
The past a blank, the future black,
With glimpses of a dreary track,
Like lightning on the desert path,
When midnight storms are mustering wrath.
She fear'd—she felt that something ill
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
That there was sin and shame she knew;
That some one was to die—but who?
She had forgotten:—did she breathe?
Could this be still the earth beneath,
The sky above, and men around;
Or were they fiends who now so frown'd
On one, before whose eyes each eye
Till then had smiled in sympathy?
All was confused and undefined
To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly still in each extreme,
She strove with that convulsive dream;
For so it seem'd on her to break:
Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

XV

The Convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the grey square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so!
For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll:
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the Friar's knee:
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—

And the headman with his bare
arm ready,
That the blow may be both
swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and
true—
Since he set its edge anew:
While the crowd in a speechless
circle gather
To see the Son fall by the doom
of the Father!

XVI

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall
set,
Which rose upon that heavy
day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest
ray;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents
bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did
glisten
As he there did bow and listen—
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curl'd half down his neck so
bare;
But brighter still the beam was
thrown
Upon the axe which near him
shone
With a clear and ghastly
glitter——
Oh! that parting hour was
bitter!
Even the stern stood chill'd with
awe:
Dark the crime, and just the
law—
Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII

The parting prayers are said and
over
Of that false son—and daring
lover:
His beads and sins are all re-
counted,
His hours to their last minute
mounted—
His mantling cloak before was
stripp'd,
His bright brown locks must
now be clipp'd;
'Tis done—all closely are they
shorn—
The vest which till this moment
worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown
aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief
tied;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty
eye.
All feelings seemingly subdued,
In deep disdain were half re-
new'd,
When headman's hands prepared
to bind
Those eyes which would not
brook such blind:
As if they dared not look on
death.
"No—yours my forfeit blood
and breath—
These hands are chain'd—but
let me die
At least with an unshackled
eye—
Strike:"—and as the word he
said,
Upon the block he bow'd his
head;
These the last accents Hugo
spoke;
"Strike"—and flashing fell the
stroke—

Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.
He died, as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade;
Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high.
And while before the Prior kneeling,
His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling;
His wrathful sire—his paramour—
What were they in such an hour?
No more reproach—no more despair;
No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
Save the few which from him broke,
When, bared to meet the headman's stroke,
He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII

Still as the lips that closed in death,
Each gazer's bosom held his breath:
But yet, afar, from man to man,
A cold electric shiver ran,
As down the deadly blow descended
On him whose life and love thus ended;
And, with a hushing sound compress'd,
A sigh shrunk back on every breast;
But no more thrilling noise rose there,
Beyond the blow that to the block
Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,
Save one:—what cleaves the silent air
So madly shrill, so passing wild?
That, as a mother's o'er her child,
Done to death by sudden blow,
To the sky these accents go,
Like a soul's in endless woe.
Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
And every eye is turn'd thereon;
But sound and sight alike are gone!
It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
In madlier accents rose despair;
And those who heard it, as it past,
In mercy wish'd it were the last.

XIX

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
No more in palace, hall, or bower,
Was Parisina heard or seen:
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
Like words of wantonness or fear;
And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
Was mention heard of wife or son;

o tomb—no memory had they ;
heirs was unconsecrated clay ;
t least the knight's who died
that day.
ut Parisina's fate lies hid
ike dust beneath the coffin lid :
hether in convent she abode,
nd won to heaven her dreary
road,
y blighted and remorseful
years
f scourge, and fast, and sleep-
less tears ;
r if she fell by bowl or steel,
or that dark love she dared to
feel ;
r if, upon the moment smote,
he died by tortures less remote;
ike him she saw upon the block,
Vith heart that shared the
headman's shock,
n quicken'd brokenness that
came,
n pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
None knew—and none can ever
know :
But whatsoe'er its end below,
Her life began and closed in
woe !

XX

And Azo found another bride,
And goodly sons grew by his
side ;
But none so lovely and so brave
As him who wither'd in the
grave ;
Or if they were—on his cold eye
Their growth but glanced un-
heeded by,
Or noticed with a smother'd
sigh.
But never tear his cheek de-
scended,
And never smile his brow
unbended ;
And o'er that fair broad brow
were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning
share
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely
there ;
Scars of the lacerating mind
Which the Soul's war doth leave
behind.
He was past all mirth or woe :
Nothing more remain'd below
But sleepless nights and heavy
days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunn'd itself—
and yet
That would not yield—nor could
forget,
Which, when it least appear'd
to melt,
Intensely thought — intensely
felt :
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick be-
low,
And flows—and cannot cease to
flow.
Still was his seal'd-up bosom
haunted
By thoughts which Nature hath
implanted ;
Too deeply rooted thence to
vanish,
Howe'er our stifled tears we
banish ;
When, struggling as they rise
to start,
We check those waters of the
heart,
They are not dried—those tears
unshed
But flow back to the fountain
head,
And resting in their spring more
pure,
For ever in its depth endure,
Unseen, unwept, but uncon-
geal'd,
And cherish'd most where least
reveal'd.

With inward starts of feeling left,
To throb o'er those of life bereft;
Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share,
With all the consciousness that he
Had only pass'd a just decree;
They that had wrought their doom of ill;

Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopp'd with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free:
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

A FABLE[1]

1 Byron wrote this beautiful poem at a small inn, in the little village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, where he happened, in June, 1816, to be detained two days by stress of weather; "thereby adding," says Moore, "one more deathless association to the already immortalised localities of the Lake." *

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art!
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,[1]
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;—
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

[1] Ludovico Sforza, and others.—The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect: to such, and not to fear, this change in *hers* was to be attributed.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise

For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but other's ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank.

saw it silently decline—
nd so perchance in sooth did
mine:
ut yet I forced it on to cheer
hose relics of a home so dear.
e was a hunter of the hills,
ad follow'd there the deer and
wolf;
o him this dungeon was a
gulf,
nd fetter'd feet the worst of
ills.

VI

ake Leman lies by Chillon's
walls:
thousand feet in depth be-
low
ts massy waters meet and
flow;
hus much the fathom-line was
sent
rom Chillon's snow-white bat-
tlement,[1]

Which round about the wave
inthralls:
A double dungeon wall and
wave
Have made—and like a living
grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we
lay,
We heard it ripple night and
day;
Sounding o'er our heads it
knocked;
And I have felt the winter's
spray
Wash through the bars when
winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath
rock'd
And I have felt it shake, un-
shock'd,
Because I could have smiled to
see
The death that would have set
me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his
food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and
rude,
For we were used to hunters'
fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the
mountain goat
Was changed for water from the
moat,
Our bread was such as captives'
tears
Have moisten'd many a thou-
sand years,

[1] The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent: below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet, French measure: within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces. He was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Héloïse, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white

Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb:
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor —dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;

With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon light,
So hateful to my heavy sight.
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
The bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud.
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread

y step profaned their lowly bed,
y breath came gaspingly and
thick,
nd my crush'd heart fell blind
and sick.

XII

nade a footing in the wall,
was not therefrom to escape,
or I had buried one and all
holoved me in a human shape;
nd the whole earth would
henceforth be
wider prison unto me;
o child—no sire—no kin had I,
o partner in my misery;
thought of this, and I was glad,
or thought of them had made
me mad;
ut I was curious to ascend
o my barr'd windows, and to
bend
nce more, upon the mountains
high,
he quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

saw them—and they were the
same,
hey were not changed like me
in frame;
saw their thousand years of
snow
n high—their wide long lake
below,
nd the blue Rhone in fullest
flow;
heard the torrents leap and
gush
o'er channell'd rock and broken
bush;
saw the white-wall'd distant
town,
nd whiter sails go skimming
down;
nd then there was a little isle,[1]
hich in my very face did smile,

[1] Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no
more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon
floor,
But in it there were three tall
trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain
breeze,
And by it there were waters
flowing,
And on it there were young
flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each
and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my
eye,
And I felt troubled—and would
fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to
save,—
And yet my glance, too much
oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV

It might be months, or years, or
days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary
mote;

At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where.
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO

At Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's "Gierusalemme" and of Guarini's "Pastor Fido," with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto; and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated: the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.—The original MS. of this poem is dated, "The Apennines, April 20, 1817." It was written in consequence of Lord Byron having visited Ferrara, for a single day, on his way to Florence.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO

I

ɴɢ years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
ıd eagle-spirit of a Child of Song
ong years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
ıputed madness, prison'd solitude,
nd the mind's canker in its savage mood,
hen the impatient thirst of light and air
arches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
larring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Vorks through the throbbing eyeball to the brain
Vith a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
ınd bare, at once, Captivity display'd
tands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Vhich nothing through its bars admits, save day,
ınd tasteless food, which I have eat alone
ill its unsocial bitterness is gone;
ınd I can banquet like a beast of prey,
ullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Vhich is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
ll this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
ut must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For He hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,

Thou too art gone—and so is my
delight:
And therefore do I weep and
inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a
broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is
left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—
and how?
I know not that—but in the
innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found
resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no
remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd
me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou*
reply?
I was indeed delirious in my
heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou
art;
But still my frenzy was not of
the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my
punishment
Not less because I suffer it un-
bent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I
not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts
me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as
they will,
My heart can multiply thine
image still;
Successful love may sate itself
away,
The wretched are the faithful;
'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one
decay,
And every passion into one
dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath
no shore.

III

Above me, hark! the long and
maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the in-
creasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blas-
phemy!
There be some here with worse
than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the
o'er-labour'd mind,
And dim the little light that 's
left behind
With needless torture as their
tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing
ill:
With these and with their vic-
tims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these
long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these
my life may close:
So let it be—for then I shall
repose.

IV

I have been patient, let me be
so yet,
I had forgotten half I would
forget,
But it revives—Oh! would it
were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who
bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many
woes?
Where laughter is not mirth,
nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n
men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses,
shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his
separate hell—
For we are crowded in our soli-
tudes—

Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods:—
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Slighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success?
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A Princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above;

And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
My star stood still before thee: —if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the Wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;—
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
And then I lost my being all to be
Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII

I loved all Solitude—but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine* is *here*,

carce twice the space they must
accord my bier.
What though *he* perish, he may
lift his eye
nd with a dying glance upbraid
the sky—
will not raise my own in such
reproof,
lthough 'tis clouded by my
dungeon roof.

VIII

Yet do I feel at times my mind
decline,
But with a sense of its decay :—
I see
Unwonted lights along my
prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is
vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty
pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and
the free ;
But much to One, who long hath
suffer'd so,
Sickness of heart, and narrow-
ness of place,
And all that may be borne, or
can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been
but Man,
But Spirits may be leagued with
them—all Earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me ;
—in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of
Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further,—
and prevail
Against the outworn creature
they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit
proved
Like steel in tempering fire ?
because I loved ?
Because I loved what not to love,
and see,
Was more or less than mortal,
and than me.

IX

I once was quick in feeling—
that is o'er ;—
My scars are callous, or I should
have dash'd
My brain against these bars, as
the sun flash'd
In mockery through them ;—if
I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and
the more
Which hath no words,—'tis that
I would not die
And sanction with self-slaughter
the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with
the brand of shame
Stamp Madness deep into my
memory,
And woo Compassion to a
blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my
foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal !—and
I make
A future temple of my present
cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for
my sake.
While thou, Ferrara ! when no
longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee,
shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view
thy heartless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine
only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far
renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy
unpeopled walls !
And thou, Leonora !—thou—who
wert ashamed

That such as I could love—who blushed to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the töwers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But Thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

BEPPO

A VENETIAN STORY

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits: disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a *Gondola*.

As You Like It, Act IV. Sc. i.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is *now*—the seat of all dissoluteness. S. A.

[BEPPO was written at Venice, in October, 1817, and acquired great popularity immediately on its publication in the May of the following year. Lord Byron's letters show that he attached very little importance to it at the time. He was not aware that he had opened a new vein, in which his genius was destined to work out some of its brightest triumphs. "I have written," he says to Mr. Murray, "a poem humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft, and founded on a Venetian anecdote which amused me. It is called *Beppo*—the short name for Giuseppo,—that is, the *Joe* of the Italian Joseph. It has politics and ferocity." Again—"Whistlecraft is my immediate model, but Berni is the father of that kind of writing; which, I think, suits our language, too, very well. We shall see by this experiment. It will, at any rate, show that I can write cheerfully, and repel the charge of monotony and mannerism."

BEPPO

I

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,—
Therefore take heed, ye Free-thinkers! I charge ye.

IV

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun;
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble
That boiled your bones, unless you paid them double.

V

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke;

And even in Italy such places are,
With prettier name in softer accents spoke,
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
No place that's called "Piazza" in Great Britain.

VI

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
Interpreted, implies "farewell to flesh:"
So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly spiced ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many "poohs" and "pishes,"
And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
From travellers accustom'd from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII

And therefore humbly I would recommend
"The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send
By any means less liable to loss),
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

IX

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb,—although no man,
If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you,
If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
Dine and be d——d! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore,—
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still;
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
The best's at Florence [1]—see it, if ye will,)
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,[2]

XII

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;

[1] "At Florence I remained but a day, having a hurry for Rome. However, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, gave me an idea of what people mean by their *cant*, about those two most artificial of the arts. What struck me most were,—the mistress of Raphael, a portrait; the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus of Titian, in the Medici gallery—*the* Venus; Canova's Venus, also in the other gallery," &c.—*B. Letters*, 1817.

[2] "I know nothing of pictures myself, and care almost as little; but to me there are none like the Venetian—above all, Giorgione. I remember well his Judgment of Solomon, in the Mariscalchi gallery in Bologna. The real mother is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful."—*B. Letters*, 1820.

It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so:
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!

XIII

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been the same;
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
Wer't not impossible, besides a shame:
The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again;

XIV

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad [3] seen no more below.

[3] "Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solent."—Ovid.

XV

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
Particularly seen from a balcony
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar);
And there, just like a hero of Goldoni,
They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;
And truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

XVI

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter
Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better;
And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter,
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII

Shakspeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
And to this day from Venice to Verona
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a "cavalier servente."

XVIII

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether;
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX

Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "Gondolier,"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,

hey wait in their dusk livery
of woe,—
ut not to them do woful
things belong,
or sometimes they contain a
deal of fun,
ike mourning coaches when
the funeral's done.

XXI

ut to my story.—'Twas some
years ago,
may be thirty, forty, more or
less,
he Carnival was at its height,
and so
ere all kinds of buffoonery and
dress;
certain lady went to see the
show,
er real name I know not, nor
can guess,
nd so we'll call her Laura, if
you please,
ecause it slips into my verse
with ease.

XXII

She was not old, nor young, nor
at the years
Which certain people call a
"*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain
age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could
engage
A person yet by prayers, or
bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or
write on page,
The period meant precisely by
that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly
absurd.

XXIII

Laura was blooming still, had
made the best
Of time, and time return'd the
compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so
that, dress'd,
She look'd extremely well
where'er she went;
A pretty woman is a welcome
guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had
rarely bent,
Indeed she shone all smiles, and
seem'd to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes
for looking at her.

XXIV

She was a married woman; 'tis
convenient,
Because in Christian countries
'tis a rule
To view their little slips with
eyes more lenient;
Whereas if single ladies play the
fool
(Unless within the period inter-
venient
A well-timed wedding makes the
scandal cool),
I don't know how they ever can
get over it,
Except they manage never to
discover it.

XXV

Her husband sail'd upon the
Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in
other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine
for pratique
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst
disease),
His wife would mount, at times,
her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the
ship with ease:
He was a merchant trading to
Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, call'd more
briefly, Beppo.

XXVI

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though colour'd, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour—
A better seaman never yet did man yard:
And *she*, although her manners show'd no rigour,
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blunder'd into debt,
And did not like the thought of steering home;
And there we several offer'd any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come,
For most men (till by losing render'd sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are or ought to be,
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see,
(A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
Which I have known occur in two or three,)
When kneeling on the shor
upon her sad knee,
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX

And Laura waited long, an
wept a little,
And thought of wearing weed
as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite fo
victual,
And could not sleep with eas
alone at night;
She deem'd the window-frame
and shutters brittle
Against a daring housebreake
or sprite,
And so she thought it pruden
to connect her
With a vice-husband, *chiefly* t
protect her.

XXX

She chose, (and what is ther
they will not choose,
If only you will but oppose thei
choice?)
Till Beppo should return fron
his long cruise,
And bid once more her faithfu
heart rejoice,
A man some women like, an
yet abuse—
A coxcomb was he by the publi
voice;
A Count of wealth, they said, a
well as quality,
And in his pleasures of grea
liberality.

XXXI

And then he was a Count, an
then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling
French and Tuscan;
The last not easy, be it known
to you,
For few Italians speak the righ
Etruscan.

was a critic upon operas, too,
d knew all niceties of the
ock and buskin ;
d no Venetian audience could
ndure a
ng, scene, or air, when he
ried "seccatura ! "

XXXII

s "bravo" was decisive, for
hat sound
sh'd "Academie" sigh'd in
silent awe ;
e fiddlers trembled as he
look'd around,
r fear of some false note's
detected flaw.
e "prima donna's" tuneful
heart would bound,
reading the deep damnation of
his "bah ! "
prano, basso, even the contra-
alto,
ish'd him five fathom under
the Rialto.

XXXIII

e patronised the Improvisatori,
ay, could himself extemporise
some stanzas,
Wrote rhymes, sang songs,
could also tell a story,
old pictures, and was skilful in
the dance as
talians can be, though in this
their glory
Must surely yield the palm to
that which France has ;
n short, he was a perfect cava-
liero,
nd to his very valet seem'd a
hero.

XXXIV

Then he was faithful too, as
well as amorous ;
o that no sort of female could
complain,
Although they're now and then
a little clamorous,
He never put the pretty souls
in pain ;
His heart was one of those which
most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to
retain.
He was a lover of the good old
school,
Who still become more constant
as they cool.

XXXV

No wonder such accomplish-
ments should turn
A female head, however sage
and steady—
With scarce a hope that Beppo
could return,
In law he was almost as good as
dead, he
Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd
the least concern,
And she had waited several
years already ;
And really if a man won't let us
know
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or
should be so.

XXXVI

Besides, within the Alps, to
every woman,
(Although, God knows, it is a
grievous sin,)
'Tis, I may say, permitted to
have *two* men ;
I can't tell who first brought
the custom in,
But "Cavalier Serventes" are
quite common,
And no one notices nor cares a
pin ;
And we may call this (not to
say the worst)
A *second* marriage which cor-
rupts the *first*.

XXXVII

The word was formerly a
"Cicisbeo,"
But *that* is now grown vulgar
and indecent;
The Spaniards call the person a
"*Cortejo*,"
For the same mode subsists in
Spain, though recent;
In short it reaches from the
Po to Teio,
And may perhaps at last be o'er
the sea sent.
But Heaven preserve Old Eng-
land from such courses!
Or what becomes of damage and
divorces?

XXXVIII

However, I still think, with all
due deference
To the fair *single* part of the
Creation,
That married ladies should pre-
serve the preference
In *tête-à-tête* or general conver-
sation—
And this I say without peculiar
reference
To England, France, or any
other nation—
Because they know the world,
and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally
please.

XXXIX

'Tis true, your budding Miss is
very charming,
But shy and awkward at first
coming out,
So much alarm'd, that she is
quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush; half Pertness,
and half Pout;
And glancing at *Mamma*, for
fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they, may
be about,
The Nursery still lisps out in all
they utter—
Besides, they always smell of
bread and butter.

XL

But "Cavalier Servente" is the
phrase
Used in politest circles to ex-
press
This supernumerary slave, who
stays
Close to the lady as a part of
dress,
Her word the only law which he
obeys.
His is no sinecure, as you may
guess;
Coach, servants, gondola, he
goes to call,
And carries fan and tippet,
gloves and shawl.

XLI

With all its sinful doings, I must
say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to
me,
Who love to see the Sun shine
every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls)
from tree to tree
Festoon'd, much like the back
scene of a play,
Or melodrame, which people
flock to see,
When the first act is ended by
a dance
In vineyards copied from the
south of France.

XLII

I like on Autumn evenings to
ride out,
Without being forced to bid my
groom be sure

y cloak is round his middle
strapp'd about,
ecause the skies are not the
most secure ;
know too that, if stopp'd upon
my route,
here the green alleys wind-
ingly allure,
eeling with *grapes* red waggons
choke the way,—
n England 'twould be dung,
dust, or a dray.

XLIII

also like to dine on becaficas,
o see the Sun set, sure he'll rise
to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning
twinkling weak as
drunken man's dead eye in
maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t'himself ;
that day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be
forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight
which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky
caldron simmers.

XLIV

I love the language, that soft
bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a
female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ
on satin,
With syllables which breathe of
the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so
pat in,
That not a single accent seems
uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whist-
ling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and
spit, and sputter all.

XLV

I like the women too (forgive my
folly),
From the rich peasant cheek of
ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash
on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand
things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more
melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and
liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul with-
in her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as
her skies.

XLVI

Eve of the land which still is
Paradise !
Italian beauty ! didst thou not
inspire
Raphael, who died in thy em-
brace, and vies
With all we know of Heaven, or
can desire,
In what he hath bequeath'd us ?
—in what guise,
Though flashing from the fer-
vour of the lyre,
Would *words* describe thy past
and present glow,
While yet Canova can create
below ?[1]

[1] (In talking thus, the writer, more especially
Of women, would be understood to say,
He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
And always, reader, in a modest way;
Perhaps, too, in no very great degree
shall he
Appear to have offended in this lay,
Since, as all know, without the sex,
our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd, like their un-
trimm'd bonnets.)
(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLVII

" England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,"
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;
I like the government (but that is not it) ;
I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late ;

XLVIII

I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear ;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any ;
Have no objection to a pot of beer ;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King !
Which means that I like all and every thing.

XLIX

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recen glories,
And wish they were not owin to the Tories.

L

But to my tale of Laura,—for find
Digression is a sin, that b degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious t my mind,
And, therefore, may the reade too displease—
The gentle reader, who may wa unkind,
And caring little for the author' ease,
Insist on knowing what h means, a hard
And hapless situation for bard.

LI

Oh that I had the art of eas writing
What should be easy reading Could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses si inditing
Those pretty poems never know to fail,
How quickly would I print (th world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale ;
And sell you, mix'd with west ern sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

LII

But I am but a nameless sort o person,
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,

d when I can't find that, I
ut a worse on,
t caring as I ought for critics'
avils ;
e half a mind to tumble down
o prose,
t verse is more in fashion—so
ere goes.

LIII

e Count and Laura made their
ew arrangement,
hich lasted, as arrangements
ometimes do,
r half a dozen years without
estrangement ;
ey had their little differences,
too ;
ose jealous whiffs, which
never any change meant :
such affairs there probably
are few
ho have not had this pouting
sort of squabble,
rom sinners of high station to
the rabble.

LIV

ut, on the whole, they were a
happy pair,
s happy as unlawful love
could make them ;
he gentleman was fond, the
lady fair,
heir chains so slight, 'twas not
worth while to break them :
he world beheld them with in-
dulgent air ;
he pious only wish'd "the devil
take them !"
e took them not ; he very
often waits,
nd leaves old sinners to be
young ones' baits.

LV

ut they were young : Oh !
what without our youth
ould love be ! What would
youth be without love !
Youth lends it joy, and sweet-
ness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems
as from above ;
But, languishing with years, it
grows uncouth—
One of few things experience
don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason
why old fellows
Are always so preposterously
jealous.

LVI

It was the Carnival, as I have
said
Some six and thirty stanzas
back, and so
Laura the usual preparations
made,
Which you do when your mind's
made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's mas-
querade,
Spectator, or partaker in the
show ;
The only difference known be-
tween the cases
Is—*here*, we have six weeks of
"varnish'd faces."

LVII

Laura, when dress'd, was (as I
sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever
seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new
inn door,
Or frontispiece of a new Maga-
zine,
With all the fashions which the
last month wore,
Colour'd, and silver paper leaved
between
That and the title-page, for fear
the press
Should soil with parts of speech
the parts of dress.

LVIII

They went to the Ridotto ;—'tis
a hall
Where people dance, and sup,
and dance again ;
Its proper name, perhaps, were
a masqued ball,
But that's of no importance to
my strain ;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our
Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt
by rain :
The company is "mix'd" (the
phrase I quote is
As much as saying, they're be-
low your notice) ;

LIX

For a "mix'd company" implies
that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a
hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without
looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set,
the bore
Of public places, where they
basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty
score
Of well-bred persons, call'd
"*the World ;*" but I,
Although I know them, really
don't know why.

LX

This is the case in England ; at
least was
During the dynasty of Dandies,
now
Perchance succeeded by some
other class
Of imitated imitators :—how
Irreparably soon decline, alas !
The demagogues of fashion : all
below
Is frail ; how easily the world
is lost
By love, or war, and now and
then by frost !

LXI

Crush'd was Napoleon by the
northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down
with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a
whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new
French grammar ;
Good cause had he to doubt the
chance of war,
And as for Fortune—but I dare
not d——n her,
Because, were I to ponder to
infinity,
The more I should believe in her
divinity.

LXII

She rules the present, past, and
all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries,
love, and marriage ;
I cannot say that she's done
much for me yet ;
Not that I mean her bounties to
disparage,
We've not yet closed accounts
and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends
for past miscarriage ;
Meantime the goddess I'll not
more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's
made my fortune

LXIII

To turn,—and to return ;—the
devil take it !
This story slips for ever through
my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza like
to make it,
It needs must be—and so it
rather lingers

This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask; and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind).

LXV

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

LXVI

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo! an eighth appears,—"I'll see no more!"
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,
Others were levelling their looks at her;
She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
And, till 'twas done, determined not to stir;
The women only thought it quite amazing
That, at her time of life, so many were
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women—but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
And well-dress'd males still kept before her filing,
And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;
More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
With pertinacity that 's rather rare.

LXX

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad:
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

LXXI

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations;
Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely:
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either pass'd i
doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, makin
love, and clothing.

LXXII

They cannot read, and so don
lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don
affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigra
or witticism,
Have no romances, sermon
plays, reviews,—
In harams learning soon woul
make a pretty schism!
But luckily these beauties are n
"Blues,"
No bustling Botherbys have the
to show 'em
"That charming passage in th
last new poem."

LXXIII

No solemn, antique gentlema
of rhyme,
Who having angled all his li
for fame,
And getting but a nibble at
time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, th
same
Small "Triton of the minnows
the sublime
Of mediocrity, the furious tam
The echo's echo, usher of th
school
Of female wits, boy bards—
short, a fool!

LXXIV

A stalking oracle of awful phras
The approving "*Good!*" (by
means GOOD in law)
Humming like flies around t
newest blaze,
The bluest of bluebottles y
e'er saw,

asing with blame, excruciat-
ing with praise,
rging the little fame he gets
all raw,
anslating tongues he knows
not even by letter,
d sweating plays so middling,
bad were better.

LXXV

ne hates an author that 's *all*
author, fellows
foolscap uniforms turn'd up
with ink,
very anxious, clever, fine, and
jealous,
ne don't know what to say to
them, or think,
nless to puff them with a pair
of bellows ;
f coxcombry's worst coxcombs
e'en the pink
re preferable to these shreds
of paper,
hese unquench'd snuffings of
the midnight taper.

LXXVI

f these same we see several,
and of others,
len of the world, who know the
world like men,
cott, Rogers, Moore, and all the
better brothers,
Vho think of something else
beside the pen ;
But for the children of the
"mighty mothers,"
he would-be wits and can't-be
gentlemen,
leave them to their daily "tea
is ready,"
nug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII

he poor dear Mussulwomen
whom I mention
Have none of these instructive
pleasant people,
And *one* would seem to them a
new invention,
Unknown as bells within a
Turkish steeple ;
I think 'twould almost be worth
while to pension
(Though best-sown projects very
often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to
preach
Our Christian usage of the parts
of speech.

LXXVIII

No chemistry for them unfolds
her gases,
No metaphysics are let loose in
lectures,
No circulating library amasses
Religious novels, moral tales,
and strictures
Upon the living manners, as
they pass us ;
No exhibition glares with annual
pictures ;
They stare not on the stars from
out their attics,
Nor deal (thank God for that !)
in mathematics.

LXXIX

Why I thank God for that is no
great matter,
I have my reasons, you no doubt
suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not
highly flatter,
I'll keep them for my life (to
come) in prose ;
I fear I have a little turn for
satire,
And yet methinks the older that
one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than
scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious
shortly after.

LXXX

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable Man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
I love you both, and both shall have my praise:
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!—
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,
"And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay:"
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray;
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And stay'd them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball,
You still may mark her cheek out-blooming all.

LXXXV

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsy thought right and fitting;

he Count was at her elbow
with her shawl,
ud they the room were on the
point of quitting,
hen lo! those cursed gon-
doliers had got
ust in the very place where
they *should not.*

LXXXVI

n this they're like our coach-
men, and the cause
s much the same—the crowd,
and pulling, hauling,
Vith blasphemies enough to
break their jaws,
hey make a never intermitting
bawling.
t home, our Bow-street gem-
men keep the laws,
nd here a sentry stands within
your calling;
ut for all that, there is a deal
of swearing,
nd nauseous words past men-
tioning or bearing.

LXXXVII

he Count and Laura found
their boat at last,
nd homeward floated o'er the
silent tide,
iscussing all the dances gone
and past;
he dancers and their dresses,
too, beside;
ome little scandals eke: but
all aghast
s to their palace stairs the
rowers glide)
ate Laura by the side of her
Adorer,
hen lo! the Mussulman was
there before her.

LXXXVIII

'Sir," said the Count, with
brow exceeding grave,
'Your unexpected presence here
will make
It necessary for myself to
crave
Its import? But perhaps 'tis
a mistake;
"I hope it is so; and at once to
waive
All compliment, I hope so for
your sake;
You understand my meaning,
or you *shall.*"
"Sir," (quoth the Turk) "'tis no
mistake at all.

LXXXIX

"That lady is *my wife!*" Much
wonder paints
The lady's changing cheek, as
well it might;
But where an Englishwoman
sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so out-
right;
They only call a little on their
saints,
And then come to themselves,
almost or quite;
Which saves much hartshorn,
salts, and sprinkling faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in
such cases.

XC

She said,—what could she say?
Why, not a word:
But the Count courteously in-
vited in
The stranger, much appeased by
what he heard:
"Such things, perhaps, we'd
best discuss within,"
Said he; "don't let us make
ourselves absurd
In public, by a scene, nor raise
a din,
For then the chief and only
satisfaction
Will be much quizzing on the
whole transaction."

XCI

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd—it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it 's not the same.
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth
To speak, cries "Beppo! what's your pagan name?
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?

XCII

And are you *really*, *truly*, now a Turk?
With any other women did you wive?
Is 't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that 's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!
You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To—Bless me! Did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

XCIII

"Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;
It shall be shaved before you're a day older:
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—
Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?
How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot
In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
Should find you out, and make the story known.
How short your hair is! Lord how grey it's grown!"

XCIV

What answer Beppo made to these demands
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame

XCV

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel coming from Spain,
Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacca,
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten!) cash,
He then embark'd with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him—

or my part, I say nothing—
lest we clash
our opinions :—well, the ship
was trim,
t sail, and kept her reckoning
fairly on,
xcept three days of calm when
off Cape Bonn.

XCVII

hey reach'd the island, he
transferr'd his lading,
nd self and live stock, to an-
other bottom,
nd pass'd for a true Turkey-
merchant, trading
ith goods of various names,
but I've forget 'em.
owever, he got off by this
evading,
r else the people would perhaps
have shot him ;
nd thus at Venice landed to
reclaim
is wife, religion, house, and
Christian name.

XCVIII

is wife received, the patriarch
re-baptized him
He made the church a present,
by the way) ;
He then threw off the garments
which disguised him,
And borrow'd the Count's small-
clothes for a day :
His friends the more for his long
absence prized him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to
make them gay,
With dinners, where he oft
became the laugh of them,
For stories—but *I* don't believe
the half of them.

XCIX

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd,
his old age
With wealth and talking made
him some amends ;
Though Laura sometimes put
him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he
were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a
page,
Which being finish'd, here the
story ends ;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been
sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen
when begun.

MAZEPPA [1]

[1] Written in the autumn of 1818 at Ravenna.

MAZEPPA

'ELUI qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme Polonais, nommé ..eppa, né dans le palatinat de Padolie : il avait été élevé page de Jean imir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une igue qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonais nt été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le sa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, v porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le ururent : il resta longtemps parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses tre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande sidération parmi les Cosaques : sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour, igea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine."—VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles .I.*, p. 196.

' Le roi fuyant, et poursuivi, eut son cheval tué sous lui ; le Colonel Gieta, ssé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à eval, dans la fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la taille."—p. 216.

' Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse, où il ait, rompit dans la marche ; on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de disgrace, s'égara pendant la nuit dans un bois ; là, son courage ne pouvant plus pplée à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues plus supportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha elques heures au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par s vainqueurs, qui le cherchaient de tous côtés."—p. 218.

I

'WAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name ;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II

Such was the hazard of the die;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood ;
For thousands fell that flight to aid :
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league

Of well-sustain'd, but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—
The beacons of surrounding foes—
A king must lay his limbs at length.
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outward nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will:
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III

A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it: but this wreck was true
And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with his long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too;
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him
Obey'd his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around—and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good

ıe long day's march had well
withstood—
still the powder fill'd the pan,
ıd flints unloosen'd kept their
lock—
is sabre's hilt and scabbard
felt,
ıd whether they had chafed
his belt—
ıd next the venerable man,
om out his havresack and can,
epared and spread his slender
stock;
nd to the monarch and his men
he whole or portion offer'd then
ith far less of inquietude
han courtiers at a banquet
would.
nd Charles of this his slender
share
ith smiles partook a moment
there,
o force of cheer a greater show,
nd seem above both wounds
and woe;—
nd then he said—"Of all our
band,
hough firm of heart and strong
of hand,
n skirmish, march, or forage,
none
an less have said or more have
done
han thee, Mazeppa! On the
earth
o fit a pair had never birth,
ince Alexander's days till now,
s thy Bucephalus and thou:
ll Scythia's fame to thine
should yield
or pricking on o'er flood and
field."
Mazeppa answer'd—"Ill betide
The school wherein I learn'd to
ride!"
Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman,
wherefore so,
Since thou hast learn'd the art
so well?"
Mazeppa said—"'Twere long to
tell;
And we have many a league to
go,
With every now and then a
blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at
ease,
Beyond the swift Borysthenes:
And, sire, your limbs have need
of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I
request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou
wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may
reap
Perchance, from this the boon of
sleep;
For at this moment from my
eyes
The hope of present slumber
flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope
I'll track
My seventy years of memory
back:
I think 'twas in my twentieth
spring,—
Ay, 'twas,—when Casimir was
king—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers, in my earlier age:
A learned monarch, faith! was
he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not
gain
New realms to lose them back
again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's
diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly
quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex;

And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes 'Despairing Thyrsis.'
There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;[1]
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion—
His junior she by thirty years—
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with title given,
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these, who have deserved them most.

[1] This comparison of a "*salt* mine" may, perhaps, be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

V

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me:
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time, and care, and war have plough'd
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavow'd
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday

is change was wrought, too,
ong ere age
ad ta'en my features for his
age :
th years, ye know, have not
declined
strength, my courage, or my
mind,
at this hour I should not be
lling old tales beneath a tree,
ith starless skies my canopy.
t let me on : Theresa's form—
ethinks it glides before me
now,
etween me and yon chestnut's
bough,
he memory is so quick and
warm ;
nd yet I find no words to tell
he shape of her I loved so
well.
he had the Asiatic eye,
uch as our Turkish neighbour-
hood,
Iath mingled with our Polish
blood,
Dark as above us is the sky ;
But through it stole a tender
light,
ike the first moonrise of mid-
night ;
arge, dark, and swimming in
the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own
beam ;
ll love, half languor, and half
fire,
ike saints that at the stake
expire,
nd lift their raptured looks on
high,
s though it were a joy to die.
brow like a midsummer lake,
ransparent with the sun there-
in,
When waves no murmur dare to
make,
nd heaven beholds her face
within.

A cheek and lip—but why pro-
ceed ?
I loved her then—I love her still ;
And such as I am, love indeed
In fierce extremes—in good and
ill.
But still we love even in our
rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the
past,
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI

"We met—we gazed—I saw, and
sigh'd,
She did not speak, and yet
replied ;
There are ten thousand tones
and signs
We hear and see, but none
defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart
o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain
that binds,
Without their will, young hearts
and minds ;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing
fire.—
I saw, and sigh'd—in silence
wept,
And still reluctant distance
kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there
confer
Without suspicion—then, even
then,
I long'd, and was resolved to
speak ;
But on my lips they died again,
The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour.—There is a
game,

A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day;
It is—I have forgot the name—
And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget:
I reck'd not if I won or lost,
It was enough for me to be
So near to hear, and oh! to see
The being whom I loved the most!
I watch'd her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot.
Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke forth,
All incoherent as they were—
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII

"I loved, and was beloved again—
They tell me, Sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain;
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am—or rather *was*—a prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control.—But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiest ends in pain.—
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower.
My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age
No other like itself—I'd give
The Ukraine back again to live
It o'er once more—and be a page
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health.—
We met in secret—doubly sweet
Some say, they find it so to meet
I know not that—I would have given

y life but to have call'd her
mine
the full view of earth and
heaven;
r I did oft and long repine
at we could only meet by
stealth.

VIII

For lovers there are many eyes,
nd such there were on us;—the
devil
n such occasions should be
civil—
he devil!—I'm loth to do him
wrong,
might be some untoward
saint,
ho would not be at rest too
long,
ut to his pious bile gave vent—
ut one fair night, some lurking
spies
urprised and seized us both.
he Count was something more
than wroth—
was unarm'd; but if in steel,
ll cap-à-pie from head to heel,
hat 'gainst their numbers
could I do?—
was near his castle, far away
rom city or from succour near,
nd almost on the break of day;
did not think to see another,
y moments seem'd reduced to
few;
nd with one prayer to Mary
Mother,
nd, it may be, a saint or two,
s I resigned me to my fate,
hey led me to the castle gate:
heresa's doom I never knew,
ur lot was henceforth separate.—
n angry man, ye may opine,
as he, the proud Count Palatine;
nd he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest
such
An accident should chance to
touch
Upon his future pedigree;
Nor less amazed, that such a
blot
His noble 'scutcheon should have
got,
While he was highest of his line;
Because unto himself he seem'd
The first of men, nor less he
deem'd
In others' eyes, and most in
mine.
'Sdeath! with a *page*—perchance a king
Had reconciled him to the thing;
But with a stripling of a page—
I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

IX

"'Bring forth the horse!'—the
horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed
of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was
wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been
caught;
And snorting, with erected
mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in
vain,
In the full foam of wrath and
dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial
throng,
Upon his back with many a
thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden
lash—

Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X

"Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;

e sped like meteors through the sky,
hen with its crackling sound the night
chequer'd with the northern light:
own—village—none were on our track,
ut a wild plain of far extent,
nd bounded by a forest black;
nd, save the scarce seen battlement
n distant heights of some strong hold,
gainst the Tartars built of old,
o trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
nd where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
he verdure flies the bloody sod:—
he sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

XII

"We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed

Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won:
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

XIII

"The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,

old, hunger, sorrow, shame,
distress,
us bound in nature's naked-
ness ;
rung from a race whose rising
blood
hen stirr'd beyond its calmer
mood,
nd trodden hard upon, is like
ne rattle-snake's, in act to
strike,
hat marvel if this worn-out
trunk
neath its woes a moment sunk?
e earth gave way, the skies
roll'd round,
seem'd to sink upon the
ground ;
ut err'd, for I was fastly bound.
y heart turn'd sick, my brain
grew sore,
nd throbb'd awhile, then beat
no more :
he skies spun like a mighty
wheel ;
saw the trees like drunkards
reel,
nd a slight flash sprang o'er
my eyes,
Which saw no farther : he who
dies
an die no more than then I
died.
'ertortur'd by that ghastly
ride,
felt the blackness come and go.
nd strove to wake ; but could
not make
Iy senses climb up from below :
felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash
o'er thee,
t the same time upheave and
whelm,
nd hurl thee towards a desert
realm.
Iy undulating life was as
he fancied lights that flitting
pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight,
when
Fever begins upon the brain :
But soon it pass'd, with little
pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it
much,
Dying, to feel the same again ;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to
dust :
No matter ; I have bared my
brow
Full in Death's face—before—
and now.

XIV

"My thoughts came back ; where was I? Cold,
And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb : till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill ;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill ;
My sight return'd, though dim ; alas !
And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars ;—it is no dream ;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream !
The bright broad river's gushing tide

Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

XV

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That every cheat had cheer'd me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

XVI

"Onward we went—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain:
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun—

ow slow, alas! he came!
ethought that mist of dawning gray
ould never dapple into day;
ow heavily it roll'd away—
efore the eastern flame
ose crimson, and deposed the stars,
nd call'd the radiance from their cars,
nd fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
ith lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII

Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
ack from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before;
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel—none of toil;
The very air was mute';
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance?
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
With nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immoveable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop.
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,

Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide:
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.—
They left me there to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

"And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resign'd
To that which our foreboding years
Presents the worst and last of fears
Inevitable—even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon;
Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
That prudence might escape:
At times both wish'd for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,
And welcome in no shape.
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revell'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
Whose heritage was misery:
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future, (which is view'd
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued,)
With nought perhaps to grieve:—
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears, to his distemper'd eyes,
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new Paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,

s bright, and long, and beck-
ning years,
n dazzling through the mist
f tears,
erdon of many a painful hour;
-morrow would have given
im power
rule, to shine, to smite, to
save—
d must it dawn upon his
grave?

XVIII

The sun was sinking—still I
lay
ain'd to the chill and stiffen-
ing steed,
thought to mingle there our
clay;
nd my dim eyes of death had
need.
o hope arose of being freed:
cast my last looks up the sky,
nd there between me and the
sun
saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both
should die,
re his repast begun;
le flew, and perch'd, then flew
once more,
nd each time nearer than be-
fore;
saw his wing through twilight
flit,
nd once so near me he alit
could have smote, but lack'd
the strength;
ut the slight motion of my
hand,
nd feeble scratching of the
sand
he exerted throat's faint strug-
gling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a
voice,
ogether scared him off at
length.—
I know no more—my latest
dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from
afar,
And went and came with wan-
dering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming,
dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to
death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd
my brain—
A gasp, a throd, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX

"I woke—Where was I?—Do I
see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch re-
pose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle
glance?
I closed my own again once
more,
As doubtful that the former
trance
Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long-hair'd, and
tall,
Sate watching by the cottage
wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of
thought;
For ever and anon she threw
A prying, pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and
free;
I gazed, and gazed, until I
knew

No vision it could be,—
But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet;
But those she call'd were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

XX

"She came with mother and with sire—
What need of more?—I will no
tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack'
guest.
They found me senseless on th
plain—
They bore me to the neares
hut—
They brought me into lif
again—
Me—one day o'er their realm t
reign!
Thus the vain fool who strove t
glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness
Bound, naked, bleeding, an
alone,
To pass the desert to a throne,—
What mortal his own doom ma
guess?—
Let none despond, let non
despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our coursers graze a
ease
Upon his Turkish bank,—an
never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely
there.
Comrades, good night!"—The
Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tre
shade,
With leafy couch already made
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest when-
e'er
The hour arrived, no matter
where:
His eyes the hastening slumbers
steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd
not,—
The king had been an hour
asleep.

THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE

OF PULCI[1]

1 The following translation was executed at Ravenna, in February, 1820, and first saw the light in the pages of the unfortunate journal called "The Liberal." *

The Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the "Tales of my Landlord."

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names: as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, &c., as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE

CANTO THE FIRST

I

:he beginning was the Word
ext God ;
i was the Word, the Word no
ess was he :
is was in the beginning, to
ny mode
thinking, and without him
ought could be :
erefore, just Lord ! from out
hy high abode,
nign and pious, bid an angel
tlee,
ne only, to be my companion,
who
all help my famous, worthy
old song through.

II

nd thou, oh Virgin ! daughter,
mother, bride,
f the same Lord, who gave to
you each key
f heaven, and hell, and every
thing beside,
he day thy Gabriel said "All
hail !" to thee,
nce to thy servants pity's
ne'er denied,
Vith flowing rhymes, a pleasant
style and free,
e to my verses then benignly
kind,
nd to the end illuminate my
mind.

III

'was in the season when sad
Philomel
Veeps with her sister, who re-
members and
Deplores the ancient woes which
both befell,
And makes the nymphs enam-
our'd, to the hand
Of Phaeton by Phœbus loved so
well
His car (but temper'd by his
sire's command)
Was given, and on the horizon's
verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus
scratch'd his brow :

IV

When I prepared my bark first
to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm,
my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and
this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom
you will find
By several pens already praised;
but they
Who to diffuse his glory were
inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or
verse,
Have understood Charles badly,
and wrote worse.

V

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had
had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently
steady,
No hero would in history look
brighter ;
He in the cabinet being always
ready,

And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christain faith had wrought,
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

VI

You still may see at Saint Liberatore
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

VII

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted t
the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villai
plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud
and knell'd the doom
Of their sad rout, though he di
all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy ha
given
To him a happy seat wit
Charles in heaven.

IX

'Twas Christmas-day; in Pari
all his court
Charles held: the chief, I say
Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there to
did resort,
Also Ansuigi, the gay time t
pass
In festival and in triumpha
sport,
The much-renown'd St. Denni
being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, an
Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too cam
there:

X

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richar
Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancien
Salemone,
Walter of Lion's Mount an
Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sa
Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too muc
gladness in
The son of Pepin:—when hi
knights came hither,
He groan'd with joy to see then
altogether.

XI

.. watchful Fortune, lurking,
kes good heed
r some bar 'gainst our in-
nts to bring.
ile Charles reposed him thus,
n word and deed
ando ruled court, Charles,
nd every thing ;
st Gan, with envy bursting,
ad such need
vent his spite, that thus with
Charles the king
e day he openly began to
ay,
Orlando must we always then
bey ?

XII

A thousand times I've been
about to say,
rlando too presumptuously
goes on ;
ere are we, counts, kings,
dukes, to own thy sway,
amo, and Otho, Ogier, Solo-
mon,
ach have to honour thee and to
obey ;
ut he has too much credit near
the throne,
hich we won't suffer, but are
quite decided
y such a boy to be no longer
guided.

XIII

And even at Aspramont thou
didst begin
o let him know he was a gal-
lant knight,
nd by the fount did much the
day to win ;
ut I know *who* that day had
won the fight
it had not for good Gherardo
been :
he victory was Almonte's else ;
his sight
He kept upon the standard, and
the laurels
In fact and fairness are his
earning, Charles.

XIV

"If thou rememberest being in
Gascony,
When there advanced the nations
out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffer'd
shamefully,
Had not his valour driven them
back again.
Best speak the truth when
there's a reason why :
Know then, oh emperor ! that
all complain :
As for myself, I shall repass the
mounts
O'er which I cross'd with two
and sixty counts.

XV

"'Tis fit thy grandeur should
dispense relief,
So that each here may have his
proper part,
For the whole court is more or
less in grief :
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a
Mars in heart ?"
Orlando one day heard this
speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate
apart :
Displeased he was with Gan be-
cause he said it,
But much more still that Charles
should give him credit.

XVI

And with the sword he would
have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between
the pair,
And from his hand extracted
Durlindan,

And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief.

XVII

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;
But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX

Then full of wrath depart
from the place,
And far as pagan countri
roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still
every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd
the way;
And wandering on in error
long space,
An abbey which in a lone dese
lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distar
lands, he found,
Which form'd the Christian
and the pagan's bound.

XX

The abbot was call'd Clermon
and by blood,
Descended from Angrante: u
der cover
Of a great mountain's brow t
abbey stood,
But certain savage giants look
him over;
One Passamont was foremost
the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgan
hover
Second and third, with certa
slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place b
low.

XXI

The monks could pass the co
vent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for wat
or for wood;
Orlando knock'd, but no
would ope, before
Unto the prior it at lengt
seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he w
taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary
holiest blood,

d was baptized a Christian ;
nd then show'd
w to the abbey he had found
is road.

XXII

id the abbot, "You are wel-
ome ; what is mine
e give you freely, since that
you believe
th us in Mary Mother's Son
divine ;
nd that you may not, cavalier,
conceive
ne cause of our delay to let
you in
be rusticity, you shall re-
ceive
he reason why our gate was
barr'd to you :
us those who in suspicion live
must do.

XXIII

When hither to inhabit first
we came
hese mountains, albeit that
they are obscure,
s you perceive, yet without
fear or blame
hey seem'd to promise an
asylum sure :
rom savage brutes alone, too
fierce to tame,
was fit our quiet dwelling to
secure ;
ut now, if here we'd stay, we
needs must guard
gainst domestic beasts with
watch and ward.

XXIV

These make us stand, in fact,
upon the watch ;
or late there have appear'd
three giants rough ;
hat nation or what kingdom
bore the batch
know not, but they are all of
savage stuff ;
When force and malice with
some genius match,
You know, they can do all—*we*
are not enough :
And these so much our orisons
derange,
I know not what to do, till
matters change.

XXV

"Our ancient fathers living the
desert in,
For just and holy works were
duly fed ;
Think not they lived on locusts
sole, 'tis certain
That manna was rain'd down
from heaven instead ;
But here 'tis fit we keep on the
alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones
shower'd down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily
raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and
Alabaster.

XXVI

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest
by far ; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-
trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community
to bury ;
And all that I can do but more
provokes."
While thus they parley in the
cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic
strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell,
came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap
under cover.

XXVII

"For God-sake, cavalier, come
in with speed ;
The manna's falling now," the
abbot cried.

"This fellow does not wish my
horse should feed,
Dear abbot," Roland unto him
replied.
"Of restiveness he'd cure him
had he need;
That stone seems with good will
and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't
deceive;
They'll one day fling the moun-
tain, I believe."

XXVIII

Orlando bade them take care of
Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his
own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find
that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon
corner-stone."
Said the abbot, "Let not my
advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak
alone;
I would dissuade you, baron,
from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will
lose your life.

XXIX

"That Passamont has in his hand
three darts—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones,
that yield you must;
You know that giants have much
stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in propor-
tion just:
If go you will, guard well against
their arts.
For these are very barbarous and
robust."
Orlando answer'd, "This I'll see,
be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be
secure."

XXX

The abbot sign'd the great cross
on his front,
"Then go you with God's benison
and mine:"
Orlando, after he had scaled the
mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept
the line
Right to the usual haunt of
Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this
design,
Survey'd him fore and aft with
eyes observant,
Then ask'd him, "If he wish'd to
stay as servant?"

XXXI

And promised him an office of
great ease.
But, said Orlando, "Saracen
insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so
please
God, not to serve as footboy in
your train;
You with his monks so oft have
broke the peace—
Vile dog! 'tis past his patience
to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms,
quite furious,
When he received an answer so
injurious.

XXXII

And being return'd to where
Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the
spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurl'd a stone with
strength so rude,
As show'd a sample of his skill in
slinging;
It roll'd on Count Orlando's
helmet good
And head, and set both head and
helmet ringing,

- that he swooned with pain as
if he died,
it more than dead, he seem'd
so stupified.

XXXIII

hen Passamont, who thought
him slain outright,
aid, "I will go, and while he lies
along,
disarm me: why such craven
did I fight?"
ut Christ his servants ne'er
abandons long,
specially Orlando, such a
knight,
s to desert would almost be a
wrong.
While the giant goes to put off
his defences,
Orlando has recall'd his force
and senses:

XXXIV

And loud he shouted, "Giant,
where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for
the bier outlaid;
To the right about—without
wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance—currish
renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou
laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment be-
tray'd,
And turn'd about, and stopp'd
his journey on,
And then he stoop'd to pick up
a great stone.

XXXV

Orlando had Cortana bare in
hand;
To split the head in twain was
what he schemed:—
Cortana clave the skull like a
true brand,
And pagan Passamont died un-
redeem'd,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay
he bann'd,
And most devoutly Macon still
blasphemed;
But while his crude, rude blas-
phemies he heard,
Orlando thank'd the Father and
the Word,—

XXXVI

Saying, "What grace to me
thou 'st this day given!
And I to thee, oh Lord! am ever
bound.
I know my life was saved by
thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly
down'd.
All things by thee are measured
just and even;
Our power without thine aid
would nought be found:
I pray thee take heed of me, till
I can
At least return once more to
Carloman."

XXXVII

And having said thus much, he
went his way;
And Alabaster he found out
below,
Doing the very best that in him
lay
To root from out a bank a rock
or two,
Orlando, when he reach'd him,
loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton,
such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep
voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his
sling,

XXXVIII

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,
And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knock'd, and knock'd again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him;
And Mahomet he call'd; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

XLI

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

XLII

Morgante said, "Oh gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villany;
The favour of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

XLIII

The Saracen rejoin'd in humble tone,
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;

lence to thy God, who for ye
did atone
pon the cross, preferr'd I my
petition ;
is timely succour set me safe
and free,
nd I a Christian am disposed
to be."

XLIV

rlando answer'd, "Baron just
and pious,
f this good wish your heart can
really move
o the true God, who will not
then deny us
Eternal honour, you will go
above,
And, if you please, as friends
we will ally us,
And I will love you with a
perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of
fraud :
The only true God is the
Christian's God.

XLV

"The Lord descended to the
virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and
divine ;
If you acknowledge the Re-
deemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor
star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and
felon test,
Your renegado god, and worship
mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since
you repent."
To which Morgante answer'd,
"I'm content."

XLVI

And then Orlando to embrace
him flew,
And made much of his convert,
as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly
marshal you."
To whom Morgante, "Let us go,"
replied ;
"I to the friars have for peace
to sue."
Which thing Orlando heard with
inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout
and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish
you would :

XLVII

"Since God has granted your
illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his
own,
Humility should be your first
oblation."
Morgante said, "For goodness'
sake, make known—
Since that your God is to be
mine—your station,
And let your name in verity be
shown ;
Then will I everything at your
command do."
On which the other said, he was
Orlando.

XLVIII

"Then," quoth the giant,
"blessed be Jesu
A thousand times with gratitude
and praise !
Oft, perfect baron ! have I heard
of you
Through all the different periods
of my days :
And, as I said, to be your vassal
too
I wish, for your great gallantry
always."
Thus reasoning, they continued
much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went
their way.

XLIX

And by the way about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reason'd: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me,
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true Scripture soundeth openly,
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L

"Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion,—
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion,—
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall:
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

LIII

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
"Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obey'd—
Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV

"So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain

of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

LVII

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "Oh giant celebrated!
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,
And went for ever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents—thus writes the Evangelist—
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!"

LX

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

LXI

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obey'd
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head[1]
As floor'd him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

[1] "Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. "*A punch on the head*," or "*a punch* in *the head*,"—"un punzone in su la testa,"—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

LXV

The ton was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brush'd apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answer'd, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:—
Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answer'd, "So I will.

LXX

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;

Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answer'd, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

LXXIII

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answer'd, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;"
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;"—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

LXXV

He did; and stow'd him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
"Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI

he honours they continued to receive
erhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd :
e said, "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
he lost days of time past, which may be blamed ;
ome days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
ind father, but I really was ashamed,
nd know not how to show my sentiment,
o much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII

'But in my heart I bear through every clime
he abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
o much I love you in so short a time ;
or me, from heaven reward you with all good
he God so true, the eternal Lord sublime !
hose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
eantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
nd recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXXVIII

ow when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
is heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
uch fervour in his bosom bred each word ;
nd, "Cavalier," he said, "if I have less
ourteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
han fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case ;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX

" We can indeed but honour you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters) ;
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That whereso'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX

"This may involve a seeming contradiction ;
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste :
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI

" You saved at once our life and soul : such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host ;

And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost;
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth;

LXXXII

"But to bear arms, and wield the lance; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl;
In proof of which the Scripture you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion: now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll;
But, if I'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII

"If you want armour or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answered, "If there should lie loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, "Come in and see."

LXXXIV

And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wondered how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

LXXXV

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occurr'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his own heart, "Oh God, who in the sky
Know'st all things! how was Milo hither led?
Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory!

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.[1]

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

[1] Written in the summer of 1819, at Ravenna. It was dedicated to the Countess Guiccioli, who thus describes the origin of its composition:—"On my departure from Venice, Lord Byron had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine wood, the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came in the month of June, 1819, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini. Being deprived at this time of his books, his horses, and all that occupied him at Venice, I begged him to gratify me by writing something on the subject of Dante; and, with his usual facility and rapidity he composed his Prophecy." *

DEDICATION

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

Ravenna, June 21, 1819.

PREFACE

In the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that, having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile,—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

"On this hint I spake," and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem in various other cantos to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the Divina Commedia and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the Cassandra of Lycophron, and the prophecy of Nereus by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to Caliph Vathek; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length as those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of Childe Harold translated into Italian versi sciolti,—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great "Padre Alighier," I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the Inferno, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation—their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

CANTO THE FIRST

NCE more in man's frail world! which I had left
long that 'twas forgotten; and I feel
he weight of clay again,—too soon bereft
f the immortal vision which could heal
y earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
ift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
'ure from the fire to join the angelic race;
Midst whom my own bright Beatricē bless'd [1]
My spirit with her light; and to the base
Of the eternal Triad! first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God!
Soul universal! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
Oh Beatricē! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete.[2]
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught;
For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd,
And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
In vain, and never more, save when the cloud

[1] The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

[2] "Che sol per le belle opre
Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l'altre stelle
Dentro di lui, *si crede il Paradiso*,
Così se guardi fiso
Pensar ben dèi ch' ogni terren' piacere."
Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe third.

Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil, they have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh ; I am old in days,
And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways.
The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.
I would have had my Florence great and free :[1]
Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over, "but thou wouldst not ;" as the bird
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
My voice ; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer[2]
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
But this shall not be granted ; let my dust
Lie where it falls ; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust

[1] "L'Esilio che m' è dato onor mi tegno
* * * * *
Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno."—*Sonnet of Dante*,
in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

[2] "Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*" Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence.

e forth to breathe elsewhere,
so reassume
y indignant bones, because
her angry gust
orsooth is over, and repeal'd
her doom;
o,—she denied me what was
mine—my roof,
id shall not have what is not
hers—my tomb.
no long her armed wrath hath
kept aloof
ne breast which would have
bled for her, the heart
hat beat, the mind that was
temptation proof,
he man who fought, toil'd,
travell'd, and each part
f a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
or his reward the Guelf's
ascendant art
ass his destruction even into a
law.
hese things are not made for
forgetfulness,
lorence shall be forgotten first;
too raw
he wound, too deep the wrong,
and the distress
f such endurance too prolong'd
to make
ly pardon greater, her injustice
less,
hough late repented; yet—
yet for her sake
feel some fonder yearnings,
and for thine,
ly own Beatricē, I would hardly
take
engeance upon the land which
once was mine,
nd still is hallow'd by thy
dust's return,
hich would protect the mur-
deress like a shrine,
nd save ten thousand foes by
thy sole urn.
hough, like old Marius from
Minturnæ's marsh
And Carthage ruins, my lone
breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot
and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs
of a vile foe
Writhe in a dream before me,
and o'erarch
My brow with hopes of triumph,
—let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of
those
Who long have suffer'd more
than mortal woe,
And yet being mortal still, have
no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge
—Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood,
and waking glows
With the oft-baffled, slakeless
thirst of change,
When we shall mount again,
and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death
and Até range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd
necks——Great God!
Take these thoughts from me
—to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine
almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote
me—be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and
in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the
tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne
in vain
For Florence.—I appeal from her
to Thee!
Thee, whom I late saw in thy
loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision,
which to see
And live was never granted
until now,

And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate Despair
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,[1]
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see

[1] This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelf families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being "*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjuge scriptum esse legimus*," according to Giannozzo Manetti.

nd feel, and know without
repair, hath taught
bitter lesson; but it leaves
me free:
have not vilely found, nor
basely sought,
hey made an Exile—not a
slave of me.

CANTO THE SECOND

HE Spirit of the fervent days
of Old,
When words were things that
came to pass, and thought
lash'd o'er the future, bidding
men behold
heir children's children's doom
already brought
orth from the abyss of time
which is to be,
he chaos of events, where lie
half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo
mortality;
What the great Seers of Israel
wore within,
hat spirit was on them, and is
on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst
the din
Of conflict none will hear, or
hearing heed
his voice from out the Wilder-
ness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings
be my meed,
he only guerdon I have ever
known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast
thou still to bleed,
talia? Ah! to me such things,
foreshown
With dim sepulchral light, bid
me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my
own;
We can have but one country,
and even yet
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall
be within thy breast,
My soul within thy language,
which once set
With our old Roman sway in
the wide West;
But I will make another tongue
arise
As lofty and more sweet, in
which express'd
The hero's ardour, or the lover's
sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for
every theme
That every word, as brilliant as
thy skies,
Shall realise a poet's proudest
dream,
And make thee Europe's night-
ingale of song;
So that all present speech to
thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and
every tongue
Confess its barbarism when
compared with thine.
This shalt thou owe to him thou
didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd
Ghibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming
centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years which
yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere
winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen un-
dulation,
Float from eternity into these
eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds
still keep their station,
The unborn earthquake yet is
in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects
creation,
But all things are disposing for
thy doom;

The elements await but for the word,
"Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,
Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,
Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home: thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
And finds her prior vision but portray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thou—Thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,
With Ugolino hunger prowl for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;[1]

[1] See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is

:e chiefless army of the dead
which late
neath the traitor Prince's
banner met,
ath left its leader's ashes at
the gate;
ad but the royal Rebel lived,
perchance
iou hadst been spared, but this
involved thy fate.
h! Rome, the spoiler or the
spoil of France,
rom Brennus to the Bourbon,
never, never
hall foreign standard to thy
walls advance
ut Tiber shall become a mourn-
ful river.
)h! when the strangers pass
the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods
whelm them, and for ever!
Vhy sleep the idle avalanches
so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's
head?
Vhy doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvests from his
turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde
a nobler prey?
Over Cambyses' host the desert
spread
Her sandy ocean, and the sea
waves' sway
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his
thousands,—why,
Mountains and waters, do ye
not as they?
And you, ye men! Romans,
who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who
overthrew
Those who overthrew proud
Xerxes, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb Oblivion
never knew,

nother written by a Jacopo *Buona-*
parte.

Are the Alps weaker than
Thermopylæ?
Their passes more alluring to
the view
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
That to each host the mountain-
gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace,
the passage free?
Why, Nature's self detains the
victor's car,
And makes your land impreg-
nable, if earth
Could be so; but alone she will
not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of
his birth
In a soil where the mothers bring
forth men:
Not so with those whose souls
are little worth;
For them no fortress can avail,
—the den
Of the poor reptile which pre-
serves its sting
Is more secure than walls of
adamant, when
The hearts of those within are
quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the
Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and
arms, and hosts to bring
Against Oppression; but how
vain the toil,
While still Division sows the
seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger
reaps the spoil.
Oh! my own beautous land! so
long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own
children's hopes,
When there is but required a
single blow
To break the chain, yet—yet the
Avenger stops,
And Doubt and Discord step
'twixt thine and thee,

And join their strength to that which with thee copes ;
What is there wanting then to set thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light ?
To make the Alps impassable ; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed——Unite.

CANTO THE THIRD

From out the mass of never-dying ill,
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the Sword,
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye : the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth ;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth,
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore :
Like to a harpstring stricken by the wind,
The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country ! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future ; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee forgive !
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire ;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *no* to survive ;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break :
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
The sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
A softer glimpse ; some stars shine through thy night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight ;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
To give thee honour, and the earth delight ;

ry soil shall still be pregnant
with the wise,
e gay, the learn'd, the gener-
ous, and the brave,
tive to thee as summer to thy
kies.
nquerors on foreign shores,
nd the far wave,[1]
scoverers of new worlds, which
ake their name ;[2]
r *thee* alone they have no arm
o save,
d all thy recompense is in
heir fame,
noble one to them, but not to
thee—
all they be glorious, and thou
still the same ?
! more than these illustrious
far shall be
e being—and even yet he may
be born—
he mortal saviour who shall
set thee free,
nd see thy diadem so changed
and worn
y fresh barbarians, on thy brow
replaced ;
nd the sweet sun replenishing
thy morn,
hy moral morn, too long with
clouds defaced
nd noxious vapours from
Avernus risen,
ich as all they must breathe
who are debased
y servitude, and have the mind
in prison.
et through this centuried
eclipse of woe
me voices shall be heard, and
earth shall listen ;
ets shall follow in the path I
show,

And make it broader ; the same
brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song
shall bid them glow,
And raise their notes as natural
and high ;
Tuneful shall be their numbers ;
they shall sing
Many of love, and some of
liberty,
But few shall soar upon that
eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with
eagle's gaze,
All free and fearless as the
feather'd king,
But fly more near the earth ; how
many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on
some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise !
And language, eloquently false,
evince
The harlotry of genius, which,
like beauty,
Too often forgets its own self-
reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a
duty.
He who once enters in a tyrant's
hall[3]
As guest is slave, his thoughts
become a booty,
And the first day which sees the
chain enthral
A captive, sees his half of man-
hood gone—[4]
The soul's emasculation saddens
all
His spirit ; thus the Bard too
near the throne
Quails from his inspiration,
bound to *please*,—

[1] Alexander of Parma, Spinola,
scara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecucco.
[2] Columbus, Americus Vespasius,
bastian Cabot.

[3] A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.
[4] The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

How servile is the task to please alone!
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force, or forge fit argument of song!
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to Flattery's trebles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong:
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.
But out of the long file of sonneteers
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,[1]
And love shall be his torment; but his grief
Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the Chief
Of Poet-lovers, and his higher song
Of Freedom wreathe him with as green a leaf.
But in a farther age shall rise along
The banks of Po two greater still than he;
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
Till they are ashes, and repose with me.
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,

[1] Petrarch.

And fill the earth with feasts of chivalry:
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,
Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire:
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
And Art itself seem into Nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream.—
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem;
He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood
Shed where Christ bled for man; and his high harp
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
The red-cross banners where the first red Cross
Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name,
And call captivity a kindness, meant

shield him from insanity or
shame,
ch shall be his meet guerdon!
who was sent
o be Christ's Laureate—they
reward him well!
'orence dooms me but death or
banishment,
errara him a pittance and a
cell,
arder to bear and less de-
served, for I
ad stung the factions which I
strove to quell;
ut this meek man, who with a
lover's eye
Vill look on earth and heaven,
and who will deign
'o embalm with his celestial
flattery
s poor a thing as e'er was
spawn'd to reign,
What will *he* do to merit such
a doom?
'erhaps he'll *love*,—and is not
love in vain
'orture enough without a living
tomb?
'et it will be so—he and his
compeer,
'he Bard of Chivalry, will both
consume
n penury and pain too many
a year,
nd, dying in despondency,
bequeath
'o the kind world, which scarce
will yield a tear
heritage enriching all who
breathe
Vith the wealth of a genuine
poet's soul,
nd to their country a re-
doubled wreath
Jnmatch'd by time; nor Hellas
can unroll
'hrough her olympiads two
such names, though one
Of hers be mighty;—and is this
the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath
the sun?
Must all the finer thoughts, the
thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which
their arteries run,
Their body's self turn'd soul
with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and
fancy of
That which should be, to such a
recompense
Conduct? shall their bright
plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes,
and it must be,
For, form'd of far too penetrable
stuff,
These birds of Paradise but long
to flee
Back to their native mansion,
soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure
pinions not agree,
And die or are degraded, for the
mind
Succumbs to long infection, and
despair,
And vulture passions flying
close behind,
Await the moment to assail and
tear;
And when at length the winged
wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey-bird's triumph,
then they share
The spoil, o'erpower'd at length
by one fell swoop.
Yet some have been untouch'd
who learn'd to bear,
Some whom no power could ever
force to droop,
Who could resist themselves
even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but
some such have been,

And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unbless'd;
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO THE FOURTH

MANY are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an eternal life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?
So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated: and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril and dejected

...ints o'er the labour unap-
proved—Alas!
...spair and Genius are too oft
connected.
...ithin the ages which before
me pass
...t shall resume and equal even
the sway
...hich with Apelles and old
Phidias
...e held in Hellas' unforgotten
day.
e shall be taught by Ruin to
revive
...he Grecian forms at least from
their decay,
...nd Roman souls at last again
shall live
...n Roman works wrought by
Italian hands,
...nd temples, loftier than the
old temples, give
New wonders to the world; and
while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into
heaven shall soar
A dome,[1] its image, while the
base expands
Into a fane surpassing all
before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to
kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded
by a door
As this, to which all nations
shall repair,
And lay their sins at this huge
gate of heaven.
And the bold Architect unto
whose care
The daring charge to raise it
shall be given,
Whom all arts shall acknow-
ledge as their lord,
Whether into the marble chaos
driven
His chisel bid the Hebrew,[2] at
whose word
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves
in stone,
Or hues of Hell be by his pencil
pour'd

[1] The cupola of St. Peter's.

[2] The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
Siede gigante; e le più illustre, e conte
Opre dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e
pronte
Le labbra sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in
fronte,
Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea del
monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba
altrui.
E voi su turbe un rio vitello alzaste?
Alzata aveste imago a questa eguale!
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

"And who is he that, shaped in
sculptured stone,
Sits giant-like? stern monument of art
Unparallel'd, while language seems to
start
From his prompt lips, and we his pre-
cepts own?
—'Tis Moses; by his beard's thick
honours known,
And the twin beams that from his
temples dart;
'Tis Moses; seated on the mount apart,
Whilst yet the Godhead o'er his
features shone.
Such once he look'd, when ocean's
sounding wave
Suspended hung, and such amidst the
storm,
When o'er his foes the refluent waters
roar'd.
An idol calf his followers did engrave;
But had they raised this awe-command-
ing form,
Then had they with less guilt their
work adored." ROGERS.

Over the damn'd before the Judgment throne,[1]
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,[2]
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms.
Calamity the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,
Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvas or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pontiffs proud,[3] who but employ
The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, they whom the nations oftest name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain,
Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?

[1] The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.

[2] I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where,) that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the Divina Commedia; but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.

[3] See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X.

- if their destiny be born aloof
om lowliness, or tempted
thence in vain,
their own souls sustain a
harder proof,
he inner war of passions deep
and fierce?
lorence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
oved thee; but the vengeance
of my verse,
he hate of injuries which every
year
akes greater, and accumulates
my curse,
hall live, outliving all thou
holdest dear,
hy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
he most infernal of all evils
here,
he sway of petty tyrants in a
state;
or such sway is not limited to
kings,
nd demagogues yield to them
but in date
s swept off sooner; in all
deadly things
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
n discord, cowardice, cruelty,
all that springs
rom Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
n rank oppression in its rudest
shape,
he faction Chief is but the
Sultan's brother,
nd the worst despot's far less
human ape:
lorence! when this lone spirit,
which so long
earn'd, as the captive toiling
at escape,
o fly back to thee in despite of
wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where—whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,
His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—Alas!
"What have I done to thee, my people?" Stern
Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
The limits of man's common malice, for
All that a citizen could be I was;
Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
And for this thou hast warr'd with me.—'Tis done:
I may not overleap the eternal bar
Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding with the dark eye of a seer
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear.
As in the old time, till the hour be come
When Truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
And make them own the Prophet in his tomb.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

PREFACE

It hath been wisely said, that "one fool makes many"; and it hath been poetically observed,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Pope.*

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists any where, excepting in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him;* for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler"?

2ndly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3rdly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegado"?

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-Jacobin" by his present patrons. Hence all this "skimble-

scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"*qualis ab incepto.*"

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them, than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgments in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P.S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, Swift's Tale of a Tub, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c., may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

*** Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the meantime have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate Jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen

Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called Gebir." Who could suppose, that in this same "Gebir" the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign :—

Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung!
He too amongst my ancestors? I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman?"

"Alas, O king!
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."

"He was a warrior, then, nor fear'd the gods?"

"Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face adored;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored."—*Gebir*, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

I

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks;
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,

Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

VI

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel:
Though he himself had sharpened every sword
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't:
'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,
"With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII

In the first year of freedom's second dawn [1]
Died George the Third;[2] although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth:
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion.
For these things may be bought at their true worth;
Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,

[1] [George III. died the 29th of January, 1820,—a year in which the revolutionary spirit broke out all over the south of Europe.*]

[2] [Here perhaps the reader will thank us for transcribing a few of Mr. Southey's hexameters:—

"Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
Mountain, and lake, and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure:
Thus as I stood, the bell, which awhile from its warning had rested,
Sent forth its note again, TOLL! TOLL! through the silence of evening."]

no cared about the corpse? The funeral
de the attraction, and the black the woe.
ere throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;
id when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
ie rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI

, mix his body with the dust! It might
eturn to what it *must* far sooner, were
he natural compound left alone to fight
ts way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay—
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done;
He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will;
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV

I know this is unpopular; I know
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish

As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.

XVI

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:
"Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!"
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes:
To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the matter?
"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is dead."
"And who *is* George the Third?" replied the apostle:
"*What George? what Third?*" "The king of England," said
The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX

"He was, if I remember, king of France;
That head of his, which could not keep a crown
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
If I had had my sword, as I had once
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX

"And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul—the parvenù! The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell:

...e fellow-feeling in the saint's
... beholders
...ems to have acted on them
... like a spell;
...nd so this very foolish head
... heaven solders
...ack on its trunk: it may be
... very well,
...nd seems the custom here to
... overthrow
...Whatever has been wisely done
... below."

XXII

...he angel answered, "Peter! do
... not pout:
...he king who comes has head
... and all entire,
...And never knew much what it
... was about—
...He did as doth the puppet—by
... its wire,
And will be judged like all the
... rest, no doubt:
My business and your own is not
... to enquire
Into such matters, but to mind
... our cue—
Which is to act as we are bid to
... do."

XXIII

While thus they spake, the
... angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty
... wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as
... doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges,
... Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed), and
... 'midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both ex-
... tremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in
... his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on
... a cloud.

XXIV

But bringing up the rear of this
... bright host
A Spirit of a different aspect
... waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds
... above some coast
Whose barren beach with fre-
... quent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep when
... tempest-toss'd;
Fierce and unfathomable
... thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal
... face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom per-
... vaded space.

XXV

As he drew near, he gazed upon
... the gate
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him
... or sin,
With such a glance of super-
... natural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish him-
... self within;
He patter'd with his keys at a
... great rate,
And sweated through his apos-
... tolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was
... but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual
... liquor.

XXVI

The very cherubs huddled all
... together,
Like birds when soars the
... falcon; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every
... feather,
And form'd a circle like Orion's
... belt
Around their poor old charge;
... who scarce knew whither
His guards had led him, though
... they gently dealt

With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

XXVII

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space an universal hue
Of many colour'd flame, until its tinges
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new
Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."

XXVIII

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
With earthly likenesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
There also are some altar-pieces, though
I really can't say that they much evince
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom all glory
And good arise; the portal past —he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary—
(I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter).

XXXI

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
Of essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
Intrude, however glorified and high;
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—
They knew each other both for good and ill;

ch was their power, that
neither could forget
s former friend and future
foe ; but still
ere was a high, immortal,
proud regret
either's eye, as if 'twere less
their will
han destiny to make the eter-
nal years
heir date of war, and their
"champ clos" the spheres.

XXXIII

ut here they were in neutral
space : we know
rom Job, that Satan hath the
power to pay
heavenly visit thrice a year
or so ;
nd that "the sons of God,"
like those of clay,
Must keep him company ; and
we might show
From the same book, in how
polite a way
The dialogue is held between
the Powers
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould
take up hours.

XXXIV

And this is not a theologic
tract,
To prove with Hebrew and with
Arabic,
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative ; and thus
I pick
From out the whole but such
and such an act
As sets aside the slightest
thought of trick.
'Tis every tittle true, beyond
suspicion,
And accurate as any other
vision.

XXXV

The spirits were in neutral
space, before
The gate of heaven ; like eastern
thresholds is
The place where Death's grand
cause is argued o'er,
And souls despatch'd to that
world or to this ;
And therefore Michael and the
other wore
A civil aspect : though they did
not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness
and his Brightness
There pass'd a mutual glance of
great politeness.

XXXVI

The Archangel bow'd, not like a
modern beau,
But with a graceful oriental
bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just
where below
The heart in good men is sup-
posed to tend.
He turn'd as to an equal, not
too low,
But kindly ; Satan met his
ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might
an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom
rich civilian.

XXXVII

He merely bent his diabolic
brow
An instant ; and then raising
it, he stood
In act to assert his right or
wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no
means could or should
Make out a case to be exempt
from woe
Eternal, more than other kings,
endued

With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions." [1]

XXXVIII

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
If it be just: if in this earthly span
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,
And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here,
Before the Gate of him thou servest, must
I claim my subject: and will make appear
That as he was my worshipper in dust,
So shall he be in spirit, although dear
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

[1] ["No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson: he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, 'Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.'"—CROKER'S *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 235.]

XL

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine;* it was,
Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not
In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
In worship round him, he may have forgot
Yon weak creation of such paltry things:
I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

XLI

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord; and even had
I such an inclination, 'twere (as you
Well know) superfluous: they are grown so bad,
That hell has nothing better left to do
Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
And evil by their own internal curse,
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain
Of ocean call'd him king; through many a storm

s isles had floated on the
abyss of time;
r the rough virtues chose
hem for their clime.

XLIII

He came to his sceptre young;
he leaves it old:
ook to the state in which he
found his realm,
nd left it; and his annals too
behold,
ow to a minion first he gave
the helm;
ow grew upon his heart a
thirst for gold,
he beggar's vice, which can
but overwhelm
he meanest hearts; and for
the rest, but glance
hine eye along America and
France.

XLIV

'Tis true, he was a tool from
first to last
I have the workmen safe); but
as a tool
o let him be consumed. From
out the past
f ages, since mankind have
known the rule
f monarchs—from the bloody
rolls amass'd
f sin and slaughter—from the
Cæsars' school,
ake the worst pupil; and pro-
duce a reign
lore drench'd with gore, more
cumber'd with the slain.

XLV

He ever warr'd with freedom
and the free:
Nations as men, home subjects,
foreign foes,
o that they utter'd the word
'Liberty!'
ound George the Third their
first opponent. Whose
History was ever stain'd as his
will be
With national and individual
woes?
I grant his household abstin-
ence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most
monarchs want;

XLVI

"I know he was a constant
consort; own
He was a decent sire, and
middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon
a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius'
board,
Is more than at an anchorite's
supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can
accord;
And this was well for him, but
not for those
Millions who found him what
oppression chose.

XLVII

"The New World shook him off;
the Old yet groans
Beneath what he and his pre-
pared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on
many thrones
To all his vices, without what
begot
Compassion for him—his tame
virtues; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have
now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught
them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but
let them quake!

XLVIII

"Five millions of the primitive,
who hold
The faith which makes ye great
on earth, implored

A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—
Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
The foe to catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX

"True! he allow'd them to pray God; but as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same base
With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
The wrongs he made your satellites endure;
And if to this exchange you should be given,
I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven."

LI

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!
Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level:
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If you please,
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination

r business carries them in
search of game,
hey may range freely—being
damn'd the same.

LIV

hey are proud of this—as very
well they may,
t being a sort of knighthood, or
gilt key
tuck in their loins; or like to
an "entré"
Up the back stairs, or such free-
masonry.
I borrow my comparisons from
clay,
Being clay myself. Let not
those spirits be
Offended with such base low
likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler
far than these.

LV

When the great signal ran from
heaven to hell—
About ten million times the
distance reckon'd
From our sun to its earth, as we
can tell
How much time it takes up,
even to a second,
For every ray that travels to
dispel
The fogs of London, through
which, dimly beacon'd,
The weathercocks are gilt some
thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too
severe:—

LVI

I say that I can tell—'twas half
a minute:
I know the solar beams take up
more time
Ere, pack'd up for their journey,
they begin it;
But then their telegraph is less
sublime,
And if they ran a race, they
would not win it
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound
for their own clime.
The sun takes up some years for
every ray
To reach its goal—the devil not
half a day.

LVII

Upon the verge of space, about
the size
Of half-a-crown, a little speck
appear'd
(I've seen a something like it in
the skies
In the Ægean, ere a squall); it
near'd,
And, growing bigger, took
another guise;
Like an aërial ship it tack'd,
and steer'd,
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of
the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes
the stanza stammer;—

LVIII

But take your choice); and then
it grew a cloud;
And so it was—a cloud of wit-
nesses.
But such a cloud! No land e'er
saw a crowd
Of locusts numerous as the
heavens saw these;
They shadow'd with their
myriads space; their loud
And varied cries were like those
of wild geese
(If nations may be liken'd to a
goose),
And realised the phrase of "hell
broke loose."

LIX

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of
stout John Bull,
Who damn'd away his eyes as
heretofore:

There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"—"What's your wull?"
The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore
In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war,
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
"*Our* president is going to war, I guess."

LX

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
In short, an universal shoal of shades,
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summon'd by this grand "subpœna," to
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why—
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political*, and I
Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you: and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean,
True testimonies are enough: we lose
Our time, nay, our eternity, between
The accusation and defence: if we
Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality."

LXIV

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
I can have fifty better souls than this
With far less trouble than we have gone through
Already; and I merely argued his
Late majesty of Britain's case with you

pon a point of form: you may
dispose
f him; I've kings enough
below, God knows!"

LXV

hus spoke the Demon (late
call'd "multifaced"
y multo-scribbling Southey).
"Then we'll call
ne or two persons of the
myriads placed
round our congress, and dis-
pense with all
he rest," quoth Michael: "Who
may be so graced
s to speak first? there's choice
enough—who shall
t be?" Then Satan answer'd,
"There are many;
But you may choose Jack Wilkes
as well as any."

LXVI

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-
looking sprite
Upon the instant started from
the throng,
Dress'd in a fashion now for-
gotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh
stick long
By people in the next world;
where unite
All the costumes since Adam's,
right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the
petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less
remote.

LXVII

The spirit look'd around upon
the crowds
Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My
friends of all
The spheres, we shall catch cold
amongst these clouds;
So let's to business: why this
general call?
If those are freeholders I see in
shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they
bawl,
Behold a candidate with un-
turn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon
your vote?"

LXVIII

"Sir," replied Michael, "you
mistake; these things
Are of a former life, and what
we do
Above is more august; to judge
of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you
know."
"Then I presume those gentle-
men with wings,"
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and
that soul below
Looks much like George the
Third, but to my mind
A good deal older—Bless me!
is he blind?"

LXIX

"He is what you behold him,
and his doom
Depends upon his deeds," the
Angel said.
"If you have aught to arraign
in him, the tomb
Gives license to the humblest
beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest."
—"Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see
them laid in lead,
For such a liberty—and I, for
one,
Have told them what I thought
beneath the sun."

LXX

"*Above* the sun repeat, then,
what thou hast
To urge against him," said the
Archangel. "Why,"

Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
But then I blame the man himself much less
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
To see him punish'd here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,
And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

LXXII

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this;
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your labour,
For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII

"However, I know what to think of it,
When I beheld you in your jesting way
Flitting and whispering round about the spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
I'll have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,
And at the name there was a general squeeze,
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
In comfort, at their own aërial ease,
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,
Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV

The shadow came—a tall, thin, gray-hair'd figure,
That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:
Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;

ut as you gazed upon its
features, they
anged every instant—to *what*,
none could say.

LXXVI

he more intently the ghosts
gazed, the less
ould they distinguish whose
the features were;
e Devil himself seem'd puzzled
even to guess;
ney varied like a dream—now
here, now there;
nd several people swore from
out the press,
ney knew him perfectly; and
one could swear
e was his father: upon which
another
as sure he was his mother's
cousin's brother:

LXXVII

nother, that he was a duke, or
knight,
n orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
nabob, a man-midwife; but
the wight
ysterious changed his count-
enance at least
s oft as they their minds:
though in full sight
e stood, the puzzle only was
increased;
he man was a phantasmagoria
in
imself—he was so volatile and
thin.

LXXVIII

he moment that you had pro-
nounced him *one*,
resto! his face changed, and
he was another;
nd when that change was
hardly well put on,
varied, till I don't think his
own mother
(If that he had a mother) would
her son
Have known, he shifted so from
one to t'other;
Till guessing from a pleasure
grew a task,
At this epistolary "Iron Mask."

LXXIX

For sometimes he like Cerberus
would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once" (as
sagely says
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you
might deem
That he was not even *one*; now
many rays
Were flashing round him; and
now a thick steam
Hid him from sight—like fogs
on London days:
Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew
to people's fancies,
And certes often like Sir Philip
Francis.

LXXX

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite
my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the
throne,
And injuring some minister or
peer,
On whom the stigma might
perhaps be blown:
It is—my gentle public, lend
thine ear!
'Tis, that what Junius we are
wont to call
Was *really*, *truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI

I don't see wherefore letters
should not be
Written without hands, since we
daily view
Them written without heads;
and books, we see,
Are fill'd as well without the
latter too:

And really till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
"For *that* you may consult my title-page,"
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
"If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou upbraid,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!"
So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in celestial smoke.
Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget
To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
And Franklin;"—but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a ghost?"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII

The former is the devil's scripture, and
he latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
elongs to all of us, you understand.
snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
nd brought him off for sentence out of hand:
've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
t least a quarter it can hardly be:
dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:
But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"
"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say;
You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way,
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere best—
Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."

XCII

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation

Of ghosts had heard too much
in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new
occasion;
The monarch, mute till then,
exclaim'd, "What! what!
Pye come again? No more—
no more of that!"

XCIII

The tumult grew; an universal
cough
Convulsed the skies, as during
a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up
long enough
(Before he was first minister of
state,
I mean—the *slaves hear now*);
some cried "Off, off!"
As at a farce; till, grown quite
desperate,
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to
interpose
(Himself an author) only for his
prose.

XCIV

The varlet was not an ill-
favour'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in
the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's
eye, which gave
A smart and sharper-looking
sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which,
though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his
case;
But that indeed was hopeless as
can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

XCV

Then Michael blew his trump,
and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet
the mode
On earth besides; except some
grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make
a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will
twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly
overcrow'd;
And now the bard could plead
his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-
applause.

XCVI

He said—(I only give the heads)
—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling;
'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides,
his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides;
'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was
pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time
than a day,
To name his works—he would
but cite a few—
"Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on
Blenheim"—"Waterloo."

XCVII

He had written praises of a
regicide;
He had written praises of all
kings whatever;
He had written for republics
far and wide,
And then against them bitterer
than ever:
For pantisocracy he once had
cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than
'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-
Jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would
have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII

· had sung against all battles,
·nd again
their high praise and glory;
·e had call'd
·viewing "the ungentle craft,"
· and then
·come as base a critic as e'er
crawl'd—
·d, paid, and pamper'd by the
very men
·y whom his muse and morals
had been maul'd:
·e had written much blank
verse, and blanker prose,
·nd more of both than any-
body knows.

XCIX

·e had written Wesley's life:
—here turning round
·o Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to
write yours,
·n two octavo volumes, nicely
bound,
·Vith notes and preface, all that
most allures
·he pious purchaser; and there's
no ground
·or fear, for I can choose my
own reviewers:
·o let me have the proper
documents,
·hat I may add you to my
other saints."

C

·atan bow'd, and was silent.
"Well, if you,
·Vith amiable modesty, decline
·y offer, what says Michael?
There are few
·Vhose memoirs could be ren-
der'd more divine.
·Iine is a pen of all work; not
so new
·s it was once, but I would
make you shine
Like your own trumpet. By
the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is
as well blown.

CI

"But talking about trumpets,
here's my Vision!
Now you shall judge, all people;
yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment, and
by my decision
Be guided who shall enter
heaven or fall.
I settle all these things by in-
tuition,
Times present, past, to come,
heaven, hell, and all,
Like King Alfonso.[1] When I
thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of
trouble."

CII

He ceased, and drew forth an
MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils,
or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the
torrent; so
He read the first three lines of
the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole
spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of
scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as
they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his
"melodious twang."[2]

[1] Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolemean system, said, that "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

[2] See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared "with a curious perfume and a *most melodious twang;*" or see the "Antiquary," vol. i, p. 225.

CIII

Those grand heroics acted as a spell;
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions);
Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down;
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown;
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,[1]
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,"
As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd precisian."

CVI

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown;
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

[1] A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

THE AGE OF BRONZE

OR

CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.[1]

"Impar *Congressus* Achilli."

[1] Written at Genoa, in the early part of the year 1823.*

THE AGE OF BRONZE

I

E "good old times"—all times
when old are good—
e gone ; the present might be
f they would ;
eat things have been, and
are, and greater still
ant little of mere mortals but
their will :
wider space, a greener field,
is given
: those who play their "tricks
before high heaven."
know not if the angels weep,
but men
ave wept enough—for what?
—to weep again!

II

ll is exploded—be it good or
bad.
eader! remember when thou
wert a lad,
hen Pitt was all ; or, if not all,
so much,
Iis very rival almost deem'd
him such.
Ve, we have seen the intellectual
race
f giants stand, like Titans,
face to face—
thos and Ida, with a dashing
sea
f eloquence between, which
flow'd all free,
s the deep billows of the
Ægean roar
Setwixt the Hellenic and the
Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals!
—a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each
winding sheet.[1]
How peaceful and how powerful
is the grave
Which hushes all! a calm, un-
stormy wave
Which oversweeps the world.
The theme is old
Of "dust to dust ;" but half its
tale untold :
Time tempers not its terrors—
still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb
preserves its form,
Varied above, but still alike
below ;
The urn may shine, the ashes
will not glow,
Though Cleopatra's mummy
cross the sea
O'er which from empire she
lured Anthony ;
Though Alexander's urn a show
be grown
On shores he wept to conquer,
though unknown—
How vain, how worse than vain,
at length appear
The madman's wish, the Mace-
donian's tear!
He wept for worlds to conquer—
half the earth
Knows not his name, or but his
death, and birth,
And desolation ; while his native
Greece
Hath all of desolation, save its
peace.

1 The grave of Mr. Fox, in West-
minster Abbey, is within eighteen
inches of that of Mr. Pitt.

He "wept for worlds to conquer!" he who ne'er
Conceived the globe, he panted not to spare!
With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.[1]

III

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,[2]
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,[3]
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;

Smile to survey the queller o
the nations
Now daily squabbling o'er dis
puted rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning
as he dines,
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'e
stinted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon pett
things.
Is this the man who scourged o
feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which hi
fortune hangs,
A surgeon's[4] statement, and a
earl's[5] harangues!
A bust delay'd,[6] a book refused
can shake
The sleep of him who kept th
world awake.
Is this indeed the tamer of th
great,
Now slave of all could tease o
irritate—
The paltry gaoler[7] and th
prying spy,
The staring stranger with hi
note-book nigh?[8]
Plunged in a dungeon, he ha
still been great;
How low, how little was thi
middle state,
Between a prison and a palace
where
How few could feel for what h
had to bear!
Vain his complaint,—my lor
presents his bill,
His food and wine were dole
out duly still:
Vain was his sickness, never wa
a clime

[1] A sarcophagus, of breccia, supposed to have contained the dust of Alexander, which came into the possession of the English Army, in consequence of the capitulation of Alexandria, in February, 1802, was presented by George III. to the British Museum.*

[2] Sesostris is said, by Diodorus, to have had his chariot drawn by eight vanquished sovereigns.*

[3] St. Helena.*

[4] Mr. Barry O'Meara.
[5] Earl Bathurst.
[6] The bust of his son.
[7] Sir Hudson Lowe.
[8] See Captain Basil Hall's accoun
of his interview in his "Voyage t
Loo-choo."*

free from homicide — to
oubt's a crime;
d the stiff surgeon, who main-
ain'd his cause,
th lost his place, and gain'd
he world's applause.[1]
t smile—though all the pangs
f brain and heart
sdain, defy, the tardy aid of
rt;
ough, save the few fond
riends and imaged face
that fair boy his sire shall
ne'er embrace,
one stand by his low bed—
though even the mind
wavering, which long awed
and awes mankind:
nile—for the fetter'd eagle
breaks his chain,
nd higher worlds than this are
his again.

IV

low, if that soaring spirit still
retain
conscious twilight of his blaz-
ing reign,
low must he smile, on looking
down, to see
he little that he was and sought
to be!
What though his name a wider
empire found
han his ambition, though with
scarce a bound;
hough first in glory, deepest in
reverse,
le tasted empire's blessings and
its curse;
hough kings, rejoicing in their
late escape
rom chains, would gladly be
their tyrant's ape;

How must he smile, and turn to
yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'er-
tops the wave!
What though his gaoler, duteous
to the last,
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead
could keep him fast,
Refusing one poor line along the
lid,
To date the birth and death of
all it hid;
That name shall hallow the
ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who
bore:
The fleets that sweep before the
eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it
from the mast;
When Victory's Gallic column
shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a
desert's skies,
The rocky isle that holds or held
his dust
Shall crown the Atlantic like the
hero's bust,
And mighty nature o'er his
obsequies
Do more than niggard envy still
denies.
But what are these to him? Can
glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit or the
fetter'd dust?
Small care hath he of what his
tomb consists;
Nought if he sleeps—nor more
if he exists:
Alike the better-seeing shade
will smile
On the rude cavern of the rocky
isle,
As if his ashes found their latest
home
In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's
mimic dome.

[1] The circumstances under which
O'Meara's dismissal from the service
ook place will suffice to show how
ittle "the stiff surgeon" merited
he applause of Lord Byron.*

He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though so scant;
Her honour, fame, and faith demand his bones,
To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
Or carried onward in the battle's van,
To form, like Guesclin's[1] dust, her talisman.
But be it as it is—the time may come
His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's drum.[2]

V

Oh heaven! of which he was in power a feature;
Oh earth! of which he was a noble creature;
Thou isle! to be remember'd long and well,
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his shell!
Ye Alps, which viewed him in his dawning flights
Hover, the victor of a hundred fights!
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone!
Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon—

[1] Guesclin, constable of France, died in the midst of his triumphs, before Châteauneuf de Randon, in 1380. The English garrison, which had conditioned to surrender at a certain time, marched out the day after his death; and the commander respectfully laid the keys of the fortress on the bier, so that it might appear to have surrendered to his ashes.*

[2] John Ziska—a distinguished leader of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that, in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious veneration.*

The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyses thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;[3]
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand
To re-manure the uncultivated land!
Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!
Ye race of Frederic!—Frederics but in name
And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame;
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!

[3] At the Battle of the Pyramids, in July, 1798, Buonaparte said,—"Soldiers! from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you."

'oland! o'er which the avenging
angel past,
ut left thee as he found thee,
still a waste,
'orgetting all thy still enduring
claim,
hy lotted people and extin-
guish'd name,
hy sigh for freedom, thy long-
flowing tear,
hat sound that crashes in the
tyrant's ear—
osciusko! On—on—on—the
thirst of war
asps for the gore of serfs and
of their czar.
he half barbaric Moscow's
minarets
leam in the sun, but 'tis a sun
that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long
career,
For which rude Charles had wept
his frozen tear
To see in vain—*he* saw thee—
how? with spire
And palace fuel to one common
fire.
To this the soldier lent his kind-
ling match,
To this the peasant gave his
cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his
hoarded store,
The prince his hall—and Moscow
was no more!
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's
flame
Pales before thine, and quench-
less Hecla's tame;
Vesuvius shows his blaze, an
usual sight
For gaping tourists, from his
hackney'd height:
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd,
till the fire
To come, in which all empires
shall expire!
Thou other element! as strong
and stern,
To teach a lesson conquerors will
not learn!—
Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the
faltering foe,
Till fell a hero with each flake
of snow;
How did thy numbing beak and
silent fang
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a
single pang!
In vain shall Seine look up along
his banks
For the gay thousands of his
dashing ranks!
In vain shall France recall be-
neath her vines
Her youth—their blood flows
faster than her wines;
Or stagnant in their human ice
remains
In frozen mummies on the Polar
plains.
In vain will Italy's broad sun
awaken
Her offspring chill'd; its beams
are now forsaken.
Of all the trophies gather'd from
the war,
What shall return?—the con-
queror's broken car!
The conqueror's yet unbroken
heart! Again
The horn of Roland sounds, and
not in vain.
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of
victory,[1]
Beholds him conquer, but, alas!
not die:
Dresden surveys three despots
fly once more
Before their sovereign,—sove-
reign as before;
But there exhausted Fortune
quits the field,

[1] Gustavus Adolphus fell at the great battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632.*

And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquish'd yield;
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
And backward to the den of his despair
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!

Oh ye! and each, and all! Oh France! who found
Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
Disputed foot by foot till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill
Look'd down o'er trampled Paris! and thou Isle,[1]
Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
Till woo'd by danger, his yet weeping bride!
Oh, France! retaken by a single march,
Whose path was through one long triumphal arch!
Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
Won half by blunder, half by treachery:
Oh, dull Saint Helen! with thy gaoler nigh—
Hear! hear Prometheus[2] from his rock appeal

[1] The Isle of Elba.*

[2] I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the Chorus of Sea-nymphs.*

To earth, air, ocean, all that fe
or feel
His power and glory, all wh
yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rollin
year;
He teaches them the lesso
taught so long,
So oft, so vainly—learn to do n
wrong!
A single step into the right ha
made
This man the Washington o
worlds betray'd:
A single step into the wrong ha
given
His name a doubt to all th
winds of heaven;
The reed of Fortune, and o
thrones the rod,
Of Fame the Moloch or th
demigod;
His country's Cæsar, Europe
Hannibal,
Without their decent dignity o
fall.
Yet Vanity herself had bette
taught
A surer path even to the fam
he sought,
By pointing out on history'
fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for
single sage.
While Franklin's quiet memor
climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which h
thence hath riven,
Or drawing from the no les
kindled earth
Freedom and peace to tha
which boasts his birth;
While Washington's a watch
word, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an ech
left to air:
While even the Spaniard's thirs
of gold and war

rgets Pizarro to shout Boli-
var![1]
as! why must the same
Atlantic wave
hich wafted freedom gird a
tyrant's grave—
e king of kings, and yet of
slaves the slave,
ho bursts the chains of millions
to renew
he very fetters which his arm
broke through,
d crush'd the rights of Europe
and his own,
flit between a dungeon and a
throne?

VI

ut 'twill not be—the spark's
awaken'd—lo!
he swarthy Spaniard feels his
former glow;
he same high spirit which beat
back the Moor
hrough eight long ages of
alternate gore
evives—and where? in that
avenging clime
here Spain was once synonym-
ous with crime,
here Cortes' and Pizarro's
banner flew,
he infant world redeems her
name of "*New.*"
is the *old* aspiration breathed
afresh,
o kindle souls within degraded
flesh,
uch as repulsed the Persian
from the shore
here Greece *was*—No! she still
is Greece once more.
ne common cause makes
myriads of one breast,
Slaves of the east, or helots of
the west;
On Andes' and on Athos' peaks
unfurl'd,
The self-same standard streams
o'er either world;
The Athenian wears again Har-
modius' sword;
The Chili chief abjures his
foreign lord;
The Spartan knows himself once
more a Greek,
Young Freedom plumes the
crest of each cacique;
Debating despots, hemm'd on
either shore,
Shrink vainly from the roused
Atlantic's roar;
Through Calpe's strait the
rolling tides advance,
Sweep slightly by the half-
tamed land of France,
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's
cradle, and would fain
Unite Ausonia to the mighty
main:
But driven from thence awhile,
yet not for aye,
Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful
of the day
Of Salamis!—there, there the
waves arise,
Not to be lull'd by tyrant
victories.
Lone, lost, abandon'd in their
utmost need
By Christians, unto whom they
gave their creed,
The desolated lands, the ravaged
isle,
The foster'd feud encouraged to
beguile,
The aid evaded, and the cold
delay,
Prolong'd but in the hope to
make a prey;
These, these shall tell the tale,
and Greece can show

[1] Simon Bolivar, the liberator of
olombia and Peru, died at San Pedro,
ecember, 1830, of an illness brought
by excessive fatigue and exertion.*

The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
But this is well: Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan;
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
Number'd by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the Czar's regard;
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes;
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

VII

But not alone within the hoariest clime
Where Freedom dates her birth with that of Time,
And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd
Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,
The dawn revives: renown'd, romantic Spain
Holds back the invader from her soil again.
Not now the Roman tribe no Punic horde
Demand her fields as lists t prove the sword;
Not now the Vandal or th Visigoth
Pollute the plains, alike abhor ring both;
Nor old Pelayo on his mountai rears
The warlike fathers of a thou sand years.
That seed is sown and reap'd, a oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusk shore.
Long in the peasant's song o poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Aben cerrage;
The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung.
But these are gone—their faith their swords, their sway,
Yet left more anti-christian foe than they:
The bigot monarch and th butcher priest,
The Inquisition, with he burning feast,
The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,
While sate the catholic Moloch calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of agony!
The stern and feeble sovereign one or both
By turns; the haughtines whose pride was sloth:
The long degenerate noble; th debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant les disgraced,
But more degraded; the un peopled realm;

e once proud navy which
forgot the helm;
e once impervious phalanx
disarray'd;
e idle forge that form'd
Toledo's blade;
e foreign wealth that flow'd
on ev'ry shore,
ave hers who earn'd it with
the natives' gore;
e very language which might
vie with Rome's,
nd once was known to nations
like their homes,
eglected or forgotten:—such
was Spain;
ut such she is not, nor shall be
again.
hese worst, these *home*
invaders, felt and feel
he new Numantine soul of
old Castile.
Jp! up again! undaunted
Tauridor!
he bull of Phalaris renews his
roar;
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not
in vain
Revive the cry—"Iago! and
close Spain!"[1]
Yes, close her with your armed
bosoms round,
And form the barrier which
Napoleon found,—
The exterminating war, the
desert plain,
The streets without a tenant,
save the slain;
The wild sierra, with its wilder
troop
Of vulture-plumed guerrillas,
on the stoop
For their incessant prey; the
desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her
fall;

The man nerved to a spirit, and
the maid
Waving her more than Amazon-
ian blade;
The knife of Arragon,[2] Toledo's
steel;
The famous lance of chivalrous
Castile;
The unerring rifle of the
Catalan;
The Andalusian courser in the
van;
The torch to make a Moscow of
Madrid;
And in each heart the spirit of
the Cid:—
Such have been, such shall be,
such are. Advance,
And win—not Spain, but thine
own freedom, France!

VIII

But lo! a Congress![3] What!
that hallow'd name
Which freed the Atlantic? May
we hope the same
For outworn Europe? With
the sound arise,
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's
monarchic eyes,
The prophets of young Freedom,
summon'd far
From climes of Washington and
Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demo-
sthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip
of the seas;[4]

[1] "Santiago y serra España!" the old Spanish war-cry.*

[2] The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

[3] The Congress of the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, &c., &c., &c., which assembled at Verona, in the autumn of 1822.*

[4] Patrick Henry, of Virginia, a leading member of the American Congress, died in June, 1797. Lord Byron alludes to his famous speech in 1765,

And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this senate of the few,
That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest Alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one—
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
But these, more hungry, must have something more,
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah! how much happier were good Æsop's frogs

in which, on saying, "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First had his Cromwell—and George the Third——" Henry was interrupted with a shout of "Treason! Treason!!"—but coolly finished the sentence with—"George the Third *may profit by their example.*"*

Than we! for ours are animate logs,
With ponderous malice swayin to and fro,
And crushing nations with stupid blow;
All dully anxious to leave littl work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX

Thrice blest Verona! since th holy three
With their imperial presenc shine on thee;
Honour'd by them, thy treacher ous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of "all th Capulets:"[1]
Thy Scaligers—for what wa "Dog the Great,"
"Can Grande,"[2] (which venture to translate,)
To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
And Dante's exile shelter'd by thy gate;
Thy good old man, whose world was all within

[1] "I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love."—*B. Letters, Nov.* 1816.

[2] Cane I. Della Scala, surnamed the Great, the protector of Dante, who celebrated him as "il Gran Lombardo."*

y wall, nor knew the country
held him in:
ould that the royal guests it
girds about
ere so far like, as never to get
out!
, shout! inscribe! rear
monuments of shame,
tell Oppression that the
world is tame;
owd to the theatre with loyal
rage,
he comedy is not upon the
stage;
he show is rich in ribandry
and stars,
nen gaze upon it through thy
dungeon bars;
lap thy permitted palms, kind
Italy,
or thus much still thy fetter'd
hands are free!

X

Resplendent sight! Behold the
coxcomb Czar,[1]
The autocrat of waltzes and of
war!
As eager for a plaudit as a
realm,
And just as fit for flirting as
the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a
Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis
not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal
thaw,
But harden'd back whene'er the
morning's raw;
With no objection to true
liberty,
Except that it would make the
nations free.
How well the imperial dandy
prates of peace!

How fain, if Greeks would be
his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the
Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland
to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the
mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to
lecture Spain!
How royally show off in proud
Madrid
His goodly person, from the
South long hid!
A blessing cheaply purchased,
the world knows,
By having Muscovites for
friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of great
Philip's son!
La Harpe, thine Aristotle,
beckons on;
And that which Scythia was to
him of yore
Find with thy Scythians on
Iberia's shore.
Yet think upon, thou somewhat
aged youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of
Pruth;
Thou hast to aid thee, should his
lot be thine,
Many an old woman, but no
Catherine.[2]
Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers,
and defiles—
The bear may rush into the lion's
toils.
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny
fields;
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's
victor yields?
Better reclaim thy deserts, turn
thy swords

[1] The Emperor Alexander; who died in 1825.*

[2] The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure:
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe;
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè:
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

XI

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their band
Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers
And tribune, which each orator first clambers
Before he finds a voice, and when 'tis found,
Hears "the lie" echo for his answer round?
Our British Commons sometime deign to "hear!"
A Gallic senate hath more tongu than ear;
Even Constant, their sole maste of debate,
Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.
But this costs little to tru Franks, who had rather
Combat than listen, were it t their father.
What is the simple standing of shot,
To listening long, and interrupt ing not?
Though this was not the method of old Rome,
When Tully fulmined o'er each vocal dome,
Demosthenes has sanction'd the transaction,
In saying eloquence meant "Action, action!"

XII

But where's the monarch? hath he dined? or yet
Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?
Have revolutionary patés risen,
And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops?
Or have *no* movements follow'd traitorous soups?
Have Carbonaro[1] cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks

[1] According to Botta, the Neapolitan republicans who, during the reign of King Joachim, fled to the recesses of the Abruzzi, and there formed a secret confederacy, were the first that assumed the designation, since familiar all over Italy, of "Carbonari" (colliers).

read all France's treason in her cooks!
ood classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
esirable to be the "Desiré?"
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,[1]
pician table, and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones; the table sees thee better placed:
A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,
To be a kind host and as good a guest,
To talk of letters, and to know by heart
One *half* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit;—
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

XIII

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
'Arts—arms—and George—and glory—and the isles—
And happy Britain—wealth—and Freedom's smiles—
White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof—
Contented subjects, all alike taxproof—
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the world![2]
And Waterloo—and trade—and ——(hush! not yet
A syllable of imposts or of debt)——
And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t' other day—
And 'pilots who have weather'd every storm'[3]—
(But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name Reform)."
These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
Methinks we need not sing them any more;
Found in so many volumes far and near,
There's no occasion you should find them here.
Yet something may remain perchance to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,
And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame
To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more:
Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man, because

1 Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire—the residence of Louis XVIII during the latter years of the Emigration.

2 "Naso suspendit adunco."—*Horace.* The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

3 "The Pilot that weather'd the storm" is the burthen of a song, in honour of Pitt, by Canning.*

Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.
The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;
But not for love mistake their yelling cry;
Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.
Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;
The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast
With his great self and rider in the mud:
But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now *un*country gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and stil maintain'd your prices;
He amplified to every lord' content
The grand agrarian alchymy hight *rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble o the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such de sponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yo isle so lone?
The man was worth much mor upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure bound lessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul ma bear the guilt;
But bread was high, the farme paid his way,
And acres told upon the ap pointed day.
But where is now the goodl audit ale?
The purse-proud tenant, neve known to fail?
The farm which never yet wa left on hand?
The marsh reclaim'd to most im proving land?
The impatient hope of the ex piring lease?
The doubling rental? What a evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites th ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass thei patriot bill;
The *landed interest*—(you ma understand
The phrase much better leavin out the *land*)—
The land self-interest groan from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attai the poor.

, up again, ye rents! exalt
your notes,
else the ministry will lose
their votes,
nd patriotism, so delicately
nice,
er loaves will lower to the
market price;
r ah! "the loaves and fishes,"
once so high,
re gone—their oven closed,
their ocean dry,
nd nought remains of all the
millions spent,
xcepting to grow moderate and
content.
hey who are not so, *had* their
turn—and turn
bout still flows from Fortune's
equal urn;
ow let their virtue be its own
reward.
nd share the blessings which
themselves prepared.
ee these inglorious Cincinnati
swarm,
armers of war, dictators of the
farm;
heir ploughshare was the sword
in hireling hands,
heir fields manured by gore of
other lands;
afe in their barns, these Sabine
tillers sent
heir brethren out to battle—
why? for rent!
ear after year they voted cent.
per cent.,
lood, sweat, and tear-wrung
millions,—why? for rent!
hey roar'd, they dined, they
drank, they swore they meant
o die for England—why then
live?—for rent!
he peace has made one general
malcontent
f these high-market patriots;
war was rent!

Their love of country, millions
all misspent,
How reconcile? by reconciling
rent!
And will they not repay the
treasures lent?
No: down with everything, and
up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth,
joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent,
rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright,
Esau! for a mess;
Thou shouldst have gotten more,
or eaten less;
Now thou hast swill'd thy pot-
tage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain
stands.
Such, landlords! was your ap-
petite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you
grumble at a scar!
What! would they spread their
earthquake even o'er cash?
And when land crumbles, bid
firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and
nation fall,
And found on 'Change a *Fundling*
Hospital?
Lo, Mother Church, while all
religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her off-
spring, Tithes;
The prelates go to—where the
saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to
one;
Church, state, and faction
wrestle in the dark,
Toss'd by the deluge in their
common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and
dividends,
Another Babel soars—but
Britain ends.

And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
"Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise;"
Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations:—pray *who made it high?*

XV

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades—the crushing Stocks,
Where Midas might again his wish behold
In real paper or imagined gold.
That magic palace of Alcina shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unleaven'd ore,
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds the stake,
And the world trembles to bid brokers break.
How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,
Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money:
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?
Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
And now, ye kings! they kindly draw your own;
All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
And waft a loan "from Indus to the pole."
The banker—broker—baron—brethren, speed
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less
Fresh speculations follow each success;
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
Her mild per-centage from exhausted Spain.
Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march;
'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.
Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
In every realm their scripture-promised land:—
Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old:
Two Jews—but not Samaritans—direct
The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
What is the happiness of earth to them?
A congress forms their "New Jerusalem,"
Where baronies and orders both invite—
Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
Who spit not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"
But honour them as portion of the show—

Where now, oh pope! is thy forsaken toe?
Could it not favour Judah with some kicks?
Or has it ceased to "kick against the pricks?")
On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,
To cut from nations' hearts their "pound of flesh."

XVI

Strange sight this Congress! destined to unite
All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
I speak not of the Sovereigns—they're alike,
A common coin as ever mint could strike:
But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
Have more of motley than their heavy kings.
Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,
While Europe wonders at the vast design:
There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
Cajoles; there Wellington forgets to fight;
There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs;[1]
And subtle Greeks[2] intrigue for stupid Tartars;
There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to charters,[3]
Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,
To furnish articles for the "Débats;"
Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure
As his dismissal in the "Moniteur."
Alas! how could his cabinet thus err?
Can peace be worth an ultra-minister?
He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,
"Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."[4]

XVII

Enough of this—a sight more mournful woos
The averted eye of the reluctant muse.
The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
The young Astyanax of modern Troy;[5]
The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
A daughter? What did France's widow there?

[1] Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: "Ah! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written *something?*" (écrit *quelque chose!*) It is said that the author of Atala repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

[2] Count Capo d'Istrias—afterwards President of Greece. The count was murdered, in September, 1831, by the brother and son of a Mainote chief whom he had imprisoned.*

[3] The Duke de Montmorenci-Laval.*

[4] From Pope's verses on Lord Peterborough.*

[5] Napoleon François Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt, died at the palace of Schönbrunn, July 22, 1832, having just attained his twenty-first year.*

Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
But, no,—she still must hold a petty reign,
Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain;
The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
Must watch her through these paltry pageantries.[1]
What though she share no more, and shared in vain,
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
Which swept from Moscow to the southern seas!
Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
Where Parma views the traveller resort
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime;
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—
But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould;)
She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's,)—Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
Is offer'd and accepted! Could a slave

[1] Count Neipperg, chamberlain and second husband to Maria-Louisa, had but one eye.

Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *ex*-empress grows as *ex* a wife! [breasts!
So much for human ties in royal
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?

XVIII

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
And sketch the group—the picture 's yet to come.
My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the Common Council cry "Claymore!"
To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,[2]
She burst into a laughter so extreme, [dream!
That I awoke—and lo! it was *no*

Here, reader, will we pause:—if there's no harm in
This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second "Carmen."

[2] George the Fourth is said to have been somewhat annoyed, on entering the levee-room at Holyrood (Aug. 1822) in full Stuart tartan, to see only one figure similarly attired (and of similar bulk)—that of Sir William Curtis. The city knight had every thing complete—even the *knife* stuck in the garter. He asked the King, if he did not think him well dressed. "Yes!" replied his Majesty, "only you have no *spoon* in your *hole*."*

THE ISLAND[1]

OR

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES

1 "The Island" was written at Genoa, early in the year 1823, and published in the June following.

THE foundation of the following story will be found partly in Lieutenant Bligh's "Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the Bounty, in the South Seas, in 1789;" and partly in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands."

Genoa, 1823.

THE ISLAND

CANTO THE FIRST

I

The morning watch was come; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;
The waters with their world were all before;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray;
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately shadow'd white,
And the wind flutter'd with a freshening flight;
The purpling ocean owns the coming sun,
But ere he break—a deed is to be done.

II

The gallant chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:
His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er;
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.
The worst was over, and the rest seem'd sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure?
Alas! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet;
Young hearts, which languish'd for some sunny isle.
Where summer years and summer women smile;
Men without country, who, too long estranged,
Had found no native home, or found it changed,
And, half uncivilised, preferr'd the cave
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—
The gushing fruits that nature gave untill'd;
The wood without a path but where they will'd;
The field o'er which promiscuous Plenty pour'd
Her horn; the equal land without a lord;
The wish—which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood;

The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold,
The glowing sun and produce all its gold;
The freedom which can call each grot a home;
The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;
Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know,
Their unexploring navy, the canoe;
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase;
Their strangest sight, an European face:—
Such was the country which these strangers yearn'd
To see again; a sight they dearly earn'd.

III

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate!
Awake! awake!—Alas! it is too late!
Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast;
The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest;
Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy command
The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand;
That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
Its desperate escape from duty's path,
Glares round thee, in the scarce believing eyes
Of those who fear the chief they sacrifice:
For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath:—
They come not; they are few, and, overawed,
Must acquiesce, while sterner hearts applaud.
In vain thou dost demand the cause: a curse
Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.
Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid.
The levell'd muskets circle round thy breast
In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest.
Thou dar'st them to their worst, exclaiming—"Fire!"
But they who pitied not could yet admire;
Some lurking remnant of their former awe
Restrain'd them longer than their broken law;
They would not dip their souls at once in blood,
But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

V

"Hoist out the boat!" was now the leader's cry;
And who dare answer "No!" to Mutiny,
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
The Saturnalia of unhoped-for power?

e boat is lower'd with all the
haste of hate,
th its slight plank between
thee and thy fate;
r only cargo such a scant
supply
promises the death their
hands deny;
id just enough of water and
of bread
keep, some days, the dying
from the dead:
me cordage, canvas, sails,
and lines, and twine,
ut treasures all to hermits of
the brine,
ere added after, to the earnest
prayer
f those who saw no hope, save
sea and air;
nd last, that trembling vassal
of the Pole—
he feeling compass—Naviga-
tion's soul.

VI

And now the self-elected chief
finds time
To stun the first sensation of
his crime,
And raise it in his followers—
"Ho! the bowl!"
Lest passion should return to
reason's shoal.
"Brandy for heroes!" Burke
could once exclaim—
No doubt a liquid path to epic
fame;
And such the new-born heroes
found it here,
And drain'd the draught with an
applauding cheer.
"Huzza! for Otaheite!" was
the cry.
How strange such shouts from
sons of Mutiny!
The gentle island, and the genial
soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts
without a toil,
The courteous manners but
from nature caught,
The wealth unhoarded, and the
love unbought;
Could these have charms for
rudest sea-boys, driven
Before the mast by every wind
of heaven?
And now, even now prepared
with others' woes
To earn mild virtue's vain
desire, repose?
Alas! such is our nature! all
but aim
At the same end by pathways
not the same;
Our means, our birth, our nation,
and our name,
Our fortune, temper, even our
outward frame,
Are far more potent o'er our
yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond
our little day.
Yet still there whispers the
small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence,
and o'er Glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or
land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of
God.

VII

The launch is crowded with the
faithful few
Who wait their chief, a melan-
choly crew;
But some remain'd reluctant on
the deck
Of that proud vessel—now a
moral wreck—
And view'd their captain's fate
with piteous eyes;
While others scoff'd his augur'd
miseries,

Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy sail,
And the slight bark so laden and so frail.
The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free.
He, when the lightning-wing'd tornados sweep
The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

VIII

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear,
Which hail'd her master in the mutineer—
A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
Show'd the vain pity which but irritates;
Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,
And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;
Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth.
But soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
For further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.
Then forward stepp'd the bold and froward boy
His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,
And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
Exclaim'd, "Depart at once delay is death!"
Yet then, even then, his feeling ceased not all:
In that last moment could word recall
Remorse for the black deed yet half done,
And what he hid from man show'd to one:
When Bligh in stern reproac demanded where
Was now his grateful sense o former care?
Where all his hopes to see hi name aspire,
And blazon Britain's thousan glories higher?
His feverish lips thus brok their gloomy spell,
"'Tis that! 'tis that! I am i hell! in hell!"
No more he said; but urging t the bark
His chief, commits him to hi fragile ark;
These the sole accents from hi tongue that fell,
But volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.

IX

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave;
The breeze now sank, now whis per'd from his cave;
As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings.
With slow, despairing oar, the abandon'd skiff
Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main:
That boat and ship shall never meet again!

ft 'tis not mine to tell their
ale of grief,
eir constant peril, and their
-cant relief;
eir days of danger, and their
ights of pain;
eir manly courage even when
leem'd in vain;
e sapping famine, rendering
-carce a son
own to his mother in the
skeleton;
e ills that lessen'd still their
'ittle store,
d starv'd even Hunger till he
wrung no more;
e varying frowns and favours
of the deep,
at now almost ingulfs, then
leaves to creep
ith crazy oar and shatter'd
strength along
he tide that yields reluctant to
the strong;
he incessant fever of that arid
thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the
clouds that burst
bove their naked bones, and
feels delight
n the cold drenching of the
stormy night,
nd from the outspread canvas
gladly wrings
drop to moisten life's all-
gasping springs;
he savage foe escap'd, to seek
again
Iore hospitable shelter from the
main;
he ghastly spectres which were
doom'd at last
o tell us true a tale of dangers
past,
s ever the dark annals of the
deep
Disclosed for man to dread or
woman weep.

X

We leave them to their fate, but
not unknown
Nor unredress'd. Revenge may
have her own:
Roused discipline aloud pro-
claims their cause,
And injured navies urge their
broken laws.
Pursue we on his track the
mutineer,
Whom distant vengeance had
not taught to fear.
Wide o'er the wave—away!
away! away!
Once more his eyes shall hail
the welcome bay;
Once more the happy shores
without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they
lately saw;
Nature, and Nature's goddess—
woman—woos
To lands where, save their con-
science, none accuse;
Where all partake the earth
without dispute,
And bread itself is gather'd as a
fruit;[1]
Where none contest the fields,
the woods, the streams:—
The goldless age, where gold
disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better
than before:
Bestow'd her customs, and
amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their
heirs.
Away with this! behold them
as they were,
Do good with Nature, or with
Nature err.
"Huzza! for Otaheite!" was
the cry,

1 The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken.

As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
Thus Argo plough'd the Euxine's virgin foam;
But those she wafted still look'd back to home—
These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

CANTO THE SECOND

I

How pleasant were the songs of Toobona,[1]
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds! the damsels said:
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these most bloom where rests the warrior's head,
And we will sit in twilight's face and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa tree,
The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
How beautiful are these! how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

II

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
And plait our garlands gather'd from the grave,
And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
But lo! night comes, the Moon woos us back,
The sound of mats are heard along our track;

[1] The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga Islanders, of which a prose translation is given in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands." Toobonai is *not*, however, one of them; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

-ion our torchlight dance shall
fling its sheen
flashing mazes o'er the Marly's
green ;
nd we too will be there ; we
too recall
he memory bright with many
a festival,
re Fiji blew the shell of war,
when foes
or the first time were wafted
in canoes.
las ! for them the flower of
mankind bleeds ;
las ! for them our fields are
rank with weeds :
orgotten is the rapture, or
unknown,
Of wandering with the moon
and love alone,
But be it so :—*they* taught us how
to wield
The club, and rain our arrows
o'er the field :
Now let them reap the harvest
of their art !
But feast to-night ! to-morrow
we depart.
Strike up the dance ! the cava
bowl fill high !
Drain every drop !—to-morrow
we may die.
In summer garments be our
limbs array'd ;
Around our waists the tappa's
white display'd ;
Thick wreaths shall form our
coronal, like spring's,
And round our necks shall glance
the hooni strings ;
So shall their brighter hues con-
trast the glow
Of the dusk bosoms that beat
high below.

III

But now the dance is o'er—yet
stay awhile ;
Ah, pause ! nor yet put out the
social smile.
To-morrow for the Mooa we
depart,
But not to-night—to-night is for
the heart.
Again bestow the wreaths we
gently woo,
Ye young enchantresses of gay
Licoo !
How lovely are your forms ! how
every sense
Bows to your beauties, soften'd,
but intense,
Like to the flowers on Mataloco's
steep,
Which fling their fragrance far
athwart the deep !—
We too will see Licoo ; but—oh !
my heart !—
What do I say ?—to-morrow we
depart !

IV

Thus rose a song—the harmony
of times
Before the winds blew Europe
o'er these climes.
True, they had vices—such are
Nature's growth—
But only the barbarian's—we
have both :
The sordor of civilisation,
mix'd
With all the savage which man's
fall hath fix'd.
Who hath not seen Dissimula-
tion's reign,
The prayers of Abel link'd to
deeds of Cain ?
Who such would see may from
his lattice view
The Old World more degraded
than the New,—
Now *new* no more, save where
Columbia rears
Twin giants, born by Freedom
to her spheres

Where Chimborazo, over air, earth, wave,
Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

V

Such was this ditty of Tradition's days,
Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
Beyond the sound whose charm is half divine;
Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
But yields young history all to harmony;
A boy Achilles, with the centaur's lyre
In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
Than all the columns Conquest's minions rear;
Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
For sages' labours or the student's dream;
Attracts, when History's volumes are a toil,—
The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.
Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude—
But such inspir'd the Norseman's solitude,
Who came and conquer'd; such, wherever rise
Lands which no foes destroy c
civilise,
Exist: and what can our a
complish'd art
Of verse do more than reach th
awaken'd heart?

VI

And sweetly now those untaugh
melodies
Broke the luxurious silence c
the skies,
The sweet siesta of a summe
day,
The tropic afternoon of Toc
bonai,
When every flower was bloom
and air was balm,
And the first breath began t
stir the palm,
The first yet voiceless wind t
urge the wave
All gently to refresh the thirst
cave,
Where sat the songstress wit
the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's deso
lating joy,
Too powerful over every heart
but most
O'er those who know not how i
may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in th
new-born fire,
Like martyrs revel in thei
funeral pyre,
With such devotion to thei
ecstasy,
That life knows no such raptur
as to die:
And die they do; for earthly
life has nought
Match'd with that burst o
nature, even in thought;
And all our dreams of better lif
above
But close in one eternal gush o
love.

VII

ere sat the gentle savage of
he wild,
growth a woman, though in
years a child,
childhood dates within our
colder clime,
here nought is ripen'd rapidly
save crime;
e infant of an infant world,
as pure
om nature—lovely, warm, and
premature;
sky like night, but night with
all her stars;
cavern sparkling with its
native spars;
ith eyes that were a language
and a spell,
form like Aphrodite's in her
shell,
ith all her loves around her
on the deep,
oluptuous as the first approach
of sleep;
et full of life—for through her
tropic cheek
he blush would make its way,
and all but speak;
he sun-born blood suffused her
neck, and threw
'er her clear nut-brown skin a
lucid hue,
ike coral reddening through
the darken'd wave,
hich draws the diver to the
crimson cave.
ch was this daughter of the
southern seas,
erself a billow in her energies,
o bear the bark of others'
happiness,
or feel a sorrow till their joy
grew less:
er wild and warm yet faithful
bosom knew
o joy like what it gave; her
hopes ne'er drew
Aught from experience, that
chill touchstone, whose
Sad proof reduces all things
from their hues:
She fear'd no ill, because she
knew it not,
Or what she knew was soon—
too soon—forgot:
Her smiles and tears had pass'd,
as light winds pass
O'er lakes to ruffle, not destroy,
their glass,
Whose depths unsearch'd, and
fountains from the hill,
Restore their surface, in itself so
still,
Until the earthquake tear the
naiad's cave,
Root up the spring, and trample
on the wave,
And crush the living waters to
a mass,
The amphibious desert of the
dank morass!
And must their fate be hers?
The eternal change
But grasps humanity with
quicker range;
And they who fall but fall as
worlds will fall,
To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them
all.

VIII

And who is he? the blue-eyed
northern child[1]
Of isles more known to man, but
scarce less wild;
The fair-hair'd offspring of the
Hebrides,

[1] George Stewart. "He was," says Bligh, "a young man of the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the Resolution from the South Seas, in 1780, we received so many civilities, that, on that account only, I should gladly have taken him with me; but, independent of this recommendation, he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character."

Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas
Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
The tempest-born in body and in mind,
His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home,
The giant comrade of his pensive moods,
The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
His bark was borne; the sport of wave and air;
A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
Nursed by the legends of his land's romance;
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair
Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
As bold a rover as the sands have seen,
And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship;[1]
Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud cacique;
On Hellas' mountains a rebellious Greek;
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
If rear'd to such, can find no further prey
Beyond itself, and must retrace its way[2]
Plunging for pleasure into pain: the same
Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
A humbler state and discipline of heart,
Had form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart[3];
But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
How small their theatre without a throne!

IX

Thou smilest;—these comparisons seem high
To those who scan all things with dazzled eye;
Link'd with the unknown name of one whose doom
Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,
With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby;—
Thou smilest?—Smile; 'tis better thus than sigh;

[1] The "ship of the desert" is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary; and they deserve the metaphor well,—the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

[2] "Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm." POPE.

[3] The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of "Nero" is heard, who thinks of the consul?—But such are human things.

t such he might have been ;
he was a man,
soaring spirit, ever in the van,
patriot hero or despotic chief,
o form a nation's glory or its grief,
orn under auspices which makes us more
r less than we delight to ponder o'er.
ut these are visions ; say, what was he here ?
blooming boy, a truant mutineer.
he fair-hair'd Torquil, free as ocean's spray,
he husband of the bride of Toboonai.

X

y Neuha's side he sate, and watch'd the waters,—
Neuha, the sun-flower of the island daughters,
Highborn, (a birth at which the herald smiles,
Without a scutcheon for these secret isles,)
Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
he naked knights of savage chivalry,
Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore ;
And thine—I've seen—Achilles ! do no more.
he, when the thunder-bearing strangers came,
n vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
opp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm,
eem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm :
ut when the winds awaken'd, shot forth wings
road as the cloud along the horizon flings,
And sway'd the waves, like cities of the sea,
Making the very billows look less free ;—
She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
Shot through the surf, like reindeer through the snow,
Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge,
Light as a nereid in her ocean sledge,
And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk,
Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling bulk :
The anchor dropp'd ; it lay along the deep,
Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting chain,
Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

XI

The white man landed !—need the rest be told ?
The New World stretch'd its dusk hand to the Old ;
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
Their union grew : the children of the storm
Found beauty link'd with many a dusky form ;
While these in turn admired the paler glow,
Which seem'd so white in climes that knew no snow.
The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,

The soil where every cottage show'd a home ;
The sea-spread net, the lightly-launch'd canoe,
Which stemm'd the studded archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles ;
The healthy slumber, earn'd by sportive toils ;
The palm, the loftiest dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
While eagles scarce built higher than the crest
Which shadows o'er the vine-yard in her breast,
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit ;
The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest ;—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy, if less wise,
Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
And civilised Civilisation's son !

XII

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair :
Both children of the isles though distant far ;
Both born beneath a sea-presiding star ;
Both nourish'd amidst nature's native scenes,
Loved to the last, whatever intervenes
Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
He who first met the Highlands swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep :
But 'twas not all long ages' lore nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall ;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,[1]

[1] When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to

ix'd Celtic memories with the
Phrygian mount,
ad Highland linns with Cas-
talie's clear fount.
orgive me, Homer's universal
shade!
orgive me, Phœbus! that my
fancy stray'd;
he north and nature taught
me to adore
our scenes sublime, from those
beloved before.

XIII

he love which maketh all
things fond and fair,
he youth which makes one
rainbow of the air,
he dangers past, that make
even man enjoy
he pause in which he ceases to
destroy,
he mutual beauty, which the
sternest feel
trike to their hearts like light-
ning to the steel,
nited the half savage and the
whole,
he maid and boy, in one ab-
sorbing soul.
o more the thundering mem-
ory of the fight
rapp'd his wean'd bosom in
its dark delight;
o more the irksome restless-
ness of rest
isturb'd him like the eagle in
her nest,
hose whetted beak and far
pervading eye
arts for a victim over all the
sky;

heltenham, I used to watch them
very afternoon, at sunset, with a sen-
ation which I cannot describe. This
as boyish enough; but I was then
nly thirteen years of age, and it was
n the holidays.

His heart was tamed to that
voluptuous state,
At once Elysian and effeminate,
Which leaves no laurels o'er the
hero's urn;—
These wither when for aught
save blood they burn;
Yet when their ashes in their
nook are laid,
Doth not the myrtle leave as
sweet a shade?
Had Cæsar known but Cleo-
patra's kiss,
Rome had been free, the world
had not been his.
And what have Cæsar's deeds
and Cæsar's fame
Done for the earth? We feel
them in our shame;
The gory sanction of his glory
stains
The rust which tyrants cherish
on our chains.
Though Glory, Nature, Reason,
Freedom, bid
Roused millions do what single
Brutus did—
Sweep these mere mock-birds of
the despot's song
From the tall bough where they
have perch'd so long,—
Still are we hawk'd at by such
mousing owls,
And take for falcons those ig-
noble fowls,
When but a word of freedom
would dispel
These bugbears, as their terrors
show too well.

XIV

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness
of life,
Neuha, the South Sea girl, was
all a wife,
With no distracting world to
call her off
From love; with no society to
scoff

At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
Of coxcombry in admiration loud.
Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy:
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling harbinger of love.

XV

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er;
Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
What deem'd they of the future or the past?
The present, like a tyrant held them fast:
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide;
Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tow'r;
They reckon'd not, whose day was but an hour;
The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell;[1]
The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the north he mellows o'er the deep:
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
And then for light into each other's eyes,
Wondering that summer show'd so brief a sun,
And asking if indeed the day were done.

XVI

And let not this seem strange: the devotee
Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy;
Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,
His soul is gone before his dust to heaven.
Is love less potent? No—his path is trod,
Alike uplifted gloriously to God;
Or linked to all we know of heaven below,
The other better self, whose joy or woe
Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,

[1] The now well-known story of the lovers of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the Western as to the Eastern reader.

Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile,
Where gentle hearts, like Brahmins, sit and smile.
How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!—
Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?
And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
In the young moments ere the heart is taught
Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
All nature is his realm, and love his throne.

XVII

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
Echoed their dim light to the mustering stars.
Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,
Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
Lovely as Love—the spirit!—when serene.
The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell,[1]
As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave,
For the broad bosom of his nursing wave:
The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
The tropic bird wheel'd rockward to his nest,
And the blue sky spread around them like a lake
Of peace, where Piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII

But through the palm and plantain, hark, a voice!
Not such as would have been a lover's choice,
In such an hour, to break the air so still;
No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
Striking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,
With Echo for their chorus; nor the alarm
Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;
Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,

[1] If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to.

Exhaling all his solitary soul,
The dim though large-eyed winged anchorite,
Who peals his dreary pæan o'er the night;—
But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill
As ever started through a sea-bird's bill;
And then a pause, and then a hoarse "Hillo!
Torquil! my boy! what cheer? Ho! brother, ho!"
"Who hails?" cried Torquil, following with his eye
The sound. "Here 's one," was all the brief reply.

XIX

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
Not like a "bed of violets" on the gale,
But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And, puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
And reck'd, midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.[1]

[1] Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philosophy, was an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes beyond computation.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or th Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoma divides
His hours, and rivals opiur and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, bu less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wap ping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mel low, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooin the caress
More dazzlingly when daring i full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admir by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me cigar!

XX

Through the approaching dark ness of the wood
A human figure broke th solitude,
Fantastically, it may be, array'
A seaman in a savage masque ade;
Such as appears to rise out fro the deep
When o'er the line the merr vessels sweep,
And the rough saturnalia of th tar
Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune borrow'd car;[2]
And, pleased, the god of ocea sees his name
Revive once more, though bu in mimic game

[2] This rough but jovial ceremon used in crossing the line, has been often and so well described, that need not be more than alluded to.

his true sons, who riot in the
breeze
dreamt of in his native
Cyclades.
ll the old god delights, from
out the main,
snatch some glimpses of his
ancient reign.
ur sailor's jacket, though in
ragged trim,
s constant pipe, which never
yet burn'd dim,
is foremast air, and somewhat
rolling gait,
ke his dear vessel, spoke his
former state;
t then a sort of kerchief
round his head,
ot over-tightly bound, nor
nicely spread;
nd, 'stead of trousers (ah! too
early torn!
or even the mildest woods will
have their thorn)
curious sort of somewhat
scanty mat
ow served for inexpressibles
and hat;
is naked feet and neck, and
sunburnt face,
erchance might suit alike with
either race.
is arms were all his own, our
Europe's growth,
hich two worlds bless for
civilising both;
e musket swung behind his
shoulders broad,
nd somewhat stoop'd by his
marine abode,
t brawny as the boar's; and
hung beneath,
is cutlass droop'd, unconscious
of a sheath,
r lost or worn away; his
pistols were
nk'd to his belt, a matrimonial
pair—

(Let not this metaphor appear
a scoff,
Though one miss'd fire, the other
would go off);
These, with a bayonet, not so
free from rust
As when the arm-chest held its
brighter trust,
Completed his accoutrements, as
Night
Survey'd him in his garb hetero-
clite.

XXI

"What cheer, Ben Bunting?"
cried (when in full view
Our new acquaintance) Torquil.
"Aught of new?"
"Ey, ey!" quoth Ben, "not new,
but news enow;
A strange sail in the offing."—
"Sail! and how?
What! could you make her out?
It cannot be;
I've seen no rag of canvas on
the sea."
"Belike," said Ben, "you might
not from the bay,
But from the bluff-head, where
I watch'd to-day,
I saw her in the doldrums; for
the wind
Was light and baffling."—"When
the sun declined
Where lay she? had she
anchor'd?"—"No, but still
She bore down on us, till the
wind grew still."
"Her flag?"—"I had no glass:
but fore and aft,
Egad! she seem'd a wicked-
looking craft."
"Arm'd?"—"I expect so;—sent
on the look-out:
'Tis time, belike, to put our
helm about."
"About?—Whate'er may have
us now in chase,

We'll make no running fight, for that were base;
We will die at our quarters, like true men."
"Ey, ey! for that 'tis all the same to Ben."
"Does Christian know this?"—"Ay; he has piped all hands
To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And scaled them. You are wanted."—"That's but fair;
And if it were not, mine is not the soul
To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.
My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?
But whatsoe'er betide, ah, Neuha! now
Unman me not; the hour will not allow
A tear; I am thine whatever intervenes!"
"Right," quoth Ben, "that will do for the marines."[1]

CANTO THE THIRD

I

THE fight was o'er; the flashing through the gloom,
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased; and sulphury vapours upward driven
Had left the earth, and but polluted heaven:

[1] "That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't believe it," is an old saying; and one of the few fragments of former jealousies which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

The rattling roar which rung i
every volley
Had left the echoes to thei
melancholy;
No more they shriek'd thei
horror, boom for boom;
The strife was done, the van
quish'd had their doom;
The mutineers were crush'd
dispersed, or ta'en,
Or lived to deem the happies
were the slain.
Few, few escaped, and thes
were hunted o'er
The isle they loved beyond thei
native shore.
No further home was theirs, i
seem'd, on earth,
Once renegades to that which
gave them birth;
Track'd like wild beasts, like
them they sought the wild,
As to a mother's bosom flies the
child;
But vainly wolves and lions
seek their den,
And still more vainly men
escape from men.

II

Beneath a rock whose jutting
base protrudes
Far over ocean in his fiercest
moods,
When scaling his enormous crag
the wave
Is hurl'd down headlong, like
the foremost brave,
And falls back on the foaming
crowd behind,
Which fight beneath the ban-
ners of the wind,
But now at rest, a little rem-
nant drew
Together, bleeding, thirsty,
faint, and few;
But still their weapons in their
hands, and still

ith something of the pride of
former will,
men not all unused to
meditate,
nd strive much more than
wonder at their fate.
eir present lot was what they
had foreseen,
nd dared as what was likely
to have been;
et still the lingering hope,
which deem'd their lot
ot pardon'd, but unsought for
or forgot,
r trusted that, if sought, their
distant caves
ight still be miss'd amidst the
world of waves,
ad wean'd their thoughts in
part from what they saw
nd felt, the vengeance of their
country's law.
heir sea-green isle, their guilt-
won paradise,
o more could shield their
virtue or their vice:
heir better feelings, if such
were, were thrown
ack on themselves,—their sins
remain'd alone.
roscribed even in their second
country, they
ere lost; in vain the world
before them lay;
ll outlets seem'd secured.
Their new allies
ad fought and bled in mutual
sacrifice;
ut what avail'd the club and
spear, and arm
f Hercules, against the sul-
phury charm,
he magic of the thunder, which
destroy'd
he warrior ere his strength
could be employ'd?
ug, like a spreading pestilence,
the grave
No less of human bravery than
the brave![1]
Their own scant numbers acted
all the few
Against the many oft will dare
and do;
But though the choice seems
native to die free,
Even Greece can boast but one
Thermopylæ,
Till *now*, when she has forged
her broken chain
Back to a sword, and dies and
lives again!

III

Beside the jutting rock the few
appear'd,
Like the last remnant of the
red-deer's herd;
Their eyes were feverish, and
their aspect worn,
But still the hunter's blood was
on their horn,
A little stream came tumbling
from the height,
And straggling into ocean as it
might,
Its bounding crystal frolick'd in
the ray,
And gush'd from cliff to crag
with saltless spray;
Close on the wild, wide ocean,
yet as pure
And fresh as innocence, and
more secure,
Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er
the deep,
As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks
the steep,
While far below the vast and
sullen swell

[1] Archidamus, king of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the "grave of valour." The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

Of ocean's alpine azure rose and fell.
To this young spring they rush'd,—all feelings first
Absorb'd in passion's and in nature's thirst,—
Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
Their arms aside to revel in its dew;
Cool'd their scorch'd throats, and wash'd the gory stains
From wounds whose only bandage might be chains;
Then, when their drought was quench'd, look'd sadly round,
As wondering how so many still were found
Alive and fetterless:—but silent all,
Each sought his fellow's eyes, as if to call
On him for language which his lips denied,
As though their voices with their cause had died.

IV

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest.
The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue once spread
Along his cheek was livid now as lead;
His light-brown locks, so graceful in their flow,
Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow.
Still as a statue, with his lips comprest
To stifle even the breath within his breast,
Fast by the rock, all menacing, but mute,
He stood; and, save a slight beat of his foot,

Which deepen'd now and then the sandy dint
Beneath his heel, his form seem'd turn'd to flint.
Some paces further Torquil lean'd his head
Against a bank, and spoke not but he bled,—
Not mortally;—his worst wound was within:
His brow was pale, his blue eye sunken in,
And blood-drops, sprinkled o'er his yellow hair,
Show'd that his faintness came not from despair,
But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essay'd to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his pipe,
A trophy which survived a hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheer'd ten thousand nights.
The fourth and last of this deserted group
Walk'd up and down—at times would stand, then stoop
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then
Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—
And then his former movements would redouble,
With something between carelessness and trouble.
This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes pass'd before the eyes;

ut yet *what* minutes! Moments
like to these
nd men's lives into immortali-
ties.

V

t length Jack Skyscrape, a
mercurial man,
ho flutter'd over all things
like a fan,
ore brave than firm, and more
disposed to dare
nd die at once than wrestle
with despair,
xclaim'd "G—d damn!"—those
syllables intense,—
ucleus of England's native
eloquence,
s the Turk's "Allah!" or the
Roman's more
agan "Proh Jupiter!" was
wont of yore
o give their first impressions
such a vent,
y way of echo to embarrass-
ment.
ack was embarrass'd—never
hero more,
nd as he knew not what to
say, he swore:
or swore in vain; the long
congenial sound
evived Ben Bunting from his
pipe profound;
e drew it from his mouth, and
look'd full wise,
ut merely added to the oath
his *eyes;*
hus rendering the imperfect
phrase complete,
peroration I need not repeat.

VI

ut Christian, of a higher
order, stood
ike an extinct volcano in his
mood;
Silent, and sad, and savage,—
with the trace
Of passion reeking from his
clouded face;
Till lifting up again his sombre
eye,
It glanced on Torquil, who
lean'd faintly by.
"And is it thus?" he cried,
"unhappy boy!
And thee, too, *thee*—my mad-
ness must destroy!"
He said, and strode to where
young Torquil stood,
Yet dabbled with his lately
flowing blood;
Seized his hand wistfully, but
did not press,
And shrunk as fearful of his
own caress;
Enquired into his state; and
when he heard
The wound was slighter than
he deem'd or fear'd,
A moment's brightness pass'd
along his brow,
As much as such a moment
would allow.
"Yes," he exclaim'd, "we are
taken in the toil,
But not a coward or a common
spoil;
Dearly they have bought us—
dearly still may buy,—
And I must fall; but have you
strength to fly?
'Twould be some comfort still,
could you survive;
Our dwindled band is now too
few to strive.
Oh! for a sole canoe! though
but a shell,
To bear you hence to where a
hope may dwell!
For me, my lot is what I sought;
to be,
In life or death, the fearless and
the free."

VII

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
Which nodded o'er the billows high and hoary,
A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew
Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew;
Onward it came—and, lo! a second follow'd—
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollow'd;
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
Presented well-known aspects to the view,
Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray;—
Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
Which flings it broad and boiling sheet on sheet,
And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet:
But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave of these born playmates of the deep.

VIII

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leap'd like a nereid from her shell to land,
With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd;
And smiled, and wept, and near and nearer clasp'd,
As if to be assured 'twas *him* she grasp'd;
Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then,
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
She was a warrior's daughter and could bear
Such sights, and feel, and mourn but not despair.
Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could blight
That full-blown moment in its all delight:
Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
That rock'd her heart till almost HEARD to throb;
And paradise was breathing in the sigh
Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy.

IX

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
Were not unmoved; who are when hearts are greeting?
Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
Mix'd with those bitter thoughts the soul arrays
In hopeless visions of our better days,
When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
"And but for me!" he said, and turn'd away;
Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
A lion looks upon his cubs again;

d then relapsed into his sullen
ruise,
heedless of his further des-
inies.

X

t brief their time for good or
evil thought;
e billows round the promon-
ory brought
e plash of hostile oars.—Alas!
who made
at sound a dread? All around
them seem'd array'd
ainst them, save the bride of
Toobonai:
e, as she caught the first
glimpse o'er the bay
f the arm'd boats, which
hurried to complete
he remnant's ruin with their
flying feet,
eckon'd the natives round her
to their prows,
mbark'd their guests and
launch'd their light canoes;
n one placed Christian and his
comrades twain;
ut she and Torquil must not
part again
he fix'd him in her own—
Away! away!
hey clear the breakers, dart
along the bay,
nd towards a group of islets,
such as bear
he sea-bird's nest and seal's
surf-hollow'd lair,
hey skim the blue tops of the
billows; fast
hey flew, and fast their fierce
pursuers chased.
hey gain upon them—now
they lose again,—
gain make way and menace
o'er the main;
nd now the two canoes in chase
divide,
And follow different courses
o'er the tide,
To baffle the pursuit.—Away!
away!
As life is on each paddle's flight
to-day,
And more than life or lives to
Neuha: Love
Freights the frail bark and
urges to the cove—
And now the refuge and the foe
are nigh—
Yet, yet a moment!—Fly, thou
light ark, fly!

CANTO THE FOURTH

I

White as a white sail on a
dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded
and half free,
Fluttering between the dun
wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's
extremity.
Her anchor parts; but still her
snowy sail
Attracts our eye amidst the
rudest gale:
Though every wave she climbs
divides us more,
The heart still follows from the
loneliest shore.

II

Not distant from the isle of
Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom
o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desert to
mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes
from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his
cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in
the sun:

There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feather'd fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand;
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipp'd by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatch'd for ocean by the fostering ray;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair;
A spot to make the saved regret the deck
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
To shield her lover from his following foes;
But all its secret was not told; she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
The men that mann'd what held her Torquil's lot
By her command removed, to strengthen more
The skiff which wafted Christian from the shore.
This he would have opposed; but with a smile
She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
And bade him "speed and prosper." *She* would take
The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake.
They parted with this added aid; afar
The proa darted like a shooting star,
And gain'd on the pursuers, who now steer'd
Right on the rock which she and Torquil near'd.
They pull'd; her arm, though delicate, was free
And firm as ever grappled with the sea,
And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.
The prow now almost lay within its length
Of the crag's steep, inexorable face,
With nought but soundless waters for its base;
Within a hundred boats' length was the foe,
And now what refuge but their frail canoe?
This Torquil ask'd with half upbraiding eye,
Which said — "Has Neuha brought me here to die?
Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And yon huge rock the tomb-stone of the wave?"

IV

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Neuha, and pointing to the approaching foes,
Cried, "Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow!"
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.

ere was no time to pause—
he foes were near—
ains in his eye, and menace
n his ear;
th vigour they pull'd on, and
s they came,
il'd him to yield, and by his
orfeit name.
adlong he leapt—to him the
wimmer's skill
as native, and now all his
hope from ill:
t how, or where? He dived,
and rose no more;
e boat's crew look'd amazed
o'er sea and shore.
here was no landing on that
precipice,
eep, harsh, and slippery as a
berg of ice.
hey watch'd awhile to see him
float again,
ut not a trace rebubbled from
the main:
he wave roll'd on, no ripple on
its face,
ince their first plunge recall'd
a single trace;
he little whirl which eddied
and slight foam,
hat whiten'd o'er what seem'd
their latest home,
hite as a sepulchre above the
pair
ho left no marble (mournful
as an heir)
he quiet proa wavering o'er
the tide
as all that told of Torquil and
his bride;
nd but for this alone the whole
might seem
he vanish'd phantom of a sea-
man's dream.
hey paused and search'd in
vain, then pull'd away;
ven superstition now forbade
their stay.

Some said he had not plunged
into the wave,
But vanish'd like a corpse-light
from a grave;
Others, that something super-
natural
Glared in his figure, more than
mortal tall;
While all agreed that in his
cheek and eye
There was a dead hue of eternity.
Still as their oars receded from
the crag,
Round every weed a moment
would they lag,
Expectant of some token of
their prey;
But no—he had melted from
them like the spray.

V

And where was he the pilgrim
of the deep,
Following the nereid? Had
they ceased to weep
For ever? or, received in coral
caves,
Wrung life and pity from the
softening waves?
Did they with ocean's hidden
sovereigns dwell,
And sound with mermen the
fantastic shell?
Did Neuha with the mermaids
comb her hair
Flowing o'er ocean as it stream'd
in air?
Or had they perish'd, and in
silence slept
Beneath the gulf wherein they
boldly leapt?

VI

Young Neuha plunged into the
deep, and he
Follow'd: her track beneath
her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly
she went,

Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel.
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soar'd—and as she spread
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks.
They had gain'd a central realm of earth again,
But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,[1]
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play,)
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise;

[1] Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the ninth chapter of "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands." I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.

Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut,
And form a something like a Triton's hut;
For all was darkness for a space, till day,
Through clefts above let in a sober'd ray;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

VII

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnatoo;
A plantain-leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
Of the same plantain-leaf a flint she took,
A few shrunk wither'd twigs and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire and thus array'd
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy;
The arch uprear'd by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurl'd,
When the Poles crash'd, and water was the world;
Or harden'd from some earth absorbing fire,

While yet the globe reek'd from its funeral pyre;
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,[1]
Were there, all scoop'd by Darkness from her cave.
There, with a little tinge of phantasy,
Fantastic faces mop'd and mow'd on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
Thus Nature play'd with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

VIII

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and show'd
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared:
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnatoo,
And sandal oil to fence against the dew;
For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Borne of the fruit; for board the plantain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it cover'd o'er;
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,
And she herself, as beautiful as night,
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,
And form'd a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;
Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower;
And now she spread her little store with smiles,
The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

IX

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder, press'd
Her shelter'd love to her impassion'd breast;
And suited to her soft caresses, told
An olden tale of love,—for love is old,
Old as eternity, but not outworn

[1] This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on *land*, that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal, he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.

With each new being born or to be born:[1]
How a young chief, a thousand moons ago,
Diving for turtle in the depths below,
Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
Into the cave which round and o'er them lay;
How in some desperate feud of after-time
He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime,
A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
How, when the storm of war was still'd, he led
His island clan to where the waters spread
Their deep-green shadow o'er the rocky door,
Then dived—it seem'd as if to rise no more:
His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
Row'd round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,
Then paused upon their paddles from the shock;
When, fresh and springing from the deep they saw
A goddess rise—so deem'd they in their awe;
And their companion, glorious by her side,
Proud and exulting in his mermaid bride;
And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore
With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore;
How they had gladly lived and calmly died,—
And why not also Torquil and his bride?
Not mine to tell the rapturous caress
Which follow'd wildly in that wild recess
This tale; enough that all within that cave
Was love, though buried strong as in the grave
Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,
When Eloïsa's form was lower'd beneath
Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretch'd, and press'd
The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.[2]
The waves without sang round their couch, their roar
As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh.

X

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock
Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,
Where were they? O'er the sea for life they plied,
To seek from Heaven the shelter men denied.
Another course had been their choice—but where?
The wave which bore them still their foes would bear,
Who, disappointed of their former chase,

[1] The reader will recollect the epigram of the Greek anthology, or its translation into most of the modern languages—

"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see—
He was, or is, or is to be."

[2] The tradition is attached to the story of Eloïsa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years) he opened his arms to receive her.

search of Christian now re-
new'd their race.
ger with anger, their strong
arms made way,
ke vultures baffled of their
previous prey.
ey gain'd upon them, all whose
safety lay
some bleak crag or deeply-
hidden bay:
o further chance or choice re-
main'd; and right
or the first further rock which
met their sight
ey steer'd, to take their latest
view of land,
nd yield as victims, or die sword
in hand;
ismiss'd the natives and their
shallop, who
ould still have battled for that
scanty crew;
ut Christian bade them seek
their shore again,
or add a sacrifice which were
in vain;
or what were simple bow and
savage spear
gainst the arms which must be
wielded here?

XI

hey landed on a wild but narrow
scene,
here few but Nature's footsteps
yet had been;
repared their arms, and with
that gloomy eye,
tern and sustain'd, of man's
extremity,
hen hope is gone, nor glory's
self remains
o cheer resistance against death
or chains, —
hey stood, the three, as the
three hundred stood
ho dyed Thermopylæ with holy
blood.
ut, ah! how different! 'tis the
cause makes all,
Degrades or hallows courage in
its fall.
O'er them no fame, eternal and
intense,
Blazed through the clouds of
death and beckon'd hence;
No grateful country, smiling
through her tears,
Begun the praises of a thousand
years;
No nation's eyes would on their
tomb be bent,
No heroes envy them their
monument;
However boldly their warm
blood was spilt,
Their life was shame, their
epitaph was guilt.
And this they knew and felt, at
least the one,
The leader of the band he had
undone;
Who, born perchance for better
things, had set
His life upon a cast which
linger'd yet:
But now the die was to be
thrown, and all
The chances were in favour of
his fall:
And such a fall! But still he
faced the shock,
Obdurate as a portion of the rock
Whereon he stood, and fix'd his
levell'd gun,
Dark as a sullen cloud before the
sun.

XII

The boat drew nigh, well arm'd,
and firm the crew
To act whatever duty bade them
do;
Careless of danger, as the onward
wind
Is of the leaves it strews, nor
looks behind.
And yet perhaps they rather
wish'd to go

Against a nation's than a native foe,
And felt that this poor victim of self-will,
Briton no more, had once been Briton's still.
They hail'd him to surrender—no reply;
Their arms were poised, and glitter'd in the sky.
They hail'd again—no answer; yet once more
They offer'd quarter louder than before.
The echoes only, from the rock's rebound,
Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
Then flash'd the flint, and blazed the volleying flame,
And the smoke rose between them and their aim,
While the rock rattled with the bullets' knell,
Which pealed in vain, and flatten'd as they fell;
Then flew the only answer to be given
By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven.
After the first fierce peal, as they pull'd nigher,
They heard the voice of Christian shout, "Now, fire!"
And ere the word upon the echo died,
Two fell; the rest assail'd the rock's rough side,
And, furious at the madness of their foes,
Disdain'd all further efforts, save to close.
But steep the crag, and all without a path,
Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath,
While, placed midst clefts the least accessible,
Which Christian's eye was train'd to mark full well,
The three maintain'd a strife which must not yield,
In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.
Their every shot told; while the assailant fell,
Dash'd on the shingles like the limpet shell;
But still enough survived, and mounted still,
Scattering their numbers here and there, until
Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
The desperate trio held aloof their fate
But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged the bait;
Yet to the very last they battled well,
And not a groan inform'd their foes *who* fell.
Christian died last—twice wounded; and once more
Mercy was offer'd when they saw his gore;
Too late for life, but not too late to die,
With, though a hostile hand, to close his eye.
A limb was broken, and he droop'd along
The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.
The sound revived him, or appear'd to wake
Some passion which a weakly gesture spake:
He beckon'd to the foremost, who drew nigh,
But, as they near'd, he rear'd his weapon high—
His last ball had been aim'd, but from his breast
He tore the topmost button from his vest,[1]

[1] In Thiebault's account of Frederic the Second of Prussia, there is a

wn the tube dash'd it, levell'd,
ired, and smiled
his foe fell; then, like a ser-
pent, coil'd
s wounded, weary form, to
where the steep
ook'd desperate as himself
along the deep;
ast one glance back, and
clench'd his hand, and shook
s last rage 'gainst the earth
which he forsook;
en plunged: the rock below
received like glass
is body crush'd into one gory
mass,
ith scarce a shred to tell of
human form,
r fragment for the sea-bird or
the worm;
fair-hair'd scalp, besmear'd
with blood and weeds,
et reek'd, the remnant of him-
self and deeds;
ome splinters of his weapons
(to the last,
s long as hand could hold, he
held them fast)
et glitter'd, but at distance—
hurl'd away
o rust beneath the dew and
dashing spray.
he rest was nothing—save a
life mis-spent,

ingular relation of a young French-
an, who with his mistress appeared
o be of some rank. He enlisted and
eserted at Schweidnitz; and after a
esperate resistance was retaken,
aving killed an officer, who attempted
o seize him after he was wounded, by
he discharge of his musket loaded with
button of his uniform. Some circum-
tances on his court-martial raised a
reat interest amongst his judges, who
ished to discover his real situation in
fe, which he offered to disclose, but
o the *king* only, to whom he requested
ermission to write. This was refused,
nd Frederic was filled with the greatest
ndignation, from baffled curiosity or
ome other motive, when he under-
ood that his request had been denied.

And soul—but who shall answer
where it went?
Tis ours to bear, not judge the
dead; and they
Who doom to hell, themselves
are on the way,
Unless these bullies of eternal
pains
Are pardon'd their bad hearts
for their worse brains.

XIII

The deed was over! All were
gone or ta'en,
The fugitive, the captive, or
the slain.
Chain'd on the deck, where
once, a gallant crew,
They stood with honour, were
the wretched few
Survivors of the skirmish on
the isle;
But the last rock left no
surviving spoil.
Cold lay they where they fell,
and weltering,
While o'er them flapp'd the sea-
birds' dewy wing,
Now wheeling nearer from the
neighbouring surge,
And screaming high their harsh
and hungry dirge:
But calm and careless heaved
the wave below,
Eternal with unsympathetic
flow;
Far o'er its face the dolphins
sported on,
And sprung the flying fish
against the sun,
Till its dried wing relapsed
from its brief height,
To gather moisture for another
flight.

XIV

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who
by dawn of day
Swam smoothly forth to catch
the rising ray,

And watch if aught approach'd the amphibious lair
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:
It flapp'd, it fill'd, and to the growing gale
Bent its broad arch: her breath began to fail
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and high,
While yet a doubt sprung where its course might lie.
But no! it came not; fast and far away
The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the bay.
She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
On the horizon verged the distant deck,
Diminish'd, dwindled to a very speck—
Then vanish'd. All was ocean, all was joy!
Down plunged she through the cave to rouse her boy;
Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all
That happy love could augur or recall;
Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free
His bounding nereid over the broad sea;
Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft
Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left
Drifting along the tide, without an oar,
That eve the strangers chased them from the shore;
But when these vanish'd, she pursued her prow,
Regain'd, and urged to where they found it now:
Nor ever did more love and jo
embark,
Than now were wafted in tha
slender ark.

XV

Again their own shore rises o
the view,
No more polluted with a hostil
hue;
No sullen ship lay bristling o'e
the foam,
A floating dungeon:—all wa
hope and home!
A thousand proas darted o'e
the bay,
With sounding shells, an
heralded their way;
The chiefs came down, around
the people pour'd,
And welcomed Torquil as a son
restored;
The women throng'd, embracing
and embraced
By Neuha, asking where they
had been chased,
And how escaped? The tale was
told; and then
One acclamation rent the sky
again;
And from that hour a new
tradition gave
Their sanctuary the name of
"Neuha's Cave."
A hundred fires, far flickering
from the height,
Blazed o'er the general revel of
the night,
The feast in honour of the guest,
return'd
To peace and pleasure, perilously
earn'd;
A night succeeded by such
happy days
As only the yet infant world
displays.

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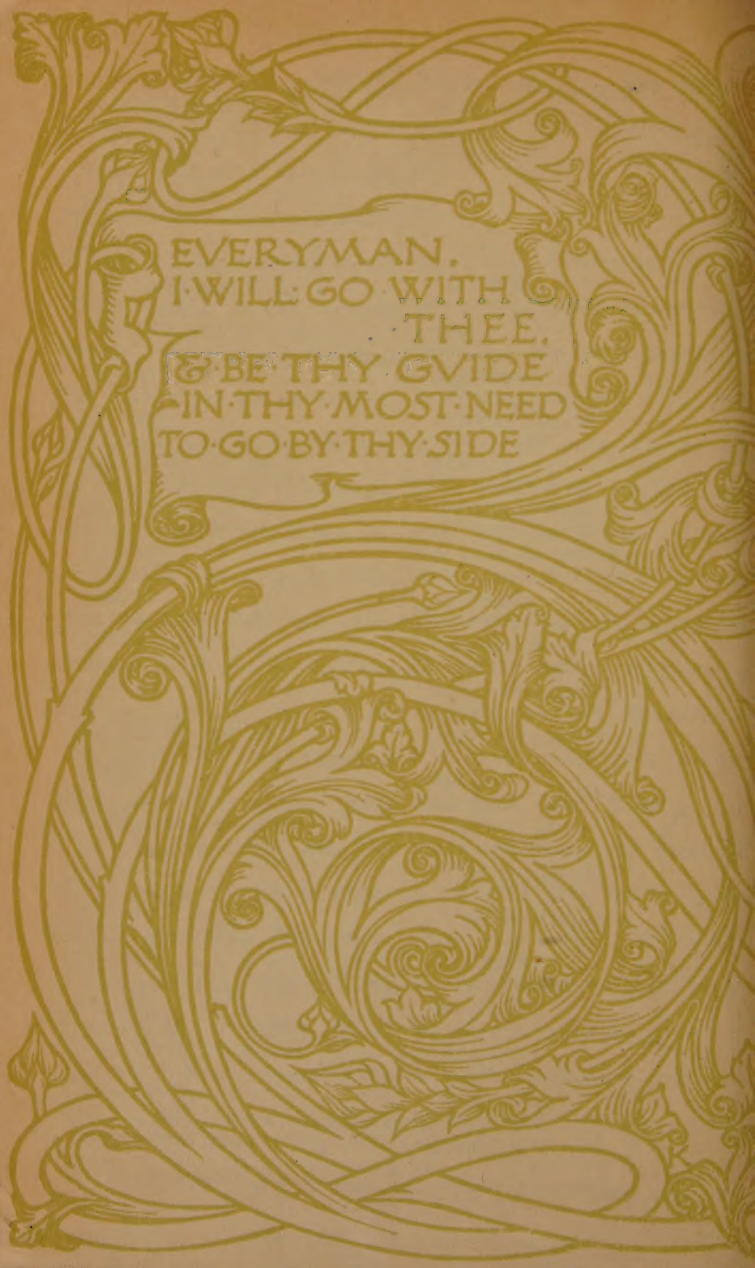
EVERYMAN.
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

1905